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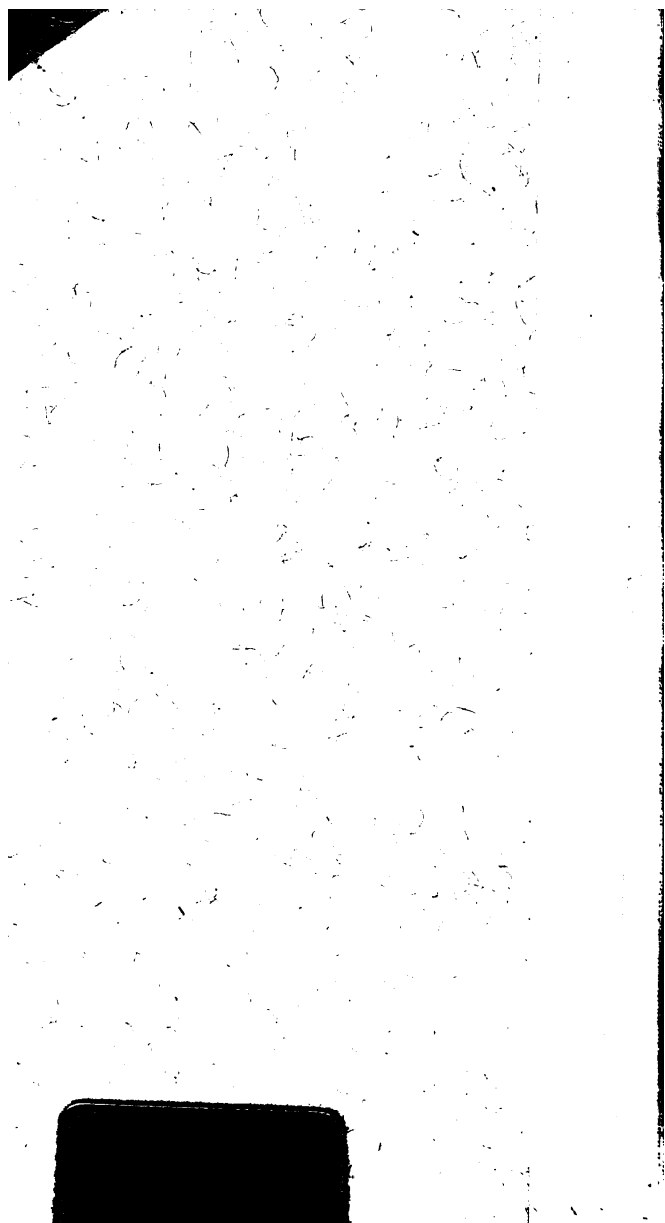
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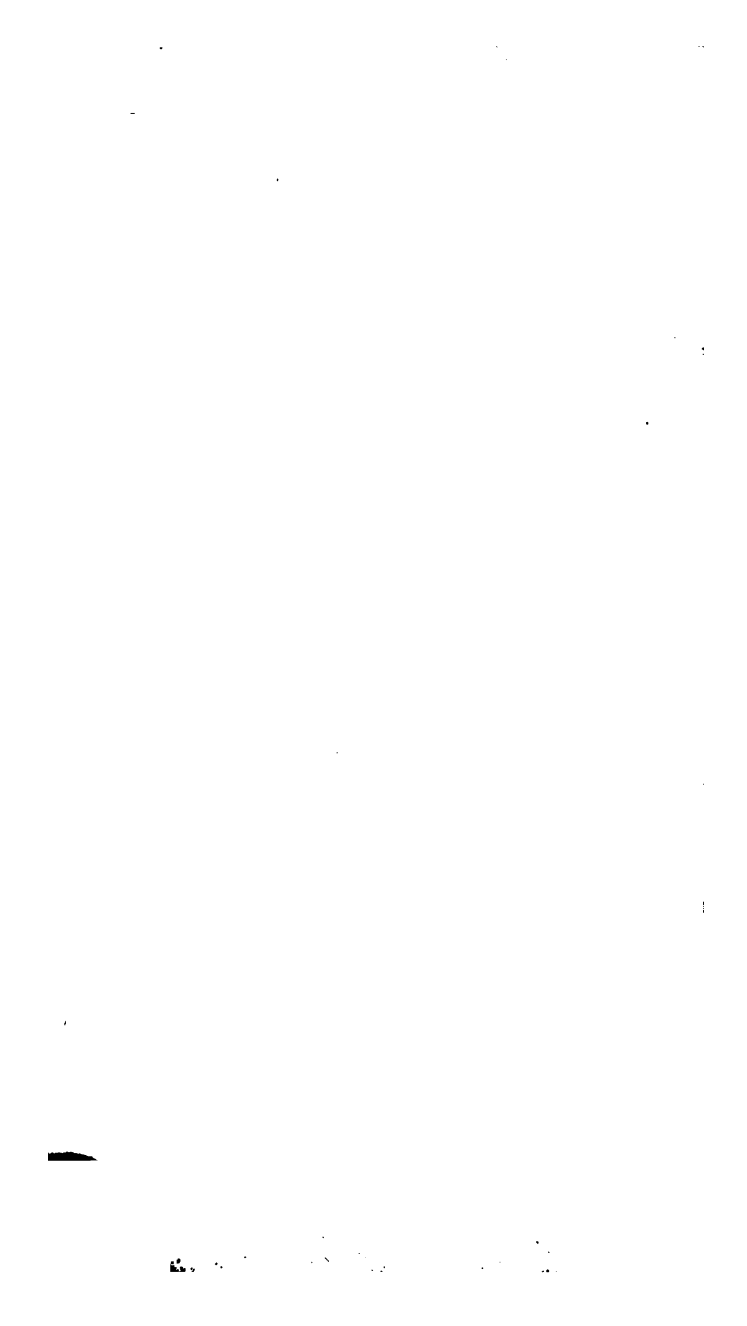
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DAVID
AN





The Hero of No Fiction:
OR,
MEMOIRS
OF
FRANCIS BARNETT,
THE
LEFEVRE OF "NO FICTION:"
AND A
REVIEW OF THAT WORK.
WITH
LETTERS AND AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS..

TEKEL!

Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.

Daniel v. 25.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY C. EWER AND T. BEDLINGTON,

J. H. A. FROST, Printer.

1823.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

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MEMOIRS, &c,

IN February, 1822, my energies were again called into action, by accidentally meeting with an acquaintance, whom I had not seen for nearly twenty years, who was anxious to get a boy admitted into the Institution for the Blind ; but was ignorant of the mode. I immediately entered into the business with all my might, and with such spirit, that on the day of election we had sufficient proxies to have ensured the election of six instead of one. This contest, however, kept my mental powers continually at work, so that I scarcely took any rest ; which so inflamed my mind, that it excited considerable alarm among some of my friends for my safety.

On the 14th of March, a few days before the election, an accident occurred which had nearly proved fatal to me ; for on that day I was thrown out of a gig, and the wheel nearly passed over my head. In consequence of this accident bleeding was recommended, to which I willingly submitted that evening, and found it very beneficial.

The election was on 20th of March, when we succeeded in behalf of the boy, and rendered assistance to many others. Several of my friends then saw that I was in great danger of a relapse into my old complaint, and Mr. Teape, with fatherly affection, advised me to go into the country, and remain quiet for a short time, and then turn my attention to some line of business. As I found that my health was precarious, I accepted the invitation of a friend, and went to Portsea, with an intention of remaining only a week or ten days at the utmost.

On the Sunday after my arrival, when returning from seeing a relation on board the Queen Charlotte, I slipped down between the boat and the ship, while the tide was running at the rate of eight miles an hour; and was saved almost by miracle. After this my thoughts turned upon my past life. I viewed it as extraordinary and unparalleled, and wondered why my life was thus miraculously preserved, as I found in it nothing but one continued course of rebellion against God.

Being thus awakened to a sensibility of my condition, I determined immediately, through the assistance of Divine grace, on an alteration in my conduct and spiritual pursuits; resolving to leave the speculative points of dispute between the Calvinists and Arminians, and the difficulties attendant on both systems to others, and take the word of

God for my only guide. I accordingly began to read with avidity ; and was constant and regular in prayer, and in attendance on Divine worship, and circumspect and regular in my conduct. But unhappily, by some strange and unaccountable fatality, I was induced from motives of curiosity, and in the expectation of hearing some good speeches, to attend a tea party of the Socinian congregation at Portsmouth ; for I thought, that although the Unitarians are not orthodox, yet they may be good members of society, and be useful in their way ; and especially as they (as I had been told) introduced the word of God into their Sunday-schools without any comment. Mr. Price (the printer for the Unitarians) appeared to have the sole management of the business, and from him my friend procured me a ticket of admission, and requested me to speak. This, however, I refused, as I expected there would be several eloquent speeches delivered on the occasion. But in this I was wonderfully mistaken, for a more bungling set of speakers I never heard in the whole course of my life, and I was astonished that men so deficient in talent should have attained such distinction in the town.

Mr. Scott in his speech, stated, that when he first went to Portsmouth, there was only one Unitarian ; that now they had so increased, that his chapel would hardly hold them, and that shortly he hoped they would

so increase, that they would not be able to build a place large enough to contain them. He hoped all who heard him were Unitarians, and even that young suckling at the mother's breast (which actually was the case) was drawing the pure milk of Unitarianism. From the grave he turned to the gay, and complimented the ladies present, (and a finer specimen of female beauty and elegance I scarcely ever saw,) and told them that they could forward the cause of Unitarianism. Adding, that those who were married should persuade their husbands to attend the Unitarian chapel; and that those who were not married, should persuade their lovers to attend with them, as they might thus be enabled to increase and perpetuate the Unitarian cause, which (he stated) was the cause of truth.

On being asked a second time by Mr. Price to speak, and second a vote of thanks to Miss Scott, who had been active in forming a Sunday School, I readily complied, as I thought it a noble trait in her character, and conduct which ought to excite emulation in others; and although I was blamed for this by some of my friends, yet I fully explained my motive both to them and the public, in the preface to a pamphlet, I afterwards published, in the following words.

“ I required no impetus to urge me to call for thanks to that lady; as I understood she had been extremely active, and her past ex-

ertions were only a pledge of what she would do in future. I hoped her example would be an inducement to those who differed from her in religious sentiments, to exert themselves in instructing the rising generation, in those doctrines they conceived to be necessary to "make them wise to salvation."

I did not at that time expect that any notice would have been taken of my attending that meeting; however, on Saturday, the following account of it appeared in the Hampshire Telegraph.

"The members of the Unitarian congregation and library in this town, held their annual tea party on Good Friday, at the Old Town Hall, to celebrate the 34th anniversary of the settlement of the Rev. Russell Scott as their minister. The company was more numerous than on any former occasion. They were addressed with much animation by Mr. Scott and several of his friends; and were particularly gratified by the presence of Mr. Barnett, a gentleman well known in the metropolis as an active supporter of various philanthropic institutions, (not himself an Unitarian,) who eloquently advocated the cause of Protestant Dissent and Sunday Schools. The whole arrangements were well conducted, and afforded unmixed satisfaction to all."

Happening to meet Mr. Carter, who was then mayor of Portsmouth, and a gentleman whose urbanity of manners entitle him to the

esteem of every person, and Mr. Price, by accident, a few days after this meeting, I told Mr. Price I had read Mr. Hughes's pamphlet, which he had previously presented to me, against Calvinism ; and observed, that whatever grounds Mr. Hughes might have for argument against the peculiar doctrines of Calvinism, he had no right to state falsities of any individual ; and what he had stated of Toplady was a gross and shameful falsehood ; and that his intention evidently was to attack the evangelical clergy through this false statement relative to Toplady's sentiments. The following is the quotation alluded to.

“ Since the last launch of Calvinism under the ministry of Whitefield, I need not say, that the doctrine under discussion has been the order of the day ; and following up the premises which led our great reformers to the horrible conclusions at which they arrived, Toplady, the morning star of the evangelical clergy of the church of England, discovered, not only that those who entered the strait gate will be few—that those who will be dismissed from the bar of Christ with his dreadful ‘ depart ! ’ will be many ; but that they will constitute an infinite majority of those for whom the Lord of glory laid down his life ; nay, that so infinitely extensive is the mischief of the fall to which God predestinated Adam, that there are even already not only adults by the million, but millions

of half-formed babes—babes not even a span long, writhing in hell !”*

Mr. Carter said, it was utterly impossible that Mr. Hughes could state, that Toplady had made such assertions, unless he had read them in his works. I told him I had some years ago carefully read Toplady’s writings, and that so far from maintaining this diabolical sentiment,—the eternal punishment of infants,—he was of a different opinion in toto, and maintained that *every* child who died in infancy would be *saved*. I said I should write a letter to Mr. Hughes, and as he was expected at Portsmouth on the following Wednesday, he would have an opportunity of meeting me, and proving his assertion, or apologising for the temerity of the charge. The following quotations from my letter to the Rev. Mr. Hughes, and his reply, will shew the state of my mind, and how it was that I renewed my correspondence with the Rev. Andrew Reed, which otherwise would be unaccountable.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO MR. HUGHES.

To the Rev. W. HUGHES.

Mile End, Portsea, April 8, 1822.

Rev. Sir,

On Saturday last Mr. Price did me the honour of putting into my hands your

* Hughes’s Picture of Genuine Calvinism, pp. 13, 14.

"Picture of Genuine Calvinism," part of which I have read. My object in addressing you is not to draw you into a controversy on its contents ; let the ministers of the Gospel in this place contend for the truth ; I am only a bird of passage ; and I find from Mr. Carter and Mr. Price, this day, that you are not an inhabitant, but only an occasional visitant ; consequently, the seed you sow, others must watch, water, and bring to the "full ear ;" and it must be left to the stated ministers of Portsea—dissenters, professedly "Calvinistic," and clergymen, professedly "evangelical," to shew that your statement of their doctrines is incorrect. Leaving then the area open to those mature and stationary combatants, allow me to have a word with you. From a part of your "Picture," I perceive you are a man of education, and from the character you bear, I have no doubt you are a man of feeling, and a gentleman. Now in your "Picture," you have drawn a caricature of a gentleman (Mr. Toplady) to whose writings I am considerably indebted, and who, were he alive, and had received sufficient notice of your anniversary, would meet you on Wednesday, face to face.

Your "Picture" decrepitates him—pulls him from his literary eminence—distorts his features—clothes him offensively—and, what is worst of all, makes him a woman-hater. For who, sir, that is not a woman-hater—who that is desirous of retaining the esteem

of that "sex which civilizes ours"—who that is not a downright fool, would promulgate (if his sentiments were even such,) that "babes, not even a span long, are writhing in hell?" Yet this is what you maintain Toplady has asserted; and more, that "millions of half-formed babes are in hell." When I read that part of your pamphlet, I determined on writing to the Rev. John Overton, of York, (the author of "The True Churchman Ascertained,") and the Rev. Andrew Reed of London, both of whom are well read in the works of Toplady; not knowing then, that there was a gentleman in this place, who had not only read, but studied Toplady's writings. His sentiments being in unison with my own, that there is no such statement in Toplady's works, nor any passage which can bear such a construction; I, for the present, shall not trouble those gentlemen; but, in the first place, demand of you, that which I am sure you will *not*, and as a public character you *cannot* withhold—a reference to the page and edition of Toplady's works from whence you took the statement you attribute to him, in your pamphlet, pp. 13, 14. You know, sir, it is almost impossible to prove a negative; but a positive assertion—an assertion of your own, you are of course prepared immediately to prove. The assertion I deny—proof I demand.

Should your answer cause a rejoinder from me, giving to you all the superior advantages of a classical and liberal education—of logical and mathematical precision—of elegance of language, and rhetorical tropes—I fear not meeting you fairly in the field, contending every inch of ground with you, on the broad basis of truth, in vindication of a man, who being “dead yet speaketh;” and whom you have held up to the ridicule, contempt and disgust of every “honest man” and every “lovely woman.” TRUTH is what you profess to contend for; that is all I want; and I am satisfied it will ultimately prevail, to the destruction of heathenish sophistry—the attacks of infidels—and the false statements of Unitarians.

I am, Rev. Sir,

Your humble servant,

FRANCIS BARNETT.

To Mr. FRANCIS BARNETT.

Sir,

In reply to yours, which I received through Mr. Price, I have to say, that you have set up a bugbear of your own invention, and now call upon me to batter it down; you take it for granted, that the paragraph in my pamphlet, with which you are annoyed, is a quotation, or affects to be a quotation, from your “*King incog. travelling in disguise of a pilgrim to his dominions above;*” (Southey’s Life of Wesley,

Vol. ii. p. 392.) But, sir, it is not a quotation, nor effects to be a quotation: it is an assertion of my own, that Toplady, pursuing the premises of Calvin, had brought himself up in the happy discovery, that there are millions of babes, not a span long, writhing in hell—and I assert it again.

Whether the words I have used, *originated with Toplady or not*, you will excuse me from the doom and penance of fishing up out of his works; it is enough for me, that they have been hurled a thousand times at his head, and I am not aware that they have ever been disclaimed before.

Why not come to the matter of fact at once? Did Toplady inculcate the abominable doctrine asserted in the passage in question, or not? Did he inculcate, or not, that millions of babes were already *damned* ere yet they were born; and bring forward the case of Esau, to prove that children, ere yet they have done good or evil, are *elected* or *reprobated* to all eternity? And, pursuing his principles, did he or did he not assert in so many words, that nineteen twentieths of us, do what we will, do what we can, shall be irrevocably and irreversibly damned? Can you wash his Calvinism of this foul blot? Without toiling through the tomes of Toplady, have the goodness to consult the 14th Vol. of the Works of the Rev. John Wesley. At p. 406, commences a host of quotations from this “*fine, tall, well-dressed*

man, admired by the ladies," and, whether it "*cut down his inches,"* or not, those quotations prove, and prove triumphantly, all that I have asserted.

Go on then, sir, to brandish your spear, in behalf of the idol of your adoration; it shall be mine, whenever he comes in my way, to "decrepitate" him, and vindicate the God of all grace and mercy from the blasphemous imputations of those who hold him up to the world as more infernal than a Moloch.

I am, Sir, Yours,
W. HUGHES.

In proof of my assertion, in vindication of the Rev. Mr. Toplady's opinion respecting the point at issue, I beg leave to introduce the following quotation from his Works, Vol. vi. p. 246, London edition, 1794. The passage occurs in a letter to the late Dr. Priestly, which is dated December 28, 1774.

"Why are 'Calvin's notions' represented as 'gloomy?' Is it gloomy to believe, that the far greater part of the human race are made for endless happiness? There can, I think, be no reasonable doubt entertained, concerning the salvation of very young persons. If (as some, who have versed themselves in this kind of speculations, affirm) about one half of mankind die in infancy; and if, as indubitable observation proves, a very con-

siderable number of the remaining half, die in early childhood; and, if, as there is the strongest reason to think, many millions of those, who live to maturer years, in every successive generation, have their names in the Book of Life; then, what a very small portion comparatively, of the human species, falls under the decree of preterition and unredemption! This view of things, I am persuaded, will to an eye so philosophic as yours, at least, open a very cheerful vista through the 'gloom,' if not entirely turn the imaginary darkness into sunshine. For, with respect to the few reprobate, we may, and we ought to resign the disposal of them, implicitly, to the will of that only King who can do no wrong; instead of summoning the Almighty, to take his trial at the tribunal of our own speculations, and of setting up ourselves as the judges of Deity."

The people at Portsmouth were so eager for my pamphlet, that I published it at once, reserving the Appendix, that I might give a complete answer to Mr. Hughes's reply. But I soon found that my letter to Mr. Hughes, calling upon him fairly to point out from what part of Toplady's writings he had taken the objectionable passage, and his utter impossibility fairly to meet that call, had an extraordinary effect upon the people of Gosport, Portsea and Portsmouth. And as my conduct had been bold and manly, answering a deputation, they sent to me to

apologize for having printed part of Mr. Hughes's speech, by sending to the deputation the names of Mr. Minchin and Mr. Howson, attorneys at Gosport, and my readiness to meet them, to justify what I had printed, they did not know how to act. Finding that they could not answer me, they had recourse to every one who knew me, to learn who and what I was, &c.; just as if an answer to these questions could alter the infamous sentiments attributed to Top-lady. However, it was soon found out by the Unitarians, that I was the hero of "No Fiction," so that they had now plenty of matter to annoy me, if they could not confute me. From that work they related all the aberrations and villany of Lefevre as mine; and particularly dwelt on that part which alluded to my having *misapplied money entrusted to my care*.

After I had finished my Memoirs, but before they were printed off, I received from a friend of mine at Portsmouth, a copy of the Portsmouth, Portsea and Gosport Literary and Scientific Register of December the 19th, 1822, which contained a review of "No Fiction" and "The Threatening Letter." Since I received it, two of my friends from Portsea spent a few days with me in town, when they stated that it was the general opinion of my friends in the three towns, that the Editor ought to be prosecuted, as he had stated aberrations from honesty, and

even felony as committed by Lefevre ; and then boldly gave my name as the Lefevre, thus charging *all Lefevre's crimes* upon me. On carefully perusing this Review, I most candidly acknowledge that so far from thinking the Editor ought to be subject to a prosecution, I think him deserving of praise for having given as fair and unbiassed an outline of Lefevre's character from "No Fiction" as I have seen ; and as it regards his liability in consequence of his having named me as the Lefevre, it would be taking a paltry advantage to attack a liberal reviewer for printing that which was spoken by thousands in the three towns ; and which caused me to leave that very place in April, 1822, and personally call upon Mr. Reed, to relate the injury his book was doing, and demand an apology. Had Mr. Price the Unitarian printer not been the printer of this Register ; and had there not been a report that Mr. Hughes wrote this Review, I think my friends would have viewed it in a different light. But truth is truth whether it comes from a friend or an enemy ; and I am satisfied that after my opponents in the Unitarian controversy in April, 1822, have seen the injury their reports might have been to my civil capacity, originating from a work which not only assumed the appearance but declared the whole of it as truth, they will acknowledge my forbearance towards the individual, who, under the garb of a Dissent-

ing minister, united to a profession of friendship, had sent out not only fiction, but falsity and calumny, by which they were misled ; and for thus misleading them award him his meed of praise among their friends and connexions. The following is the Review alluded to.

“ *No Fiction ; a Narrative founded on recent and interesting facts.*” 2 Vols.—Westley, London.

“ *A Threatening Letter from DOUGLAS, (the self-acknowledged author of “ No Fiction ”) to LEFEVRE, and LEFEVRE’S reply.*” 6d. Ofor, London. Horsey, Portsea.

The notoriety obtained by Mr. F. Barnett, in consequence of his engaging in a controversy with certain heterodox theologians, during his sojourn in these towns early in the present year, may render a short notice of the contest in which he is now engaged not unacceptable to our readers. The sudden appearance of so fearless a champion in the controversial arena at that time, naturally led to the inquiry, Who and what is he ? It was answered by those who had some acquaintance with him, He is the original from whom the character of *Lefevre* is drawn in a religious novel entitled “ *No Fiction.*” The circulating libraries were immediately besieged by hundreds of inquirers for that work, which had some time be-

fore reposed peaceably on the shelf. It was found to exhibit the eventful history of a young man, religiously educated by an affectionate mother; and at an early age sent to London, where a clerkship had been obtained for him in a public department. For a while he was unseduced by the gay habits of youthful associates, and even proof against their ridicule of his serious deportment; being greatly strengthened in his perseverance by the pious example and affectionate care of Mr. and Mrs. Russell, in whose house he resided, and by enjoying the society of *Douglas*, an Evangelical minister, with whom he had been on terms of unreserved intimacy. These persons are represented as perfect examples of the Christian character.

At length Lefevre is drawn into the vortex of folly; one of the early fruits of which is a removal from Mr. Russell's house. He falls into expensive habits, contracts debts, and worst of all, is induced to apply monies entrusted to him for other purposes, to satisfy the importunities of his creditors. One of his new friends introduces him to a family in the country, with a view to a matrimonial connexion; but his character follows him, and he is rejected, just at the period when his hopes are on the point of being consummated, and when he has made the most sincere resolves no more to be led astray by the vanities of the world. The

effects of his imprudence press every day more heavily upon him ; he becomes a melancholy, and then a frantic maniac ; breaks from restraint, wanders about the country without an object ; is recovered, again eludes the vigilance of his keepers, enters the army as a private soldier, and is shipped off to Canada. The voyage and change of scene restore reason and conscience to their office ; he is promoted for his good conduct ; and at length traced by his friends, and a discharge procured.

These incidents are accompanied by delineations of character and scenery, religious reflections, and the et cetera which usually constitute a religious novel, and make good the writer's claim to no small degree of talent : but the character of the hero inspires the reader with no very favourable sentiments—he is a person of sanguine temperament, sensible of the truth and importance of religion, and capable of ardent aspirations after its enjoyments, but easily led astray by his passions, and then pursuing an opposite course with equal ardour. The recovery of such a person from the error of his ways, should be the cause of unbounded gratitude in the individual, and of joy to all good men, as an evidence of the benign influence of the Christian religion, whether it be attributed to the ordinary or extraordinary operations of Divine Providence : But then the question arises, Is it consistent with the charac-

ter of a penitent to proclaim to the world all the enormities of his past life, or to be accessory to another's doing it? Is it not enough for him to prove, by his present and future conduct, that he is indeed reformed?

Lefevre's pamphlet both justifies this inquiry, and affords an explanation. Let it be borne in mind that Douglas and the Russells, the characters exhibited in the most amiable light, are the novel-writer and his own father and mother; and that the associates of the hero of the piece are so described, as to place them within the reach of the curious, who would of course fix on them the fictitious as well as the true features exhibited in the novel; and then let Lefevre tell his own tale.—He writes thus.

“Every feeling mind must sympathize with an individual who has suffered severely, both in mind and estate, from the publication of a string of falsehoods, dignified by the name of “No Fiction.” Although the characters immediately alluded to were not known to the public at large, still, to Lefevre, the consequences have proved destructive: he was by many identified as the hero of “No Fiction;” charged with betraying his bosom friends into the hands of a mercenary scribbler, and giving a false statement of their private failings, after having participated in their pleasures and enjoyed their confidence for years. How to rebut these charges he knew not, still feeling perfectly

conscious of his innocence. The work was written without his knowledge ; and it was not until some time after its publication, that he had the mortification to find he had been held up to public view as the hero of a *religious* novel ; that vices and inconsistencies of conduct had been attributed to him, of which he was totally unconscious. During the various periods mentioned in this history, no interview had taken place, or letters passed, between Douglas and Lefevre : the whole is a *fiction*,—a mere *fabrication*,—and compound of absurdities.

“He never saw Mr. and Mrs. Russell (*i. e.* Douglas’s father and mother) after his return to England, until October, 1819, when they dined together *at the Rose and Crown, Cheshunt*. At this time he did not know of the existence of “No Fiction,” or ever had any conversation on this subject with the Author until November, 1819, when he was elected to an official situation ; where it is most probable he would have remained till this day, had not the baseness of Douglas secretly preyed upon his mind, and caused a recurrence of his unfortunate affliction.”

Lefevre’s expressions of indignation seem to have reached the ears of Douglas, who, in the letter here published, threatens to vindicate himself publicly.

“I shall be compelled,” he says, “to REVERSE the very favourable opinion which

that work has created towards you, in every instance where your own subsequent conduct has not prevented it. I should have to shew, as you are well convinced, that the good parts of the story are, alas ! imaginary ; and that the bad parts are in fact worse, much worse, than they are given."

Lefevre in reply, makes charges against his biographer, of a very serious and almost incredible nature ; which he pledges himself to substantiate in a work, to be entitled "*Facts opposed to Fiction.*"

Whatever may be the claims to veracity of these combatants respectively, stronger evidence could scarcely be given of the injurious tendency of novels 'founded on fact.' When the incidents and characters are merely historical, the mixture of truth and fiction may be applied to most insidious purposes : but if private character and confidence are to be thus tampered with, who can unbosom himself to a friend, without the chance of finding himself *pilloried* in octavo or duodecimo, in all the circulating libraries in the kingdom ?"*

Previous to this, I had heard that it was well understood that I was the hero of "No Fiction ;" and one or two of my friends, with whom I had some conversation on the subject, advised me not to contradict the

* See the Portsmouth, Portsea, and Gosport Literary and Scientific Register, Vol. i. pp. 158—160. Printed for the Proprietors, by D. B. Price, 73, St. Thomas Street, Portsmouth.

statements, or expose the author, as it had been useful to the young people ; but if I shewed its falsity, all the good would become nullified. Prior to this attack upon me, I cautiously abstained from exposing any part of its details, except to one or two individuals. I believe also in my correspondence with Mr. Reed, I alluded to it, and related to him what good I was informed it had done, and was glad of it, and also was sorry that I had said so much against it. And, I believe, I wrote to some of my friends to that purport, retracting in some measure what I had said of the author; for which, I stated, I was sorry, as I had been assured by him, that he had no intention of injuring me : but what I really did write at that period, I cannot say with precision, as I was then evidently labouring under temporary imbecility. But when I found that the Unitarians were circulating these fictitious and injuriously calumnious reports from "No Fiction" against me, I determined, before I went any further, to see Mr. Reed on the subject, and inform him of it, and get him to contradict them, and consult him relative to my Appendix. With that view I came to London and waited upon Mr. Reed ; told him what was said, and how injurious it was to my character and feelings.

But he now appeared to treat it with cold indifference ; which conduct I related to some of my friends, who observed, that so far from his apologising, it was more likely he was

proceeding with a continuation of the tale ; and as an evidence they related to me (which I before was unacquainted with,) that when I was ill at the Orphan Asylum, Mr. Reed requested the person who attended me, to furnish me with pens, ink and paper, and then give what I wrote to him, which my friends prevented. This fact at once opened my eyes to his serpentine cunning, and cruel baseness. And I leave it to any candid and feeling mind, whether it was not cruel and unchristianlike so to act, when I was in a state of derangement, and when I had a keeper with me from one of the Lunatic asylums ? As I could not doubt the information, I wrote to know if any papers which I had written had been given to him, when in that state ? The answer was, (for the person is 200 miles from London,) “ I recollect Mr. Reed telling me to supply Mr. Barnett with pens, ink and paper, when he was deranged, and then give what he wrote to him ; but I do not recollect whether I gave Mr. Reed any thing Mr. Barnett wrote.”

The person he requested to supply me with those materials, to furnish him with food for his base design, of continuing my history in case of my death, is ready to meet him in a court of justice. Just when this, and some other points of Mr. Reed's conduct came to my recollection, I received a letter from the Rev. James Bromley of Portsea, in which is the following paragraph.

(EXTRACT.)

MR. F. BARNETT,
 at Mr. Bridgman's, Cannon Street Road,
 St. George's in the East.
 3, Cumberland Street, .
 Portsea, May 6, 1822.

Dear Sir,

The opinion of your friends, *of such friends however as Mr. Reed*, on the subject of your Appendix, should be heard with considerable deference.

Your unexpected departure from this town, has occasioned some inquiries and remarks. *Some things are said concerning you highly discreditable ; and such, as, if substantiated, would lead me to request a discontinuance of your calls and attentions, as a favour.* I am not, however, ignorant, that the part you acted in these towns, may have made you enemies ; *and some perhaps who find it their interest to blacken and defame.*

You will not, I think, find that I have betrayed any confidence you have reposed in me ; but from the ready and unsolicited manner in which you placed that confidence, *I am ready to infer that it may as readily be put in the hands of others, who may prove less careful of their trust.*

With hearty wishes for your welfare,
 I remain, Dear Sir,

Very respectfully yours

JAMES BROMLEY.

The receipt of this letter overpowered me. I began to think of what I had said ; but more particularly what I had written. My recollection failed : I neither knew what I had written, nor to whom I had written ; and I only came to town to see Mr. Reed on the subject of the reports detrimental to me, and to consult him on publishing my Appendix, and then return to Portsea.

Sensible that there had not been any thing in my conduct, that could warrant the defamation alluded to, and finding that Mr. Reed was averse now to repair the injury his shameful libels had occasioned, I determined on bringing the business into a court of justice, and vindicate my character before a jury of my country. For that purpose I immediately waited on my attorney, Mr. Sheffield, to know if it would be agreeable to enter an action against Mr. Reed, he being Mr. Reed's attorney as well as mine. What transpired on that occasion I cannot tell ; only I can recollect, he then, with that feeling and Christian spirit which he has manifested on all occasions, endeavoured to soothe and quiet my mind.

My unfortunate disease, which had been lurking in me, now became uncontrollable. Wherever I went, and whoever I saw, I spoke of nothing but "No Fiction," even to those persons who never heard of it before ; telling them how shamefully Mr. Reed had behaved ; and being determined on making

it known in every circle, I went and subscribed a guinea to the Orphan Asylum, under the signature of "Real Facts *versus* 'No Fiction.'" Mr. Reed having heard of this, called at Mr. Bridgman's on the Saturday following, May the 11th, and not finding me, wrote the following note.

"If Mr. Barnett is at Mr. Bridgman's, Mr. Reed will thank him to call upon him. Saturday morning."

When Mr. Bridgman gave me the note, I told him, if Mr. Reed should call again, or send for me, to inform him, "I would never *see him* again; excepting in the presence of a *third person*."

At this time I formed many contrivances to bring this reverend gentleman out; but all my schemes proved abortive, as I was well assured that to what measures soever I resorted, he would shelter himself from all my efforts, by representing me as deranged. Tormented with these thoughts, the following night was a most awful one to me. I recollect either praying or thinking so, to God to destroy me; charging him boldly and blasphemously with continuing my existence merely to increase my punishment; and questioning his equity and moral government in bringing rational creatures into existence, having predestinated them to eternal doom before they were born. On that

night I do not suppose I had half an hour's sleep. On the morning I determined to go to my brother's, and tell him how I had been treated. But I recollect the morning was rainy. Of what I did that day, I have but a faint recollection ; some things I do remember. I determined on going to Salter's Hall, to have some conversation with Dr. Collyer about "No Fiction;" but I found it was shut up. I went to Mr. John Clayton's, but I found he was not there ; some other person was preaching.

From a receipt in my possession of May 12, which I found on my recovery, it brought to my recollection, that I went on that day into the vestry, and gave a gentleman a guinea for the Charity-school, and when he asked me what name, I told him to "put it down as from Lefevre," which accounts for the receipt being given in that name.

The next morning, May the 13th, my friends perceiving that my disease had now got full possession of me, and being fearful, from the state of irritation I was in, that it was dangerous I should be at large, sent for a keeper, and took me off in a coach to Spring Gardens ; during which time I was perfectly sensible of all they said. When my brother arrived from Chiswick, Mr. Bridgman and the medical gentleman who attended with him, related what my conduct had been since I left his house, as also the danger there was of my being at large, in

consequence of the effect produced by the falsities in "No Fiction." It was therefore agreed, that I should go to his cottage at Chiswick, and that the keeper should remain with me, and try if by bleeding and cooling medicines my disease might be prevented from taking deeper root, and that reason might be restored.

I was perfectly agreeable to whatever they proposed. My brother drove me down that afternoon. After we had taken tea, we walked into the garden; and then an unaccountable impression came into my mind, that I should shortly die. I believe I told my brother so, and said, "Now, as I think, my time is come, and I shall shortly appear in another world; I will just give you a short account of all my troubles." I then stated to him in detail, all that I could recollect, relative to the charge to which I have already alluded, and traced up my malady to the letter which I had received from Mr. Reed when he was in Plymouth.

From this evening, for about a week or ten days, my disease raged so violently, that I was reduced almost to a skeleton. During this illness, things the most extraordinary, unaccountable and incredible transpired; the relation of which might be believed by those who give credence to Job's assertion, that God terrifies (*i. e.* permits Satan, for God terrifies no one,) man "by visions and dreams in the night;" and would not be treated with

ridicule by those who believe the words of God himself, who said, when he was on earth, "With God all things are possible." Yet the relation of what I experienced, while it might excite the astonishment, and gain the belief of some, would, in others, subject me to the remark, that I am not now in my "right mind ;" and as I conceive that such extraordinary visions are only for the benefit of the individual himself, and ought to be treasured up in his own bosom, I shall waive the relation, and only remark, that had it not been for what I conceive to have been a supernatural communication, I do not think I should have been able to sustain myself in what has since occurred, and be prepared for that which still awaits me.

However, although exempted from the immediate death which I anticipated, I was brought to the brink of the grave ; remaining at my brother's house until my strength partially returned, I was removed at my own request to Holly House, Hoxton, where I remained till July.

One day Mr. William Bridgman drove to Chiswick to see me ; and while he was there, my brother related the conversation which had passed between us ; and asked him if he had ever heard of Mr. Reed bringing such a charge, or if he had heard of my having mentioned it to any one ? my brother then supposing that it arose from my derangement. Shortly after I left Hoxton, and when

telling Mr. Bridgman that I was determined to go on with my action, and that if Mr. Sheffield did not like to take it up, as he was Mr. Reed's attorney, I would employ some other person; he brought "No Fiction" forward, pointed out the pages 220—225, Vol. i. and asked me to what charge they referred? when I immediately related the whole of the particulars, to his great and profound astonishment.

Determined as I was on having my character cleared up, I waited upon Mr. Sheffield; pointed out that passage, and others which related to my deficiency at the Waterworks, to my being reprimanded at the public office, &c.; and shewed him documents in contradiction, which I believe astonished him; but he was more amazed, when I made him acquainted with the fact, that the work was published without either my consent or knowledge.

He suggested to me, whether some amicable arrangement could not be made; when I told him, of course, that I only wanted to vindicate my character, and that this I was determined to do, as it was more valuable to me than life. He then proposed speaking to Mr. Teape on the subject, to which proposition I readily agreed, and shortly after a meeting took place between Mr. Teape, Mr. Sheffield, and Mr. Bridgman, at which meeting I attended part of the time. Mr. Teape and Mr. Sheffield proposed that

Mr. Reed should be seen on the business ; I stated, that to this I had no objection ; but that I had come to the determination to have no further communication with him.

After this meeting, they saw Mr. Reed by appointment, on the following Thursday ; when they pointed out to him the objectionable passages, and (I suppose, for I was not there,) said it was very wrong to publish such a work, and especially when the person was living, without his consent. *He then acknowledged to them, that he published the work without my knowledge ;* and that he had suffered his imagination to play. They suggested to him the propriety of writing something to do away the injurious impression ; in which suggestion he acquiesced, and promised to get something ready by the following Monday, which they might submit to my inspection. Mr. Sheffield communicated this to me, as did also Mr. Teape, and advised me not to take any step until I had seen what he wrote. To this I agreed, without pledging myself as to the future.

I was aware that though he made this tacit engagement with them, yet he would find it very difficult to sink his own vanity and pride so much, as to tell the public that the whole was imposition. They did not know him so well as I *now* did ; for I was perfectly satisfied, and his subsequent conduct has proved it, that he was careless and indif-

ferent to injuries he had inflicted upon another person's mind, provided he could cherish his own vanity and pride. I was willing, however, to give him a fair chance, thinking he might yet be actuated by a desire to do justice to an injured individual; and that his fears might so far operate, as to induce him to write something, to prevent a complete exposure of his fabrications. And my friends being fearful that dwelling upon the subject might again bring on my unfortunate malady, advised me not to think any more about it, but to turn my attention to some kind of business that would be beneficial. With their requests I complied, and we had several consultations on what business would be suitable.

One day, while these negotiations were proceeding, I met a gentleman in the city, who, (when conversing relative to "No Fiction,") said, that it was supposed generally, that the whole of the statement in that work was true; and while that impression was on the mind of the public, into whatever business I entered, it would be injurious to me. I mentioned some of the falsities related in that work, and the steps I had taken, and that I did not like to bring the business before the public. He however told me, that an exposure of the baseness of the Rev. Andrew Reed would not injure religion, but rather benefit it; and that the public would do me justice, as they did to every

other injured individual. In consequence, as Mr. Reed appeared careless about my reputation, and neglected doing me justice, I made up my mind immediately to collect materials, and prepare a series of letters to the Rev. Andrew Reed, and address them to him in his assumed name of Douglas; and that evening I drew up the following notice, which contains the plan I intended to pursue; and sent a copy of it to all the periodical publications, about the 18th of October.

Preparing for the press,

TRUTH AGAINST FALSEHOOD;

OR

FACTS OPPOSED TO FICTION:

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS,

Addressed to Douglas, the Author of "No Fiction,"

BY LEFEVRE.

The design of this series of Letters is to expose to public view a real statement of facts, respecting the principal character of the above popular religious novel;—to detect the *artful* sophistry, the gross falsehoods, and the shameful calumnies, in the *discordant* materials of which it is composed;—to unfold the character, the different courtships, and the contemptible vanity of

Douglas, in the portrait which he has drawn of himself ;—the *real* and not the *fictitious* correspondence ; and to shew the absurdity of religious novels, and the nonsense imposed upon the public through their medium, for the gratification of passions, under the baneful influence of avarice and vanity.

This notice I shewed to Mr. Westley, the publisher of “No Fiction.” Mr. Reed no doubt got a copy ; and without waiting till my letters were published as he ought to have done, or making that apology which he had promised, he sat down on the 28th of October, and wrote me that notable and Christian letter, part of which appears in the preface. To convince this gentleman I was not afraid that what he had said to me might be known to the world ; and to shew him also how fearless I was of that mighty power which he had assumed—an assumption next to the papal chair, and which caused him to denounce with equal authority ; for he says, “I shall have to shew ;” I published his denunciation at once. When he wrote that letter he perhaps forgot that God might have restored me to reason, and that it became my business “to shew,” that his account was made up of calumny and falsehood. Twice since the time he sent me this denunciation, I have called upon him to fulfil his own pledge, which became a duty he owed to me and the public as he

threatened. The reader however, should know, that he did not intend that letter for public inspection, but for me; and I fear that it was written with a view to produce a fatal operation on my mind, to sink me again into the depths of mental degradation and woe. This is a serious charge; but for the sake of the reverend gentleman, I wish I could put a better construction upon his conduct.

It will be in the recollection of the reader, that I had only been a few months from a Lunatic Asylum, when this letter was sent; that my friends had instructions that I should be kept from all pursuits of an irritating kind, and particularly from a recurrence to any subject which had been of an unpleasant nature; and that all stimulants should be kept from me, at least that I should be persuaded to abstain from them as much as possible. Mr. Reed was well aware of all this; yet without inquiring of Mr. Teape or Mr. Sheffield, or any of my friends, in what state my mind was, or in what way I was living, he sat down and wrote the above letter, observing in the first sentence, "I know not whether this will find you in a condition calmly to consider its contents."

At that time, however, it so happened, that I was able to examine his letter with calmness and deliberation, my mind being in a state of vigour it had not experienced for the last twelve years. It was then com-

pletely delivered from that thralldom and slavery into which it had sunk, from the strange and unaccountable charge brought against me by this reverend gentleman in February, 1810.

But since many of Mr. Reed's congregation have circulated reports, as an excuse for his writing such a letter, that, during some months previously to my receipt of it, I was living in a most infamous and profligate manner, the best method I can adopt, to repel such insinuations, will be an appeal to facts.

In the month of August, 1822, I commenced a Diary, when, of course, I could have had no contemplation of receiving the above letter. From this Diary, a few extracts will be sufficient to shew in what manner I spent a portion of my time, particularly my Sundays; and by contrasting these extracts with the injurious insinuations which have called them before the public, another evidence will appear, to prove how easily fictions may be assumed as realities, and conclusions drawn from them to the serious disadvantage, if not to the moral assassination of character.

DIARY.

Memoranda. August 29, 1822.—Heard Mr. Jay of Bath, in the morning, at Orange

Street, from Rev. v. 11, 12.—A most excellent discourse ; in which he dwelt on the inconsistency of the doctrine of Socinus, and particularly noted the apparent incongruity of his followers being admitted into heaven to sing the praises of the Lamb, whom they had on earth held up to ridicule and contempt ; and quoted the observation of Dr. Priestly (on the building of a place of worship for Evangelical purposes,) that “the first stone of superstition was that day laid.”

After he had awfully held up those characters to the pity of every real Christian, he observed, “But stop, don’t think that you who run down the Socinians, are believers, and that you are to escape. If you in works deny the Lord Jesus, recollect, you are on the same footing as those who deny his Divinity. If one part of the day you go to a place of Divine worship, and anon to the Devil’s synagogue, are not you upon the same footing (or on a worse) than those who deny his Divinity ? It shews your taste by the places you frequent ; and if you can do this, you have no taste for Divine things. How can you expect to unite with those above, who enthusiastically and tautologically are continually crying with a loud voice, “Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive honour, and power, and glory, for evermore.”

In the afternoon heard Dr. Collyer.

In the evening heard Rev. G. Clayton. He made some very good observations; but nothing extraordinary, either as it regarded arrangement or elucidation.

August 30.—Heard Mr. J. Townsend at the Adelphi.—A very excellent sermon.

Sunday, September 1—Heard Mr. Stevens (York Street) preach from the following words, "*But this man, after he had offered one sacrifice for sins, for ever sat down at the right hand of God.*" Heb. x. 12. Mr. S. made some very excellent remarks; and particularly pointed out in a clear manner, how Christ by this sacrifice of himself atoned for the sins of his people, in contradistinction to the sentiment of several professors and preachers, who maintain that Christ by his death only caused God to offer salvation to the acceptance of sinners, &c.

Wednesday, September 4.—Read morning, Psalms xi—xiii.

"Though God for a time may seemingly overlook his people, he will never forget, disregard or cast them off. He best knows when to deliver; and if we have but faith, he will never fail. When the saints' night of troubles is at the darkest, and their prayers fervent, their deliverance is near." Brown's Reflections on Psalm xii. Also Reflections on Psalm xiii.

Heard Mr. Stevens in the evening, from Luke xviii. 13. "*God be merciful to me*

a sinner." Striking—demonstrating—pleasing. 1. Character confessed. 2. Suitable petition presented to God,—accountableness—crime—conviction.

Evening, The 25th chapter of Genesis.

Thursday, September 5.—Rose at six. Morning, read Genesis i—iii. and Brown's Reflections on them.

Evening, Matthew.

My brother being on a visit to his friend, Mr. Calah in Lincolnshire, I walked Sunday the 8th, to Chiswick; on the road, heard Mr. Leifchild in the morning. Walked home in the evening, and on the road, heard Mr. L. again;—an excellent sermon from Luke x. 20, 21.

Sunday, 15th.—Heard Mr. Stevens from these words, "*Without me ye can do nothing.*" 1. The nature. 2. The necessity. And 3. The sufficiency of the union of the believer in Christ.

Sunday, 29th.—Heard two students in the morning and afternoon at the Adelphi. In the evening heard Mr. Stephens at Lambeth Chapel from the following words, "*Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom;*" Luke xii. 32. A most excellent sermon. But I was rather disgusted at the adulatory praises bestowed upon Dr. Chalmers, (who was that evening preaching at the City Road Chapel) almost deifying him. I hate such puffing off, especially in



the pulpit. What is Dr. Chalmers more than other men? Does he walk and preach like old John Wesley did? Or can he say as Mr. Fletcher once did to his old boots, "Come my old companions of fifteen years?" I thought of sending him "Maxwell's Plurality of Worlds" to read.

Sunday, October 13.—Heard Mr. J. Clayton, from John ix. 8—11.

1. Emblematical of the intellectual and spiritual blindness of man, in which he is born.

2. The means of illumination.

(1.) Spirit.

(2.) Words or discourse.

3. The happy consequences arising from this illumination.

Improvement. Attribute all to the grace of God.

In endeavouring to make a distinction between natural and moral inability, Mr. C. was very much in the dark, until he explained, that it was the duty of every man to read the word of God, attend ordinances, &c. The great difficulty of the Calvinistic preaching, is to reconcile the threatenings of God and the responsibility of man, with their notions of Election and Reprobation, or the illuminating and not illuminating, which is just the same thing. Now would it not be better for us to follow the dictates of common sense, to read the Word of God, to pray, to attend the ordinances, to make the

Word of God and the example of Jesus our guide, and leave the vindication of God's moral government and distinguishing grace to himself? Is there any part of the Word of God, which says, man shall be tried and judged for what he could *not* do? Rather does it not say, that *those who are under the law shall be judged by the law*, and those who are under the Gospel shall be judged by the Gospel, and condemned according to the use or neglect of the means provided for us?

From my experience, I can truly say the idea of reprobation has had a very injurious effect; instead of making the Word of God my guide, I have fallen in with preconceived doctrines, and thinking myself a castaway, have restrained prayer to God, believing I was only left to fill up the measure of my iniquity, and that all the awful providences and illnesses with which I have been visited, have only been so many evidences of the mind of Deity. But I have reason to be thankful that a different light appears to be dawning upon my mind;—a light which till latterly I had never perceived;—a light, which I trust, will lead me to the Fountain of light;—that the “day of grace” is never past in this life;—that all who will, may come;—that the Saviour is not only willing to receive, but waits to be gracious;—that what keeps us from Christ is our unwillingness to give up our sins,

to flee unto him ;—he is “always willing.”

Under this impression, although I am assailed from the bottomless pit ; although I exceedingly fear and tremble ; although my sins are of an aggravating nature, having been committed against light and knowledge, I am determined to watch and pray, to pray that grace may be given me, that I may continue to pray, so that if I cannot obtain the full assurance of my salvation, I pray for hope, and, if I am a castaway, I pray that the sins of my prayers may not be added to my account. If I am a castaway for my former sins, yet while I am here, if I endeavour to act as near as I can to the dictates of my conscience, agreeably to the Word of God, my present endeavours will not aggravate my eternal doom. Nay, hope appears to dawn upon me, and I appear as if I was rising almost from the depths of hell to live to praise God. I am as one risen from the dead ; nay, as one three times risen, for three times has my spirit, as it were, been hurried into disembodied existence, contending with spiritual powers and darkness ; and three times returned again to the body. I condemn myself, because I have not adopted those means which God has granted us for seeking his Spirit ; but even now it is not too late. O Lord, deliver me from all my vile and sinful desires, and make me yet to hope for salvation. Enable

me to persevere in abstemiousness, and in attending on thy ordinances. Provide as thou wilt for me, only enable me to withstand the fiery darts of the devil, the temptations of the world, and the corruptions of my own evil heart. If I am lost, it is my own fault; if I am saved, it will be all of grace. "Oh to grace how great a debtor, daily I am constrained (and delighted) to sing."

Note. I have read Cowper's Life lately. My firm opinion is, that his Calvinistic notions were the cause of his settled melancholy.

In the evening heard Mr. Drew from Isaiah xii. 1. on the Prophecies;—the sermon displayed considerable scriptural research.

October 27.—Morning.—Mr. Drew, Westminster. "*Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be a propitiation for our sins.*" 1 John iv. 10.

Introduction.—Being and Attributes of God.

1. Survey the love of God as an attribute of Deity.
2. In its operations.
3. In its consequences.
- 1.—1. Inherent in Deity.
 2. It is disinterested.
 3. It is superlative.

Shew the difference between finite and infinite love.

In creation—goodness—moral government—providence—redemption—mercy.

II.—In its operations; manifested in the redemption of man, by giving Jesus Christ as a propitiation for sin.

As laws were given to human nature—as human nature sinned—sacrifice of atonement must be in human nature. God is not wrath but he is represented as being displeased with sin.

Man a moral agent—as a moral agent must have power to commit sin or pursue happiness. Take away the power of using his muscular energies, and you take away the power of procuring the means of livelihood. Fire as an element is good, and all men would wish to have its benefit, without suffering from its destructive qualities; but take away its power to destroy, and you deprive it of its property to communicate warmth. Water is good to quench thirst; but take away its power, to prevent a man drowning himself, and you take away its use.

III.—In its consequences. Moral renovation of the human heart comes from God. Man is dead in sin, therefore the cause could not originate in him; but the operation of the Spirit restores man to the favour of God; and when his love is shed abroad in the heart, its effects become visible in the whole of his conduct. Coming from God,

it is pure benevolence ;—returning, it is gratitude. It is shewn, in redemption, all of love.—In the Gospel, all of love.—It is forbearing, continued love.

Improvement. But we must not presume on this love. Now is the day of salvation. Throw yourselves then on Jesus, like the bird venturing on the wing, and he will conduct you to happiness.

From these few extracts, the reader will perceive, that my time was not spent in that dissolute manner which has been represented. In my diary I had inserted a variety of observations on the discourses which I heard ; some of them I have omitted, that the account may not be enlarged with unnecessary observations. The remarks which I have here inserted, as well as those that are suppressed, were entered in my diary, immediately on my return from the places of worship which I attended ; and I have given the names of the different ministers, referring to their texts, together with the times when they preached, and also the places, that I may not be accused of imitating the conduct of those who deal in fabrications.

The dates which I have given are not fictitious ; and the truth of my statements may be ascertained, by an appeal to the ministers, whose names I have for this reason introduced. My diary was begun at

a time when I had no expectation of receiving from the Rev. Mr. Reed the letter in question, which may be found in the preface; and consequently when I had no intention whatever of writing a complete reply to "No Fiction." It was to prevent this, that I gave Mr. Reed every opportunity of doing justice to my character, which had been traduced by his unjustifiable misrepresentations; and had he availed himself of my reasonable request, and of his own promise, this publication would have had no existence.

That my life was not marked with those excesses which the whispers of calumny have so industriously circulated; the peculiarity of my condition may be adduced in evidence. My doctors and friends advised me to take but sparingly, either of wine, spirits, or malt liquors, so that if I erred, it might be on the safe side. This advice I have rigidly followed. By this abstinence, my physical strength has been recruited; and, by devoting a considerable portion of my time to reading, I have also found my intellectual energy daily restored.

But my physical and intellectual strength has been less in proportion than the moral vigour which has been communicated by a kind and beneficent Creator, since my illness. Subsequently to my recovery, I have read Gurnall's "Christian Armour," and at the time Mr. Reed's letter arrived, I was

reading the writings of Caryl, Bishop Hall, Dwight, Bates, Brooks, Charnock, Drew,* &c.; but that which was my daily companion, and the source of my greatest consolation was the Bible. Thus, with daily adoration, thanks, and praise, and holding communion with God, I was wonderfully prepared, "calmly to consider the contents of a letter calculated to throw me again into the depths of misery. But notwithstanding this preparation, it had a powerful effect on my mind, and destroyed my rest that night, although it did not shake my confidence in God. I arose the ensuing morning, and, by earnest prayer, implored the Divine assistance for strength to vindicate my character; and the result is now before the world.

* The work of Mr. Drew's which I then was reading, is, "On the Being, Attributes and Providence of the Deity," in 2 vols. 8vo.; the perusal of which gave me a more enlarged and consistent view of the moral government of the Deity, than any other work I had previously read on the same subject; and, in my estimation, for argument, is only second to Butler's "Analogy." I am not singular in my estimation of its merits, for in the ninth number of the Investigator, those liberal and powerful writers devote above twenty pages to its Review, and place it almost on a footing with those works which gained the prizes, and which was the cause of its production. It would be well if ministers of the Gospel would recommend such works as these, which give a proper idea of Deity, and are the means of preparing man for immortality, instead of puffing off works of fiction, which amuse the youthful mind for a time, and leave the soul dark and lean, and give a fictitious display both of God and religion.

I have now gone through the history of my life, and in the account which I have given, I am not aware that I have omitted any circumstance of magnitude or importance. In entering into this detail, I have invariably kept in view my connexion with the Rev. Andrew Reed, through whose means this Memoir has been obtruded on the public. Pursuing this course, I have been led into numerous digressions which the statements given in "No Fiction" had rendered indispensably necessary; for without these, the causes and connexions of many falsehoods, and distorted facts, could never have been made apparent. My aim has been to exhibit truth without any disguise; to expose falsehood; detect fabrications; and develop the baseness of violated friendship. In each of these points I hope I have been successful.

On reviewing my life, and comparing my conduct with that of others, although I find many things to deplore, I am not able to discover that monstrous depravity which Mr. Reed has blended with my character as Lefevre. From the rules of propriety and decorum I readily acknowledge many aberrations; into a repetition of which, I hope I shall never again be betrayed. But I am not aware that any actions of my life can guarantee the abominations which this reverend gentleman has associated with the fictitious name of his deeply injured friend!

But when from comparisons with my defective fellow creatures, I make my appeal to a tribunal that is divine, a different scene unfolds itself to my contemplation. In the word of God, where the divine perfections stand embodied, I perceive the only immutable standard of unerring rectitude, that has ever been communicated to man. In appealing to this test, I find my whole life polluted with sin, from which I cannot purify myself, and by which I am exposed to punishment, from which, through all my efforts, I cannot escape. The fruit of my body cannot atone for the transgressions of my soul; and every oblation that I might be able to bring, if the empire of nature were under my command, would be found ineffectual. Comparing my conduct with what the law of God requires, I am fully convinced that by its deeds, I never can obtain justification in his sight. I have nothing to present but my iniquity, and I can urge no plea, but *"God be merciful to me a sinner."*

Turning, however, from justice to mercy, and from the Law to the Gospel, I perceive with joy, that God has in much love, provided means through which his banished ones may be restored to his forfeited favour. In the person, and sacrifice, and offices of Jesus Christ, I behold the way, the truth, and the life; and with joy I hear him inviting the weary and the heavy-laden to come to him that they may find rest. En-

couraged by this invitation, and by others of similar import, and urged by the necessities of my condition, and allured by those promises of pardon with which the Gospel abounds, my daily prayer is, for an interest in his atonement, that I may, through its efficacy, be justified from all things, from which I cannot be justified by the law of Moses. This I now make the ground of my confidence, and the foundation of my hope ; and through this alone I desire to be admitted into the kingdom of heaven.

There was a time when I surveyed the Gospel through a very different medium, as the preceding pages have made apparent. Shackled with sectarian fetters, and enslaved by dogmas, the validity and truth of which I thought it half criminal to suspect, my days were passed under the gloomy presages of inevitable destruction, which appeared to result from an immutable decree, which had irrevocably fixed my destiny prior to my existence. Of this apprehension, I have in some measure detailed the awful consequences ; and the facts which I have recorded will, I hope, operate as a warning to others, to shun the dreadful abyss in which, but for the unmerited love of God, I should have been for ever engulfed.

Having cast off those trammels which many are still ambitious to acknowledge, it is not with me a matter of surprise that my

name should be cast out as evil. The rigid advocates of sect and party, confine Christianity within the narrow pale of their own communion; and bigotry is always armed with anathemas which are poured with a liberal hand on all who presume to question their infallibility. These unchristian principles, nurtured and brought to maturity in the dens which gave them birth, sustain different names in the estimation of different individuals. Within the precincts of a given circle, they glitter in the varnish of "Zeal for God," and are considered as evidences of "an highly illuminated mind," and with some, as "infallible tokens of Divine grace." But beyond the boundaries of this enclosure, they frown with a terrific aspect, and excite abhorrence, while they procure for their defenders, that pity and compassion, which, towards others, never warmed their hearts.

But whatever may be the opinions of those, who view all as apostates who quit their communion, and abandon the theological sorceries with which they had been enslaved, this will not justify either them or their ministers, in traducing the characters of individuals who have silently withdrawn from their party. On a principle of moral justice, it is a poor defence for a traducer to assert, that he thought the individual dead, whose life was selected to be anatomized by calumny. The reputation of the dead is not

less sacred than that of the living ; and by a generous mind, it will always be held more inviolable, as the party accused can have no opportunity of vindicating his actions, and of repelling those charges, that, under a fictitious name, are collected, exaggerated, and invented, to reproach his memory. Such has been the conduct of the Rev. Andrew Reed towards me, in violation of every principle of friendship, as his own letters testify, and which I have recorded as a monument to his dishonour, connected with circumstances, which, in the estimation of impartial readers, must form the climax of his injustice.

If death had actually closed my eyes in darkness, at the time when the author of "No Fiction" thought me to be no more, it would not have been in the power of any surviving friend, to repel the charges that he has circulated through the nation in that work, and my character must have been viewed by my dearest relatives, as a disgrace to my family and connexions. The Rev. Andrew Reed, however, now finds that he was premature in his calculations ; and perhaps he will learn to his no small mortification, that *absence* and *death* are terms very different in signification. He now discovers that I am still alive ;—alive to the injuries which he has done to my character ;—alive to meet him at the bar of the public, before which he has uninten-

tionally cited me to appear ;—alive to shew his conduct towards one, whose spirit he conceived to have entered the regions of immortality.

In the estimation of Antinomianism, the actions which associate with the moral character of individuals, who persuade themselves that they are the favourites of heaven, are only of remote consideration ; but, I bless God, that amidst all my aberrations of conduct, I have not so learned Christ. Moral deportment can never become the ground of our acceptance at the mercy-seat ; but faith can be no longer genuine, than it is evidenced by its sacred fruits. Experimental religion must lead to practical godliness, and all besides is gross delusion. “ *If a man love me,*” says our Lord, “ *he will keep my commandments ;*” and we are expressly told, that “ *faith without works is dead.*”

Convinced of these important truths, I view character in a sacred light, and under this persuasion, I determined to vindicate my own from the foul aspersions cast upon it. With this determination, I arose in the morning on the day after I had received Mr. Reed’s letter ; but as to the manner in which I should proceed, I waited to be guided by circumstances, beseeching God of his infinite goodness to give me direction, and instruct me how to act. This I made the burden of my petition at the throne of



grace. With humility I prostrated myself before him, and implored his aid. I appealed to him as a God who searcheth the hearts and trieth the reins of the children of men; and, as a Being who knoweth all things, I sought his protection as it regarded the charges which had been brought against me.

I prayed for strength, and he gave it me. I prayed for power to repel my enemy, and I hope I have obtained it. I prayed for grace to uphold me, while prosecuting my arduous task, and thus far I have been sustained. I prayed for a continuance of grace, that I might be kept from all temptation, and that I might calmly, truly and faithfully proceed in my defence, and that no injurious reports or slanderous insinuations, might obstruct me, or cause me to take any improper step, and I trust he has heard me. Here then I would erect an Ebenezer of praise for his help thus far, and entreat the pious reader to join with me in adoring that Being, "whose tender mercies are over all his works, and whose ways are past finding out."

Having thus finished my Memoirs, I shall now proceed to a Review of "No Fiction."

REVIEW.

My history being closed, I now proceed to fulfil the promise, by a general Review of the whole. The title first attracts my attention. It is "No Fiction;" and which has been pertinaciously continued, in opposition to the gradual development of the falsehoods, which must have continually arrested the attention and touched the conscience of the writer. Time, however, makes no impression on his heart, and he is determined to persevere; and the first false step has led to many others equally dishonourable to the author, and disgraceful to his public character. In the sixth edition I observe an alteration in the title page, to which he has boldly affixed his name; although he had subscribed his name to a letter, denying himself as the author, as the reader must have already noticed. The change in the title, was a determined effort to carry forward the delusion upon the public, to a greater and a more alarming extent; but that change will carry his name to posterity, not for honour, or dignity, or virtue. The following is a copy of the advertisement, as given in the Evangelical Magazine, January, 1823.

"NO FICTION. By the Reverend **ANDREW REED.** Two Volumes Crown 8vo. Price 12s. Boards. Sixth Edition of this interesting work, founded upon recent facts.

"We have lately perused a work intituled '**NO FICTION,**' which is a narrative of facts altogether so extraordinary and so interesting, that if the excellent author had not pledged his word for its veracity, it might justly be supposed to belong to the region of Romance and Fancy; it would then indeed be a brilliant conception and a proof of inventive genius; but how much is its interest and its utility increased, by the assurance that all the leading events recorded in it are not the creatures of imagination, but substantial realities; that they are not conjured up for the sake of dramatic effect, but have been actually presented on the stage of life. The narrative is clothed in language at once elegant and simple, it evinces an intimate knowledge of the human heart, and we are convinced that no person can rise from its perusal without being sensibly improved both in heart and understanding."—*Statesman.*

In attempting to fulfil the duty I have undertaken, I feel it an arduous task; and for the attempt, may be subjected to the spirited opposition of *some* of the periodical writers; but particularly to that of the edi-

tor of the Statesman newspaper ;* who has voluntarily appeared as the trumpeter of the Rev. Andrew Reed, and who, from an expressed knowledge of the author, (for he gives him the appellation of *excellent*, which applies not to his *work*, but to him *personally*,) is in some measure mixed up with him. But from the real critic, from the accredited guardians of the press, who have not *diverged* from the professions they sent out in their prospectus, and who retain the public confidence, I fear nothing. For in exact proportion to an author's assumption of confidence, and his *title* to that assumption, and the *truth* of his *statements*, is their meed of praise or blame.

* This is the Paper of which old Mr. Cobbett is the editor ; and the words, as put in all the advertisements, from the Statesman, are as observations of the editor, presumed to have arisen from his perusal and approval of the work ; for which he is responsible ; for he says, "We have lately perused." Mr. Cobbett's character for humanity, was evidenced, in endeavouring to write down the "Appeal" of the eloquent and humane Robert Hall, in behalf of the "Frame Work Knitters," from whom, Mr. Cobbett received so complete a castigation, as he never previously experienced. His *retacity* was shewn by telling his readers that he wrote the "best leading articles" for the Old Times, during the Queen's business, while the editor of the Times, declares he wrote them, in his official study. This man's claim to *veracity*, appears about equal to that of Douglas's, whom he thus praises, and his vanity on par ; only the less excusable, as he is much older. "How birds of a feather flock together," to shew off each other's fading plumes !

Mr. Reed published his work, as the "offspring of benevolence." After it was brought forth, it was nurtured and cherished by that reverend gentleman and his wife; read and re-read by them. From them it was put to nurse, *i. e.* submitted to the perusal, and received the retouches of the classical pen of the Rev. Mr. Collison, and some others whom I do not know; and was so minutely inspected, and so carefully tried, before it was considered sufficiently beautiful and attractive, or qualified to appear before the public, that it took *two years* to run alone; and which, from such nursing, examination and inspection, ought *not* to have appeared with a single blemish in its aspect, or a spot on its surface. But my work is the hasty production of an individual, who does not lay claim to the *perfect* knowledge of any *language*, except the language of truth; and who would have been ashamed to present himself to the public, had it not been for the libellous and shameful character Mr. Reed had drawn of him in his "offspring of benevolence." I shall satisfactorily shew, that so far from its being "what it professes to be," this "*offspring of benevolence*" was the untimely birth of a *monster*, which not only attempted, but for a time *actually succeeded*, in destroying the joys of friendship, the peace of families, the confidence of the domestic circle, and the *ties of the dearest kindred*. While it assumed a pious,

attractive and benevolent appearance, it was suffered to pass the gate of criticism, and run into the world unmolested. It not only committed woful ravages in the peaceful bosoms of many ; but by its success, excited in kindred spirits, the bad and avaricious passions of human nature. These, amalgamating, brought forth other monsters, not so grossly hideous as the first, but likely to be more extensively injurious. As the *mother monster* of religious novels, like another harlot, only professed to entice "the youth of this age, and the promise of the future," the *daughters* proclaimed "Happiness" to the "Grave and the Gay," to the destruction of "Enthusiasm" and misery.

The time, however has arrived, when an examination of their assumed claims will take place ; a *hasty* inspection having led to a suspicion that the *intent* of these *non-descrips* in the religious world, *was* not so much to be useful to their fellow creatures, as to gain, by an *extraordinary effort*, an extraordinary supply of *wealth* and *praise*.

" ——— Mammon led them on,
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From Heaven ; for ev'n in Heav'n his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent ; admiring more
The riches of heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,
Than ought divine or holy ———."

To accomplish these objects, they are careless about either the truth of their assertions, or the pain and distrust they beget in fami-

lies ; some of them the most ancient and noble (more noble by being the disciples of Jesus,) in the realm ; which has so far operated, by creating mistrust and jealousy, that each one was suspecting the other of having exposed, aggravated, and mis-stated their foibles, to feed the insatiate thirst of these religious caterers, that they might, (after mixing the innocent food with their own gall of bitterness, for the world of scurrility to feed on,) by such writings, imperceptibly draw the religious public from the wholesome nutriment of the pure word of God, and authors of 'respectability, who do not adulterate the same to make it palatable to an adulterous generation. The first draught of *fiction*, was so cautiously mixed up, that there appeared nothing noxious in its materials, but its deleterious qualities, created such a novel thirst, and such a squeamish appetite, that *plain* and *common* nutriment is utterly rejected. In proportion to the demand, the agents are then busily employed to make preparation for the public taste. Another draught, shortly after "*Fiction*" made its appearance, was presented and labelled "*Happiness*," which was so greedily swallowed, that the doctors of novel origin consulted on the propriety of preparing another palatable mixture, which was soon got ready, and as eagerly taken, it being labelled "*No Enthusiasm*," which the quacks so puffed off, that it has been greedily

sought after, insomuch that soon *may be expected* other draughts, which, in continuation, perhaps may be labelled "No Church!" "No Religion!" "No Bible!" But as some of the members of the religious novelist association* have lately been a little indisposed, which prevents the appearance of the larger draughts; that others may not from this delay encroach on the privileges of this quack association, a smaller draught is in preparation, intended for the "little folks," without any offensive mixture; the preparation is mild and gentle in the "Narrative" strain, and to be labelled "Martha."

As one of the *innocent and injured originals*, from which such preparations have been made, I shall attempt to put a stop to this trade of quackery, by a decomposition of the "No Fiction" draught. And when I have analyzed the discordant and dele-

* Have any of my readers read or heard of a scurrilous and anonymous admonitory letter, to the reverend and venerable Rowland Hill, which was published a few years ago? It was written by one of this association, for sordid gain, who, at the time he wrote it, was living on terms of friendship and intimacy with Mr. Hill, as my traducer was with me; and, I believe, the very week it came out, preached in his pulpit. When Mr. Hill ascertained the writer, his indignation settled into contempt, from the baseness of the individual. Mr. Hill called upon him on the subject, when this traducer, like another coward, sunk on his knees to solicit his pardon; and, serpent-like, licked the dust off his shoes!!

terious materials of which it is composed which is the humble part of a drudge ; I shall leave their component parts to be examined by the Press ; who, professedly and really, are the guardians of morals, of truth, of friendship, and of confidence. And I have no doubt, after they have minutely examined the noxious and fictitious ingredients which I shall throw out, they will, with all their eloquent power, turn the attention of our " youth of the present age, and the promise of the future," as also the grave and the gay of this generation, from fiction to truth, and from the ephemeral presentations and draughts of the novel doctors and apothecaries of this period, to the good old doctors of the sixteenth century,* and those of the present day, who have followed their footsteps ; and thus, at once, crush the species of religious quackery which, from *modestly* and *cautiously* commencing in " St. Georges in the East," near " Wapping Old Stairs," has, from its success, had the blushing effrontery to practise at the retreat of Royalty, and at the palace-gate of the King ; offering *fiction* in the garb of *truth*, and

* The author is happy to see that the works of these noble divines are not altogether overlooked in the present age. A new edition, in 8vo. of the Practical Works of the late Rev. Richard Baxter, is now publishing, by R. Edwards, of Crane Court, Fleet Street. By this republication, Mr. Edwards is conferring a great obligation on the British public.

miser and sanctity to the grave and the gay, dressed up in the clothing of Happiness, and now is endeavouring to pollute our Bar, and intrude into the very Courts of Judicature by a draught of "No Enthusiasm."*

But although I profess to give a *Review* of "No Fiction," my professions do not extend to the nicety of its language, to the weighing of its sentences, or to questioning the turning of its paragraphs ; but to an *exposure* of its libellous, cruel and uncalled-for falsehoods ; which I shall accomplish by a publication of other real documents, in addition to those already printed in my *Memoirs* ; and by a reference to *real* and *living witnesses*, instead of *ideal beings* and *created fictions*. In performing my task, I feel assured, I shall more heartily receive the approval of the Reviewers and of the public in general, than if I had retired from "the busy hum of men" for months, and in my literary retreat had studied "The Hermes of Harris," and "The Diversions of Purley," to enable me to *dress up* my statement of TRUTH in tinsel ornaments and fictitious colouring, which would have rendered its substance and truth almost invisible.—However, now and then I shall point out the nonsense which has been imposed on the

* I am informed from indisputable authority, that "No Enthusiasm" was written by a Barrister, and a member of the Church of England !

public, and the indelicacy of some of its sentences; since from the hurried manner in which such Reviews are composed for our periodical works, it is no wonder that such blemishes should have escaped the notice of the Reviewers. Indeed one writer confessed to me, that he had only read certain parts, although he had reviewed the work, and followed the popular tide of admiration. Sectarian zeal also assisted to give it notoriety; and every means was employed to puff it off, of which the generality of persons, are wholly ignorant. I am satisfied had such passages *not* escaped their notice, his conceited vaunt would not have deterred them (although it appears to have operated on some *little* great Reviewers) from the performance of their duty. No author, since the time of Dr. Johnson, has so fully held the Reviewers at defiance as this mighty young Zoilus; for he says in his preface, that he "committed" this "offspring of benevolence" to those who scorn "to censure the more *eagerly*, because it can be done with *comparative* IMPUNITY!!!" A Reviewer would be deterred by such timely notice, of being minute or severe in his criticisms, and anticipate as mighty a stick and as powerful an arm as that of the great Dr. Johnson, after the threatened attack of Macpherson, and the more pleasant report of Foote's intended ridicule.

Since the 5th of November, 1822, when this GREAT MAN *pompously* announced himself with a "*Reverend*" to his name, (an assumption rarely adopted by any man of real talent, as may be observed from the title-pages of their respective works, but only by *the lower order of writers*;) the Reviewers, I should think, have, all and every one of them, rejoiced that they had been so cautious. Had I, however, by accident met the Reviewer of "*No Fiction*" in the *Eclectic*,* I should have laughed a little at him, or rather *with him*; but I must not say too much, for fear in his Review of my work he should courteously (for he cannot behave otherwise than as a gentleman)

"Make me laugh on t'other side."

But on that gentleman's liberality, and that of the other Reviewers, I throw myself and my necessitated vindication of my character, and only say, -

"To my (grammatical) errors be a little blind,
To my *truths* be very kind;"

* Mrs. Reed, jun. told me who it was; she had it from *Westley*, and it happens to be a gentleman whom I have known for many years, with whom I was doing business during the years when Mr. Reed is stating me as being depraved, degraded and harassed by my creditors, to whom, as it regards my transactions with him, and conduct to, I fearlessly appeal; and from whom, in July, 1822, I received a kind and consolatory letter; nothing, however, relating to this business.

For I declare, I have not wilfully misrepresented one statement in my preceding Narrative, nor will I in the Review. And I again most earnestly solicit the gentleman alluded to, and the Reviewers in general, to request my attendance, naming place and time, and I will thankfully wait upon them and shew every original document, and answer any questions they may think proper to put, previous to their reviewing my work; and I will not ask for either pledge or information as it regards the manner in which it may please them to do it.

As I shall have occasion in my Review, to allude to Mrs. Reed, jun. as well as to Mr. Reed, and particularly in reference to a Letter in which Mr. Reed's veracity is concerned, I beg leave to inform the public, that I had it from the lips of Mrs. Reed, that she assisted Mr. Reed in "No Fiction," which *fact* shews, that the following *supposition* of the Reviewer of that work in the Eclectic Review is *founded on fact*. "The marked *inequality of the style* would almost lead us to imagine that the work was the joint production of two different hands."* I have stated this fact to put an end to speculation. Mrs. Reed did not point out the parts she wrote; however, the poetical, and a considerable portion of the descriptive scenery, are well known to be the production of her pen.

* Eclectic Review, New Series, Vol. xiii. p. 272.

As the Preface is in general the last written, although placed first, I shall reserve my observations on it, until I have finished my Review; and therefore proceed to

CHAPTER i. pp. 11, 12, Is a related conversation between the fictitious Banks; who was a Mr. Jardine, as will be seen by my Memoirs, vol. i. p. 39, to the truth of which I of course cannot speak, nor can I to the "buttercup and daisy;" only from the recollection of my youthful years, I am sure, at least in Yorkshire, they did not make their appearance until June or July. But by the botanic pen of Mr. Reed, or more probably, the more botanical pen of Mrs. Reed, they appear earlier near London; as they state, p. 13, "It was one of those mornings with which the *month of May* sometimes presents us." But as it regards the "dancing lambs in the surrounding fields" near Edmonton, I am more at a loss still; for, according to their account, they are very different lambs to what they were in ancient times, as David says in Psalm cxiv. 4. "*The mountains skipped like rams, and the little hills like lambs.*" And again in verse 6, he says, "*Ye mountains that skipped like rams, and ye little hills like lambs;*" as also those in Milton's time; for he says in his Lycidas,

"Tempered to the oaten flute,
Hough satyrs danced, and fawns with cloven heel."

While the stupid, lazy, and

“Hungry sheep look up and were not fed.”

Nor had they improved much in the time of Pope ; for he says,

“The *lamb*, thy riots doom to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he *skip* and *play*?”

And however accomplished the lambs now may be near the Metropolis, it does not appear they are so much improved in the country ; for the Rev. Robert Hall, who is well known to be an accurate noticer of every kind of improvement, observes, “Who can behold their (the animal creation) harmless pleasures, the wild *gambols* (*i. e. skipping*) of *their young*, rioting in the superabundance of life, and excess of pleasure, without experiencing a momentary exhilaration.”* Had they learnt to *dance*, this author, no doubt, would have noticed it. In the next edition of “No Fiction,” perhaps the authors will inform us more particularly what was the kind of *dancing* ; whether minuets, hornpipes or country-dances ; but I should think from the space, the latter ; as they took the “surrounding fields” to display their *novel* accomplishments in. Page 14, is an account of Douglas and Banks overtaking me, which is correct ; but the related conversation from pp. 14—17, is completely invention, for the reasons I have stated in my *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 40.

CHAP. ii. p. 19, Mr. Reed observes, “One

* Sermon on the death of the Princess Charlotte, p. 15.

morning, some months after their first meeting, when finishing their usual walk, with more than their usual satisfaction in each other, Lefevre proposed that they should arrange to return together in the evening." And in p. 19, "Lefevre arrived, and took his place at the tea-table;" and (after tea) from pp. 19—24, closing the second chapter, is an account of Douglas and Lefevre visiting one of Douglas's sick scholars. This is entirely false. I always drank tea at Enfield Highway, and never visited a sick child with him during the whole time we were teachers. The related dialogue, is of a similar kind; and, as in all the schools, there were from seven to eight teachers, besides the itinerant minister, who preached in the evening at Ponder's End, *all* of whom walked home together; if it is not false, Mr. Reed can name some one out of that number who can recollect this visit, or our talking of it.

CHAP. iii. from pp. 30—33, we have an account of Douglas being taken ill, and that the "complaint assumed an alarming character"—"which affliction confined him during the winter months to his dwelling,"—during this illness, he states that "I flew to his bedside." According to Douglas's account it must have been either at the latter end of 1805, or in the beginning of 1806; for he says p. 33, "It was somewhat remarkable that during an intercourse of *so many months*, Douglas knew so little of

his friend's personal history," &c. This illness, he states, was "the birth-place or cradle of friendship," p. 29; and that it must according to his own narrative have been either in the year 1805 or 1806, is evident; as in pp. 44, 45, *some time after this illness*, he states us as forming a literary society, which was in existence in 1806, as may be seen by a reference to p. 43, and his real letters, pp. 47, 48, vol. i. of my Memoirs. Of this illness, however, I never heard before; but he had a slight indisposition some time after he went to the Hackney Academy, at the latter end of 1807, of which I have given a genuine description in my Memoirs, vol. i. pp. 67—69.

In p. 32, he observes that I gave him a history of my life, from the time I arrived in London up to that period. This is a complete fabrication; and to me very *injurious*, as in p. 35, 36, he makes me to say of my brother officers, that "They were pert, conceited and overbearing: they could resort to the coffee-houses, talk of politics, and occasionally confirm their ignorant opinions *with an oath*. They could apparently command their small income, to decorate their persons and feed their vanity; and with all these advantages, they supposed themselves elevated to the *rank of men*, and even of *gentlemen*."

Let any candid reader say, whether Mr. Reed does not, for this infamous slander,

deserve that kind of chastisement which is given to a schoolboy when detected in falsehood.

The young men with whom I associated were the reverse of this statement, and I feel the injury, as the words are given as if spoken by me; by which, if true, I am entitled only to ridicule and contempt. He has told us that he wished to exalt my character by this artificial description; but is this the way to exalt character; to create slanderous expressions, and to give them utterance to the world, as really spoken by myself? Upon this question let the public decide.

Allow me to entreat the reader to peruse the two excellent sermons of Dr. Dwight, on Lying and Slander, as well as Jeremy Taylor on Scandal; for I know it is useless to call Mr. Reed to a sense of his sin and impropriety; however, I will just quote from the former acknowledged acute divine, the following words, which he may weigh at his leisure.

“The slanderer commences this malignant employment by inventing and fabricating tales of falsehood, concerning the person, who is either the object of his hatred, or the subject of his diversion. To the fabricator of these tales, all the subsequent mischief which arises from them, is supremely chargeable.” Dwight’s System of Theology, vol. iv. p. 400.

But independent of my assertion, the incorrectness of this *pretended statement*, occupying so many pages, some of which are interspersed with shameful calumnies must be evident. That I did not supply him with any materials when preparing this novel will be clear from the perusal of the whole. He says in p. 31, "Lefevre cheerfully gave him the assistance which weakness made necessary," and that "it was on a morning though early in the year, &c.;" and that, p. 31, we were "presently seated on the trunk of a tree;" and that "after they had enjoyed their separate reflections for a few minutes," Douglas, p. 32, is made to say, "I have been thinking, Charles, that, considering the intimacy which has subsisted," &c. and concludes by saying, p. 32, "I wish you would gratify me by referring to some of the particulars," [of my life.] But he states, "Lefevre could not endure any thing approaching to égotism," yet, "from his friend, however, he could withhold nothing, and he replied to his request by the following statement;" pp. 33—39. So that every person must at once see that it is mere invention; for this is stated as occurring at least twelve years before he sat down to write an account of it; and from his recollection at a time when he was so weak that he could not *walk* without assistance and where he had no pen and paper to register the conversation given. The truth

is, at this time he had no illness, nor did I ever, either in writing or verbally, relate that, or any such conversation.

CHAP. iv. pp. 39—47. In p. 40, he tells us "I made an arrangement for my residence with Mr. and Mrs. Russell," (*i. e.* his father and mother.) Now according to his pretended true narrative, it must have been in 1805; for he states, in p. 44, "Our young friends having now the fullest opportunity, resolved to employ it for their radical improvement;" and pp. 44, 45, he gives an account of the formation of the society, and of the members, &c. It is true, a society was formed, and to prove that it was in 1806, as well as for a real account of that society, I refer my readers to my Memoirs, vol. i. pp. 43—46; and for the time of its formation, to Mr. Reed's real letters, Memoirs, pp. 47, 48; and as proof, that so far from living at his father's before the formation of this society, and previous to his going to the Academy, I beg leave to refer to the address on his real letters to me at my different lodgings, in Memoirs, vol. i. pp. 47, 51, 56, 57, 60, 62, 63, 70, 73; during a period of four years after he represents me as living with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Russell.

The extraordinary delineation of the character of his parents and the wonderful climax, terminating in his own person, I have noticed in my Memoirs, vol. i. pp. 87—94.

CHAP. v. p. 47, commences with some observations on romantic notions of friendship. From pp. 47, 48, is a pretended letter from me, how far correct I cannot say, at a distance of nearly 16 years; however, as this is the first letter he prints, as having received from me after he entered Hackney Academy, it is probable I might make some remarks on friendship; but how just he has been to me will be seen, when he prints the whole correspondence, and which he is bound to do, and permit that inspection of mine, which I willingly allow of his. As it regards the *pretended reply*, it is entirely artificial, as the following remark, "No. Fiction," vol. i. p. 51, will shew; for while this quotation evidences the subject we were writing upon, his *real* observations on friendship in pp. 60, 61, of my Memoirs is as different from these fabricated observations as light from darkness. "Let us not, however, exult unnecessarily over human deficiencies. The more we know of our own defects, the more candid shall *we become towards* those of others; and, certainly, *a good mind will always regard them rather with sorrow than contempt*. Let us also consider, the thousands with whom we have but little sympathy, may often be prepared by the wisdom of Providence, for other friendships; and, in a different sphere to ours, may fill their station with equal, perhaps with superior pro-

priety. On nothing is mistake so general as on character. *We are young, let us be modest.*"

The real letters from Hackney, during this period, and which ought to be inserted in this chapter, commencing p. 47, are found in Memoirs, vol. i. pp. 56, 57, 60—70. To shew that he intended the public should understand this account as transpiring after he went to Hackney, is evident, from p. 48, "Mr. and Mrs. Russell *present their respects*, and wish me to say, they will be glad to see you to tea to-morrow evening;" and p. 49, "he requests me to *present* his respectful compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Russell, and to say, that I shall have great pleasure in embracing their invitation to-morrow evening." For previously he lived with his parents, and which, though intended to convey and to certify that he had then left his father's, evidently shews that his letter is a fabrication; as he never wrote in this *complimentary way about his father and mother*; but in general when writing to me, as will have been noticed by the reader in the perusal of his real letters in my Memoirs, says, "*tell mamma*" this, or "*tell mamma*" that.

Mr. Reed, pp. 52, 53, gives a *pretended* conversation on the *fabricated* letter; and at the bottom of the latter page, observes, "The *summons* now arrived to attend the tea-table of Mrs. Russell;" and p. 53, as we

"were leaving the room to obey it, (by which I suppose he means to convey, that we were *summoned* to the drawing room; he has not said by whom, whether a footman or housemaid,) Lefevre accosted his friend, "Stay one minute, my dear James, I wanted to ask you when you commence your journey;" all of which is as equally false as the previous conversation and letter. At this period Mrs. Reed kept no servant. The place we used to take our tea in was by the fire-place in the open shop;* which was so contracted, that we were obliged to make use of some of the delf to sit upon, there being no room for chairs; and the provision of the tea-table, either bread and butter or toast, was in general prepared by old Mr. Reed, for Mrs. Reed's hands and those of Martha were too dirty, in consequence of handling the crockery, to touch the provisions.

But Mr. Reed perhaps may reply, he in-

* To Dr. Winter, or any other person who used to visit Mr. Reed's from the period of Andrew's going into the Academy in 1807, to the time he came to reside in Chiswell Street, in 1811, I refer for the truth of my statement. When young Andrew and myself have objected to having our tea in the open shop, his mother has, to repulse our pride, referred to Dr. Winter, who used always to sit down with them under the same circumstances, which was highly creditable to the Doctor's Christian humility and condescension; but I dare say, had it not been from a sense of his Christian duty, he would rather have had his tea in a comfortable parlour, than among dirty crockery, and almost in the open air.

tends this part to allude to the time I lived at Mr. Reed's; for Douglas at the conclusion of the chapter, remarks, " ' May she meet with none,' said *Douglas*, *affectionately* as they entered the *hospitable* apartment of the *Russells*." No doubt he does; but this is a fabrication as well as all the rest, for I did *not* live with them till 1809; and until after my visit to my native place, which may be seen by the address of the letters alluded to in the Review of chapter iv.

CHAP. vi. p. 54. In page 54, I am made to say, speaking of a visit to my mother, "I believe I have secured the consent of my superiors; you shall know dates, &c. before you leave:" and in this chapter, to carry on his *serpentine* and *imposing deception* he commences, " Agreeably to the proposed arrangement, Lefevre met his friend Douglas at F—, and in his company passed forward to the place of his birth and education. They arrived in safety in the afternoon of the day, without any occurrence worthy of notice. No sooner had the *carriage driven* up to the door of his mother's residence, than it flew open," &c. "That my mother stood in the passage, eager once more to embrace her child. 'Charles, my dear Charles,' exclaimed she, &c. impressing a kiss on his cheek, &c. Then recollecting herself, she turned to Mr. Douglas, presented her hand and said,

‘Welcome, Sir, to my roof; *twice* welcome on my son’s account, and *your own*,’ &c. Now this is all *very pretty*; but then it is *entirely false*. So far from our having left London together, that he had been preaching at Selby a month before I went down, which was only about fifteen miles from York; which is eighteen miles from Knaresborough; as may be seen by his letter to me from that place, in July 1808, p. 73, *Memoirs* vol. i. After the receipt of this letter, I went to Knaresborough and waited his arrival; which, instead of coming in a carriage, and causing all this extraordinary bustle, he accomplished on foot.

Page 57. “After we had retired to our chambers, we sit down and enter into conversation, when my mother says, ‘The joy, my dear, is mutual, replied Mrs. Lefevre, whilst her eye moistened. It is *seven long years*, the 29th of last month, since your mother could look round and see you by her side.’” On some occasions he is very particular to make the impression of an interesting fact; to insure which he mixes up truth and fiction. Many persons who know me, but did not know that I had been to Knaresborough twice before, would calculate and find it correct; for it was in September, 1801, I came to London, might from this give him credit also for his fabrications. But to shew my mother could *not* have made such

a remark, is put beyond doubt by the information I was there in 1805, as stated p. 76, vol. i. Memoirs, in company with my friend Mr. John Walton ; and again in June, 1807, only fourteen months before, as is made evident by the address on his own letter to me at that period ; Memoirs p. 76. From this false statement, proved beyond dispute from his own letter, the reader will readily give me credit for my future account ; nor will he be much surprised when I inform him that the remainder of the conversation to p. 66, is also ideal. In p. 60, he makes my mother promote a friend of mine ; a Mr. Palmer, to a *magistrate's chair* ; and to carry on his novel he is described as a Presbyterian ; my mother then appeals to *Douglas*, when he commences a speech, p. 60 to the middle of the 61st page, when he squeezes me in ; or rather squeezes three lines out of me ; begins again and goes on to the middle of page 62, when I get a few more words in, and he proceeds again p. 62. This is not only false but ridiculous ; for no tradesman had been made a magistrate. None but gentlemen and baronets, unconnected with business, were ever made magistrates at or near Knaresborough, which is a well known fact. What a simpleton he is for making such silly things the data of his foolish dialogues.

In p. 59, my mother tells me " we had got a new rector come to the church, a Dr. Mills, a very excellent man, and full of

zeal :” and p. 78, *Nurse Graham* observes
 “ Dr. Mills says he’ll give them their other
 learning ;” and in p. 93, he makes me state
 to him, “ on Sunday morning I heard Dr.
 Mills, and give him a long account of the
 sermon,” to p. 97. The reader will natu-
 rally be anxious to know who this Dr. Mills
 is, or who is the real preacher to answer to
 the fictitious Dr. I am willing to satisfy
 the reader’s curiosity as much as possi-
 ble ; but really in the present instance I am
 at a loss ; unless he means old Dickey
 Burdsall, of York, who has been a local
 preacher, in the Wesleyan connexion half
 a century, whom Mr. Reed and myself
 heard in the afternoon of the Sunday even-
 ing he preached at the Wesleyan chapel.
 From this fact I think, had there been such
 an extraordinary man as he describes, the
 reader will be surprised Mr. Reed went to
 hear honest Dickey in his stead. But this
 Dr. Mills was only raised up and promoted
 to his rectory in 1816 and 1817, in Cannon
 Street Road ; at which time Mr. Reed raised
 up many spirits which he will not find
 ‘ easy to lay.’ It is said the devil permits
 the magicians to raise as many spirits as
 they like ; but then he will not permit them
 to banish them at their will. If they can-
 not find a place and employment they be-
 come the tormentors of the spirits that raised
 them. Mr. Reed has followed the practice
 of these magicians in “ No Fiction,” and

he will find that by this daring attempt, he has raised up a host of spirits which he cannot easily quell.

In page 63, my mother says, "Charles, you remember Caroline?" and he answers "O yes," with an assumed gaiety, "we have had many an innocent frolic together;" "Is she well?" and he adds, "She is dead! said Mrs. Lefevre." And from pp. 63, 64, he gives an account of *her dying experience*, and makes my mother say, "In one of my visits to her, when she found her recovery hopeless, she took from beneath her pillow, a small Testament, and put it into my hands, saying, '*Charles gave me this little book, nearly eight years ago; give it to him, and tell him, that I kept it for his sake, as long as I could, and I now hope he will keep it for mine.*'" In p. 137, vol. ii. on my passage to Canada, it is said, "to compose and edify my mind, I took from my pocket the little Testament, *which has been already named.* And in page 138, I "shifted the book in my hand, my eye fell on some writing on a waste page at the commencement; it stood thus:

"*Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, my Father, thou art the guide of my youth.*"

"CAROLINE."

"June 16, 1808."

This is all very pretty and very amusing; but it would have been much more interesting if it had been true. *Not one word of*

it, however, is true. I never heard of any young lady of the name of Caroline; or of one of any other name, who died and gave a Testament, or Bible, or any thing else to my mother, or to me. The whole of this description is purely ideal, and had no existence except in the prolific and falsifying brain of the Rev. A. Reed. I cannot refrain from noticing the "artful sophistry" of the gentleman, in his endeavours to impose on the public; knowing that it was a fact that we were at Knaresborough in August 1808: he makes this young lady to die a little time before we went there, as he dates her gift *as in* June 1808. However, he was both born and killed in Cannon Street Road, from the year 1817 to the latter end of 1818, during the time Mr. and Mrs. Reed were composing their "*No Fiction.*"

CHAP. vii. p. 65. In this chapter my mother remarks that "I suppose you will walk to the Wells, they are greatly improved within these few years." This I believe is a fact, a real account of which I have given, *Memoirs*, vol. i. pp. 81, 82. After this proposition Douglas represents himself as replying, "*I should like to see them; but I should be better pleased to find our way to some of your cottages;*" and I reply "O yes, I have not lost sight of them, we can easily *enjoy that treat*, by making a little curve from the *public road*, on our way." And then he introduces my mother.

"And pray, said Mrs. Lefevre with a smile, which *showed how fully she participated in the pleasures of the young friends*;" "Pray make a little curve in your way back, and call on *old nurse Graham*. I am sure she will delight *Mr. Douglas*."

According to this arrangement, p. 66, "We approach a pretty and retired hamlet, consisting of five or six cottages at some distance from each other," and he goes on to state, that we "introduced ourselves to three of them, (mind, how minute he is in his "No Fiction" account, 'to *three* of them,)" comforted the infirm and aged—left some tracts behind to carry forward the work." Page 67, he makes "the father of the family open the latchet door to let us out." And to carry on this wonderful cottage account, and to make people believe that (as the editor of the Statesman says) "the leading events recorded, are *not* the creatures of imagination, but *substantial realities* ; that they are *not* conjured up for the sake of dramatic effect, but have been *actually presented* on the stage of life," he gives the following words as actually spoken in the manner and through the spelling of an ignorant cottager, "I'm sure, gentlemen, it's 'mazing good o'ye, to come and sit down so humble like, and talk to we poor creturs ; a thousand blessings on ye." And again he makes the cottager say, "Vastly good, indeed, sir, I'll think more about what ye ha' said.

But I'se apt to think, if all ye say be right many o'us shall find it a sad tough job to get to heaven at last;" and in conclusion he makes a good-tempered boy, about five years old hanging on the gate, cry out, "Come agin, come agin, soon." Pages 67, 68, is a *pretended* conversation, and at p. 69, I am made to announce "*nurse Graham's* cottage, which we came upon suddenly." After giving a beautiful description of the *rose*, the *lily*, the *honeysuckle*, &c. the reader is made acquainted with the occupation of nurse Graham, p. 70, which was "selling whey and biscuits to the fashionables of the Wells," neither of which is much in request there, as any one who has taken a glass of Harrogate water can testify. Then he proceeds; "The first objects that presented themselves on coming up to the cottage, were two fine boys, one about ten years of age, chasing a butterfly, the other about five years of age was reclining on the side of a little pool," &c. Page 71, we enter the cottage, and she remained quiet some time, to enable Douglas to take her ideal portrait, nor does she perceive us, until I say, "Well, nurse Graham, how do you do?—When she looks wistfully upon me, and does not recollect me, until I advanced as I spoke, she then exclaims, Why, sure 'tis Master Charles, 'tis *the very face your were born with.*" (What a witch the old woman must have been to have discovered it was *the very face I was born*

with; I have heard of *children being changed* when at nurse, but I never before ~~heard~~ that *they changed their faces*. Some ~~times~~, I dare say, would like to change ~~faces~~; many here have *two faces*, but there are no persons with *two faces* in heaven.) Then succeeds a dialogue between nurse Graham, Douglas and myself, from pp. 71—79, when my young friend, "Johnny Graham, ~~came~~ in with a small paper fly-cage in his hand,—and Mrs. Graham said, 'What have you got there, my dear?' 'A butterfly, your mother, such a beauty! only see! I have had such a run for it.'—The old lady talks to Johnny about hurting it, but Johnny says, 'he didn't mean to hurt it,' but being convinced by grandmamma, 'he ran to the door cheerfully to liberate the little captive, then to his grandmother to offer the atoning kiss, whilst the younger child, pressing into Douglas's knees, and looking in his face, said, with an apologizing look, 'He only did it *two times*, and he wont do it again.' The old lady then says they are good children, and she proceeds, "Dr. Mills says he'll give them their other learning. He has put John to school, and taught him some verses to repeat to the visitors who come to my humble cottage." Then I am made to say, "Pray let's hear them." And John stood forward, and making a bow, repeated the following stanzas, with so much modesty and sensibility, as deeply to interest his auditors;

which stanzas occupy pp. 79, 80; and is entitled, "The Orphan." After this, Douglass concludes, "I owe you thanks for giving me a sight of nurse Graham," &c.; and in p. 81, he proposes, "Cannot we do something to assist her? Surely charity cannot be better employed than in her case;" and he says, "They (*i. e.* us, or *we*, as the organ-blower at Oxford said, when the organist would not allow him to participate in the praise bestowed upon his performance; a part which Reed always takes, he is sure to puff himself off) soon became busily engaged in determining the best plan to relieve this aged and estimable widow," &c. &c.

I have thought it necessary to be thus minute in my quotations from this chapter, as nurse Graham and John Graham will come under the notice of the reader in my review of the succeeding chapters. In addition to what I have said in p. 82, *Memoirs*, on nurse Graham and John Graham, I only add here, that all this chapter, excepting the part relative to our visiting the Wells, is *in toto, a fabrication*. We never visited any cottages at all.

But it bears the marks of internal imposition. In delineating the character and giving a specimen of the dialect, it is natural to expect that it would be in the dialect of the part from whence the *real* dialogue took place; but in this the authors have been very incautious; for although the ex-

pressions put into the mouths of the cottagers bear affinity to the rude expressions of unlettered countrymen, which has been adopted by them to carry on the deception, yet the *dialect* put into the mouths of the Yorkshire cottagers would not be understood there, as will be evident to every person who is either a native of Yorkshire or has visited that county. Without dwelling too long on things of a minor nature, I appeal to any such persons whether he thinks there is a child who would understand the words the youngest child speaks as we are coming away, p. 68, "Come agin; Come agin soon." These, and similar expressions put into the mouths of the Yorkshire cottagers, would be better understood in the cottages of Berkshire and Ireland. A Yorkshire boy would have said, "Come agean sirs; Come agean sirs." But even this expression would not have been reiterated, unless Douglas had made a more lasting impression upon the young people than I ever saw him make. The Yorkshire boys are like other boys, the most liberal person is in general the most earnestly entreated to renew their visits; but I never recollect Douglas giving a child sixpence in my life; consequently it is not likely our Yorkshire boys would so earnestly solicit a renewal of the visit.

The poem on "The Orphan," which he makes John repeat to us in 1808, are the

verses which were repeated at the dinner of the London Orphan Asylum, either in 1818 or 1819, and understood to have been the production of Mrs. Reed; and from their appearing in this work, went very far in proof of the identity of the parties: for when Mr. George Graham, who at my election was one of the Board of Managers, met my friend Mr. John Walton in the Sugar Market, after my election in November, 1819, and mentioned relative to my Life having been published; as a proof that Mr. Reed was concerned in it, he alluded to these lines, which never had been seen in print before; and which he noticed had been delivered at the Orphan Dinner. I wonder if John Graham gave them to Mrs. Douglas when he came to town, and when her husband, Douglas "*joined me in advancing a premium for him.*" P. 185, "No Fiction."

CHAP. viii. p. 82. These authors commence by saying, "The evening previous to Douglas's departure from his friends, it was resolved should be spent in each others society," &c. From p. 82, to 91, is complete invention; for he left on a Monday morning, and the walk we took was on Sunday evening, after we had been attending the preaching at the Wesleyan Chapel, which did not last above ten minutes, as the preacher of the Wesleyan Chapel, and Mr. Storry of Thirsk, who the same even-

ing was preaching at Mr. Howell's Chapel, met and supped at my father's together. The vibrating melody of the flute, and the "Hymn to Nature," p. 90, is equally fictitious; and how was it possible that Mr. Reed's memory, supposing it to have been a fact, could have retained the words so complete as given.

CHAP. ix. p. 91, begins by stating, that "The ensuing morning witnessed the departure of Douglas," which is a fact, of which a true account will be found in my *Memoirs*, page 51, vol. i.

From p. 92—98, is a pretended letter from me; but which is a complete forgery. As it does not in any way militate against me I shall pass it over, by calling the reader's attention to the following words, which he makes me to utter:—"Yes, my very dear friend, you are gone, and it is needless for me to say I regret your absence. *This feeling is indeed far from being confined to me; you have, some how, made to yourself many friends in a short time;*" which evinces what I before said, that there is scarcely a page, in which there is not something to the praise of Douglas.—The length of this letter, with the fictitious poetry, evinces it must have been invention, as it would have taken fourteen or fifteen sides of paper to have contained it; but the P. S. in which he makes me say, "Give my best respects to Mr. and Mrs. Russell,

and say when I expect to return : if any letters have arrived for me, be so kind as to open them, and let me know the contents," puts it beyond a doubt, as at that time I was not living with his parents : See the address on his letter to me, January 10, 1809, *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 95. The dialogue between me and a Mr. Jones about a Dr. Mills, is a creation of the fancy, which it would not have been worth noticing, had it not been that he is mentioned in the reply to this forged communication.

Page 98—104, is a pretended letter from him to me in reply. He did write to me a letter on his arriving in London, in which he related a circumstance concerning Mr. Marshall of Bridlington, &c. See *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 82. I cannot refrain from calling the reader's attention to the *depth* of this writer : how wonderfully he makes the forgeries to carry the appearance of realities ; which gives proof, that although he is young in years, yet he is old in cunning. P. 101, he says "Thanks for your *eloquent* account of Dr. Mills's eloquence. He is a *man quite to my heart's delight*." Yet he had not been at the church at Knarborough at all ; and all the Doctor's eloquence and even the Doctor himself were got up at Cannon Street Road.—Again, he says "I beseech your tenderness towards Mr. Jones ; he will *grow*." I wonder how tall he is *now* ! He also was born in Can-

new Street Road in 1817. Again, he says, "I am much pleased with the verses *you* have written; and think, if you will condescend to court the Muses, they will be very *gracious to you*." A very pretty compliment; but then it is intended for *his wife*; as is well known in *their connexion*.

CHAP. X. p. 104, after some preliminary observations he proceeds to state, that "At the appointed time our young friends hastened to greet each other in London. They renewed with mutual and growing delight their accustomed pursuits and pleasures. They continued in these exercises without *disturbance* for nearly *two years*; but as they have been sufficiently noticed for the reader's general information, we shall pass over: [here he speaks in the plural number, by which he gives the reader to understand that the work is the production of more hands than one;] a period, which *though it is recorded in memory* as one of the most *interesting* and *profitable*, might be considered tame in narration."

Now according to his *artful plan*, he states that these *two years*; i. e. from September, 1808, the month after we returned from Knaresborough, to November, 1810, "although they were recorded in *memory*, as the most *profitable* and *interesting*;" yet in them nothing occurred worth relating, "and the narration would be considered tame." This he has stated, because he

knew that my conduct until the middle, or until the latter end of the year 1810, was strictly *steady, abstemious and christian-like*. But what can the reader think of this reverend gentleman's *veracity*; from the knowledge of the fact, that the infamous *crime* he *charged* me with having committed, was brought against me in *February*, 1810; and as having been committed in the latter end of 1809; and consequently the whole of the statement from p. 220—230, should have been inserted, commencing page 105. It is of the utmost importance that the reader should be thoroughly convinced, that it was at *this period* the charge was brought, and not in December 1812, as Mr. Reed wishes to convey; as from that fact it will be evident that my aberrations from that period, arose from the awful working of that charge upon my imagination, causing these aberrations; and *not* as he would insinuate, that I had departed step by step from the paths of virtue; or that previous to the committing of it (the following are his real words) I had “like every *former* transgressor, waxed worse and worse.” He became dissipated in his mind; careless to his plans of improvement and benevolence, and low in the tone of his morals. He was gradually reconciled to the things he once condemned; and from being reconciled, found delight in them. He was a lover of pleasure more than a

lover of God. He was joined to his idols, and after them he would go ! The concert, the card-table, the ball-room, the tavern-club, the theatre, the masquerade, all witnessed his attendance ; but all left him *unhappy.*" p. 207. He then goes on to state, that "Douglas had been tenderly awake to *all the variations* in Lefevre's conduct, and had urged him to seize the favourable occasions afforded of intimating his anxieties," &c. On the letters, and the crime itself, I shall make some observations hereafter. But surely the reader will be surprised, when he finds that the time when Mr. Reed brought this charge against me, was during the *two years* he has *suppressed* the account of us, and during the *very "period,"* which he states as being "*recorded in memory, as the most interesting and profitable.*" Why he inserts this charge as brought against me, as *resulting from a course of sin and iniquity,* while its awful and overwhelming intimation to me, in February, 1810, was the cause of all those aberrations in my conduct, resulting from a disordered mind, by the *creation and charge of a crime,* which if I had committed, it would have been better for me I had never been born ; and which from having been brought against me by the only individual who could know it, if it was so, and who by his assertion of the fact to me deprived me of mentioning it to any of my friends,

and under circumstances, and at a time when, the length between the *pretended* commission and the communication of it, the creator of this accusation, knew I was deprived of the power of rebutting; and by its horrible nature I could not mention to my friends, will be evident to the candid and unbiassed reader who is in *search after truth*. Mr. Reed foresaw that if he inserted it as having occurred at *this period*; during which he knows my conduct was marked by the strictest line of propriety, no one would have believed it; or at least if he had put this charge in, and the relation from 224—238, in the proper place, after p. 105: during the very time which he states as the “most interesting and profitable;” those who knew me would have been more particular in inquiring into the *nature* of the *crime* charged, and the *time* it was brought, from which they would have seen the *ground* of my aberrations, sorrows and afflictions. As I fear, notwithstanding I fairly called him out, in my letter of the 20th of November, 1822; and notwithstanding I have reprinted it in my Memoirs, vol. i. p. 105, that he will not come forward with the real letter I wrote to him, and the date of the whole of the circumstances; I will, to shew the reader as demonstratively as I can, relate some facts in corroboration. The *real* account of these two years, which he has so cautiously

"passed over," will be found in my *Memoirs*, from p. 86—125. vol. i.

Mr. Coffin's letter says, (*Memoirs*, p. 104,) "Mr. Reed has not been at Plymouth Dock since 1811; and that he preached his last sermon there, February 18, 1810." To shew it could not be in 1811, I printed the whole of his letters to me from thence, in 1811, (*Memoirs*, p. 108, 163, 164,) which is negative evidence. Positive evidence arises from the following facts, which when Mr. Reed produces my real letter, if he dare, the date will substantiate.

In November, 1809, my brother Robert came to live in the city; and early in 1810, removed to Walworth. So that it must have been either in the month of November or December, 1809; for the *alleged* time was one night, after I had been dining with my brother and his family in the city; which I related to my brother in May, 1822, and which he told Mr. William Bridgman; and it was on a Saturday night, because I perfectly recollect *the alleged* reason for Mr. Reed's *stopping at Chiswell Street*, on his way from Hackney to Wandsworth, where he had to preach next morning, *was* that he was too late for the Wandsworth stage. But in the absence of his fairly meeting me, the following quotation from p. 215, just after the charge, "Notwithstanding the tender and unexceptionable behaviour of Douglas, Lefevre's conduct to-

wards him was sensibly changing," united with the following quotation from his real letter to me, in November, 1810, substantiates his assertion, and gives full proof, not only of the fact, but confirms my statement of the *time* when the charge was brought. "There was indeed a time when I manifested a coolness, and foolishly concealed the cause; but this has been explained, and sunk into oblivion by me," *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 120. Mr. Reed having sunk these two years, in one of which this charge was brought; but which he has thrown forward to December, 1812; proceeds to a relation of the period taken up after these two years, which he has thus sunk into oblivion.

But what shall we say to the introduction of this charge? Will the reader conceive it possible, that Mr. Reed, for the edification and improvement of the rising generation, could introduce a crime of the most indelicate and destructive nature, to give colouring and effect to the tale!—a crime which ought not to be named, but with just indignation, and merited abhorrence, and which is seldom mentioned, except by the daring profligate and openly profane! And that the commitment of the said crime is charged upon a *friend*, upon whom he lavishes the most singular expressions of affection, at the very moment of commitment; and for the commission of which he has not a tittle of evidence to produce: at one time acknow-

ledging he was mistaken, and at another, asserting that he had *reason* to think it *true*; yet dwelling upon it as a favourite topic, as the very climax of his admiration! All this is done for the gratification of a mysterious purpose, an object which the reader cannot discover, and which Mr. Reed dare not attempt to reveal. Let the reader review with caution the pages which embellish and detail the charge or crime; and observe the cool, the flippant manner in which it is introduced and finally discussed; and then let him ask, for he will ask in vain, 'Where is the piety of the writer?—where the purity of his religion?—where his regard for the safety of the rising generation?'

To give him fair play, I will go on from the time we returned from Knaresborough and greeted each other in London; and pass over this "period of nearly two years," and begin together, according to his own desire, which of course he cannot deny, as he states, "about the close of this period circumstances arose, which materially interrupted our intercourse," p. 105, and says, "Duty called Mr. Douglas from the capital; and as in future, he will pass many months of each year in distant parts of the three kingdoms, he must be regarded rather as its visitor than its resident;" and in p. 107, he makes Douglas take his departure, accompanied by Lefevre; so that granting him, what he claims, the dropping these nearly

two years, his narrative commences again about August, 1810, as it was in September, 1808, we greeted each other in London. To shew identity, and also that he means this period, as he says, Douglas will pass many months in the "*three kingdoms*;" and to shew how he wrote to me at this time, I insert an additional letter from him to me from *Dublin*.

MR. F. BARNETT,
Post Office, Knaresborough,
Yorkshire.

Dublin, August 23, 1810.

My Dear Barnett,

Should have written you before had there not been such a disunion, between the bustle of a voyage, and the sedentary exercise of epistolary correspondence. I am now permitted through an exercise of divine goodness, to address you from Dublin: having arrived here in safety on Thursday evening last, after a rough and somewhat dangerous passage. Our danger arose from a storm we experienced in the night which was so violent as to break our bowsprit and compel us to take down all our sails. The scene on board at this time, would have excited a mixture of opposite sensations in your mind. Some were swearing, others vomiting, others rolling on their backs, pouring out fervent prayers, and others appalled by fear into profound silence. While universal clamour

and distress seemed to prevail, my own mind was perfectly composed. I do not know that I have often realized more of the sweet serenity which the religion of Jesus inspires. O that I could experience more ! How vain is every thing when compared with eternal realities. How useless is life and property and talent, but as they are consecrated to Jesus. O for ten thousand lives to devote to his praise. We only live rational beings and dignified immortals, as we live to the praise and glory of his grace. And yet how strange, that with these convictions of mind, we, or rather I, should feel such a propensity of heart to sink into lukewarmness, carnality and stupidity ! O wretched creature that I am ! Really my heart is agitated and tormented with expressions of this nature. Tell me what are your feelings. Much advantage arises from thus comparing *notes*, either to console or quicken. And certainly the ingenuousness of Christian friendship ought to extend to Christian experience.

I wish you were with me in Dublin : you would find many things to amuse you here. The city is in better condition than I expected to find it : its main streets are clean, wide and well built. The most remarkable buildings are, the University, Exchange, a Monument to Nelson, the Custom House and the Bank ; the last named building exceeds our Bank, in beauty of architecture, and ele-

gantness of decoration. The Irish are remarkably fond of late hours. Although I reside in a very plain family, we never sit down to dinner before five o'clock. On Sabbath-day we don't begin service till 12 o'clock; consequently the prime of that day is lost on trifles and business, it is to be feared. As to the state of my charge here, I assure you it is extremely low. Last Sabbath morning we had about 500 people in a place that will hold 2000. You may guess my feelings. I do not know yet whether it will better. I have many fears of not being very useful here, and this makes me unhappy. I design returning through Scotland, and so should be able to visit Knaresborough; but you will be gone, and consequently there will be no attraction. I should think you might see Hicks; if you do, tell him I love him. Wishing you the presence of Christ, without which our greatest enjoyments are mingled with gall, and with which our sorest trials are converted into gold.

I remain,

Yours to my utmost,

ANDREW REED.

N. B. You will be hurt to hear that your letter came *open*. I believed you did not wet the wafer enough. Pray write soon and long. Respects to Mamma and *Parr*.

I have written Mr. Wilks about T——, and am expecting an answer, which I sup-

pose will break off the treaty. Where do you think in this case I should turn my attention! They much want me at Lancaster.

From p. 107, is a related dialogue, which, as well as the riding, is altogether false. In this page the reader is on a sudden, introduced to Wallis, by Douglas saying, "Farewell my dear Charles, said Douglas, and then, looking with *softened affection* [I should hope, for the sake of the dignity of human nature, that those words, and many more similar ones, were penned by Mrs. Reed; to talk of a *man* "looking with *softened affection*" carries no very pleasant idea with it;] added, "*Beware of Wallis.*" These authors then say, "The name of Wallis though strange to the reader, was familiar to the ear of Lefevre." Then they proceed to give a description of Wallis, &c. From this time to the time *he dines* with Mr. and Mrs. Douglas on my return to England, the reader's attention is constantly kept alive by a relation of something relative to Wallis. Many persons have inquired of me relative to the original: in answer to all inquiries I can only repeat in writing what I have stated solemnly and verbally, that I know no one of my friends from whom he could in the least, have drawn this fictitious description. This character is merely created to give dramatic effect and to set off his own. That there is no original, I shall fully shew.

But the Rev. A. Reed has stated in "No Fiction," that he has on several occasions and at various places, been in company with Wallis, and that he was a friend of mine; this I now call upon him to prove!—his answer will shew that he was a friend of his own, and *like his principal, an invisible agent of mischief*. When I sum up, I shall fully convince the reader that my assertion, that there never was such a character, is founded on, and really is a fact.

According to Mr. Reed's own account, he had left London and was then visiting different parts of the three kingdoms. Yet, while away, he gives a pretended narration of what passed between myself and Wallis. The account of the ball which must strike every candid reader, in the absence of my not having any thing to do with the compilation, as carrying on the front of it the marks of fabrication. Yet it is, as a whole, one of the most specious tales since the birth of Robinson Crusoe. Page 110, Douglas states after the lapse of a few weeks, Lefevre received a visit from Wallis. He then relates a conversation that passed, with some observations on Douglas. Page 111, Wallis invites me to his house: p. 112, Reed puts me there, and makes me look at some novels, and then Miss Wallis and myself have some conversation. P. 115, Wallis presses me to a music party of his sister's, in the drawing-room, p. 115, he represents Lefevre as

expecting they were about to separate, when it was proposed to terminate the evening with a dance ! He then goes on to state, that this dance went on till midnight, when we separated. Page 118, I soliloquize and moralize, and he then concludes by the following relation, pp. 119, 120, speaking of Lefevre, "He arrived at his home and hastened to his chamber. Rather from the impulse of habit than of desire, he bent his knees on the usual spot for his nightly devotion. *He could not pray !* He attempted to utter himself, but his thoughts were distracted and his tongue faltered. The sounds of the violin were still in his ear—the objects he had just seen were still reeling before his eyes. His frame was fit for any thing rather than the calmness of devotion. He sighed heavily, and, with self-reproaches threw himself on his bed. He lay *wakeful* and *restless* till the dawn of day, and then fell into *dreamy* and comfortless slumbers. Once more he thought he grew giddy in the mazes of the dance—*once more he thought his pulse quickened at the familiar touch of woman*—and then again, he awoke feverish and unrefreshed."

The whole of this is a creation of his imagination. In the first place, I never was but at one dance since I came to London, which was in 1802, and a very good reason why, not having *danced* but that once since I left school, I am unable. I take no merit to

myself for a virtue of negation. But surely it ill befits the title of Mr. Reed's book to fill it with fiction and then call it "No Fiction." In the second place, supposing I had, is it likely I should have told him all this? But Mr. Reed has not only described actions I never performed, and thoughts that never entered my head, but in the passage quoted, recounts my very *dreams*. I have quoted the whole of the passage, and marked one part of it *particularly*, that the Rev. George Clayton, who recommended this work from the pulpit,* and other ministers may review it, and reflect on the sensations and feelings of young ladies, after reading *such* a passage as that: surely, without straining the point in the least, the dangerous associations upon the human mind are self-evident. Lefevre, whose "*frame was fit for any thing*, whose pulse quickened, and, who, at the *familiar touch of woman*, awoke feverish and unrefreshed," will be followed, in imagination, to that delicate place described so minutely in p. 250 of "No Fiction," which is almost too indelicate to be quoted. While I was voyaging to Canada, I read "Tom Jones," and since my return I have read the remainder

* I do not mean to cast the most distant reflection on the reverend gentleman, whom I highly esteem as a gentleman, a Christian and a minister. I am satisfied, he, as well as others who recommended this work, did not understand the "No" was put in by mistake.

of Fielding's Novels, some passages in which, I should be sorry to offend the delicate feelings of a virtuous female by quoting; but in none of these novels did I notice any thing that bordered on such indelicacy as is conveyed in this passage. If "No Fiction" has been read by any ladies of education, and who move only in the genteel circles, I cannot think they will form a very estimable idea either of the taste or origin of Dissenting ministers from this specimen, and from some other religious novels. However, for the information of those who may have been prejudiced, I beg leave to state that the Rev. Andrew Reed's description of a ball-room, or his account of the theatre, is not a fair specimen of the taste of Dissenters in general. Their objections to ball-rooms, and theatres, and card-tables, do not arise from such sources as those of the vulgar perceptions of the Rev. A. Reed, who never saw a play except from a *gallery*, nor a dance except at Bartholomew Fair; the best evidence of which, is the delicate communication of the "*familiar touch of woman*," which never is the case in any respectable ball-room. Those who wish to retain their ball-parties, theatrical associations and card-table company, have gained an accession of strength from the vulgar mode he has adopted to hold them up to ridicule. While the Dissenting Ministers of good taste attack the principle, they acknowledge the attraction.

And when they call upon their followers to abstain from such places and such amusements, it is not only because they think there is a danger of such amusements dissipating the mind, but that the expenses and the time occupied might be better employed in aiding the sick, consoling the aged; or diffusing the knowledge of the great principles of religious knowledge and divine revelation.

CHAP. xi. pp. 120, 121, he states, "Lefevre employed the leisure hours of the day in reviewing his conduct of the preceding evening;" all of which, of course, is as equally ideal as his fictitious account of a ball that never occurred.

Page 122, he dates a letter to me from Caernarvon, which is a complete forgery; the real letters I received at this period will be found in my Memoirs, vol. i. pp. 115—121, which the reader will perceive from his own evidence relate to this period of my history, being during the two years after my return from Knaresborough. I would, however, just remark the ridicule of the female sex, from pp. 123—127. At the moment I am reading the concluding sentence of this letter, seeing that *some* particulars in the notice of Miss S——, might be applied to *Miss Wallis*, and while he is making me say, "she has faults and I shall be glad to amend them; at this moment a small parcel was brought to me with Miss Wallis's com-

pliments, it contained the *promised Tales*," page 128. He then goes on to state that my mind was so dissipated that I could not "read my usual books," p. 136, so that "I read some of them;" and "they interested and pleased me;" so that "from one extreme I ran to the other, my appetite increased in proportion as it was supplied, and eventually I make a most determined and indefatigable novel reader." The reader must have been struck with wonder that the *Tales* happened to come in just as I was reading the letter, however, his wonder will cease when I inform him that this is all a complete fiction. Miss Wallis has no existence excepting in the brains of Mr. and Mrs. Reed; and as for becoming a determined and inveterate novel reader, I always detested novels, and never read one until I was on my passage to Canada. Let Mr. Reed bring proof. In this chapter he gives an account of the meetings I used to have with my brother officers. This is a fact: the circumstances are mentioned in my *Memoirs* from the years 1810—1813, of which he was acquainted from living at Chiswell Street. But his account of the *committees*, the *suppers*, &c. is completely fictitious; and is, among other things of greater moment in "*No Fiction*," false and cruel, registered by the recording angel for Mr. Reed to answer to at the *day of judgment*, of which he appears to have no conception.

In p. 128, he says, "this letter was the first that did not yield *unmixed* pleasure; and the change of feeling revealed to him something of the truth," yet in February, 1810, a twelvemonth before he could have sent this fictitious letter, he wrote me a letter, which struck a blow at my peace of mind and which caused derangement at various times from 1816—1822, the purport of which, may be ascertained from the partly fictitious and partly true ones, pp. 210—215.

In p. 130, Mr. Reed has given a very fine imaginary account of the sufferings of the clerks; and in p. 131, I am made to "propose that a fund should be opened for the discharge of small debts, and that it should be stiled a *lending fund*," &c. The first time I ever heard of such a proposition or of such a fund was in "No Fiction." I only notice this to shew of what kind of stuff Mr. Reed's Novel is composed; which *is farther from truth* than any novel that ever issued from Leadenhall Street.

CHAP. xii. p. 137, Mr. Reed commences by a continuation of his ideal Wallis, and now he brings his own father and mother in, Mr. and Mrs. Russell, to carry on his fiction. As they have thus been involved by their son in this controversy; and as many inquiries necessarily will be made of them as it regards the truth of my statements in opposition to their son's account;

I beg leave to inform any one, who, in searching for the truth, may make the inquiry, that if old Mr. and Mrs. Reed state my account in the following pages or previously, to be false, I am willing to meet them personally, this is the best way. However, I would just remind Mrs. Reed, who no doubt will see this, of that awful day, to which we are fast approaching. Let her and all of us recollect that there is "no discharge in that war." For although the Redeemer has by his death opened a way whereby man can be reconciled to God, and whereby forgiveness is offered to the penitent, yet it is nowhere stated that there shall be no day of judgment for whom she calls God's people, (and we are all God's people; for one father made us all, and we only become the devil's by attending to his suggestions, and in departing from righteousness, and walking in the ways of sin) but that every person shall be brought to judgment; and "every one shall be judged according to his works." All must pass that fiery trial—Calvinist and Arminian—Churchman and Dissenter—and then all will be speechless, except the proud Antinomian, who, although in lip he declares all as coming from God, will want to claim that seat in heaven which is reserved for the good and faithful servant only, who from having been tried and found worthy, shall be called to an inheritance which is "incorruptible,

undefiled, and that fadeth not away." I do wish our real and godly, pious ministers—such men as the Pratts, the Buntings, the Claytons, the Collyers, &c. would call the serious attention of their hearers to the day of judgment, and the accountability of their hearers hereafter. I do hope I am actuated by a proper motive in just mentioning this, for from their ignorance of the feelings of the general *cast* of the religious world, those and such ministers are not acquainted with the strange notions of a great portion of the religious public on this subject. The greater part of the religious Calvinistic professors think there will be no day of judgment for *them*; only for the *reprobate*; which I am satisfied has an injurious tendency on the minds of hearers in general. Having made these remarks I now proceed.

Page 137, he gives an account of my change of conduct; and in p. 137, he states that in return for the little attentions of Mr. and Mrs. Russell, which they increased, they were treated by me with *rudeness*, and by a "*tart reply*," and that the evenings I spent at home "were engrossed by a novel or a romance;" and in p. 141, he introduces Mrs. Russell as saying, after a pretended related conversation, who "had held her peace as long as she was able, she remarked *with some warmth*, But surely, Mr. Le-fevre, you cannot think it *doubtful*, whether you ought to read such *scandalous* and

wicked books as those which have been lying on your table for the last two months?" Then he proceeds in a relation of his ideal conversation to p. 142, when he makes her say, "Oh, what would Mr. Douglas say if he knew you read them!" As to the charge of rudeness to Mr. and Mrs. Reed, in this and other parts of "No Fiction," I most willingly refer the reader to themselves. I am not conscious of *ever* having during the whole time I lived with them, treated them but with the utmost respect and propriety. What does this traducer mean by holding me up to the contempt of the world for having treated such aged and pious people with rudeness and contempt. Let the reader ask his parents whether the *start reply* and *unkindly return*, for their little and increased attentions does not apply to *himself*; to the very man—the *son* of the people, whom he is charging me as treating with contumely. There was not a person who ever saw how this young Novelist treated his parents, but what said they never witnessed such an ill-behaved boar in their lives.

As it regards the Novel, and the words he has put into his mother's mouth, they are completely ideal—an entire fabrication. Let Mrs. Reed say what these *scandalous* and *wicked* books were, that laid on my table *two months*. If there were any such, *I never saw them*; and they must have

been put there by the devil when I was away, and removed before I came in. I do not speak lightly of the devil; but a few more years will shew that he had a great share in the preparation of "No Fiction." He is never out of the way when such a work is preparing; he is the "*father of lies*," and it must have been him that suggested the title "No Fiction."

Page 138, Mr. Reed states that it was agreed between Mr. and Mrs. Reed one evening after talking about me, that they should pray for me, and accordingly "they kneeled down by the side of each other;" and "Mr. Russell with a patriarchal manner, lifted up his voice to the throne of heavenly grace," and Mrs. Russell "evinced her sympathy at one time by a sigh, at another by a *whispered* Amen;" and while they were "in the midst of this exercise I happened to come home," and was surprised at the lateness of the hour, until from some sentences I heard, I concluded it was an "extra service and purely on my account," p. 138. In p. 139, he makes me after the prayer, go into the room, and "stretching out my hand, say, Thank you sir." Then succeeds a conversation, which, of course, commences with Mrs. Russell, and is carried on by Mr. Russell, when he brings in, p. 140, his old minister at Bridgnorth as making some observations on the word '*doubtful*,' and thus this young Novelist makes

his own father say to me, speaking of his minister, "For, said he (*they are his very words*) we are in most danger of these doubtful actions, because they do not alarm us." Now I have to request the reader's particular attention to the words he makes his father say, which *he* has put in a parenthesis. The conversation goes on to p. 143, when Miss Wallis is again brought in. In p. 144, he makes his own father continue the conversation, "Well, I was going to tell you the resolutions. These are they: I resolved, first, To think of nothing that would unfit me for communion with God. Secondly, To do nothing on which I could not ask his blessing. [I wonder if his son thought of this when he and his wife were composing "*No Fiction*."] And thirdly, To read nothing which would make me uneasy, *if I should read it before a modest female*. [I wonder if *young Andrew* had seen these resolutions when his *modest* wife and him penned pp. 119, 120, of "*No Fiction*," and the other modest parts about brothels, p. 250, and *simple mixture of two natures*, p. 43, vol. i.]

The next morning I cogitate to p. 145, when he states, that "in such a state of mind I sat down to write to his friend Douglas." The whole is false. It is very probable the old people prayed for me, not only on "an extra service," but regularly; but no conversation, as they can testify,

either about their prayers, or about novels ever took place. Indeed how could there be any? I never had any novels, tales or romances. But all this fictitious dialogue, prayer, and what the old gentlemen at Bridgnorth said, was conjured up to prepare the reader's mind for my writing about novels, and their wonderful *retailed* observations in that notable reply. I have before stated, Mr. Reed I dare say on some occasions takes a little from my real letters, and then fills in his fictions with as much indifference as a man who intends to commit forgery, gets his employer to sign his name to a blank check and fill in the amount to answer his own purposes. It is very likely when he produces the real letter from whence this fictitious one was drawn, something may be found about the Literary Society, and Overton's True Churchman; as about the very time the Society was dissolved, and I lent him Overton to read. But the idea of asking him what he thought of Overton's work and at the same time of novel reading is too ridiculous for comment. But without speculating on the truth of that forgery from pp. 148—159, which had it come by post would have filled fourteen sheets, I beg leave to refer the reader to Mr. Reed's real letter relative to the merits of Overton, in reply to my question, which bears date May 17, 1807, and which I have printed in my *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 63, which every

candid reader will immediately perceive ought to be inserted in p. 148, vol. i. "No Fiction." This real letter will also shew how particular Mr. Reed has been in his delineation of Lefevre, (although the whole of it is believed as true by those who do not know me,) and how applicable to me is that delineation. But this will be more fully evident if the reader will be pleased to peruse his fictitious account from pp. 105—159, as of me during a period from the latter end of 1810 to the close of 1811, and that he intends it to be such is evident; for in p. 105, he says, "he passes over a period of nearly two years after our young friends greeted each other in London." Now this brings it down to about August, 1810, as we met in London, September 1808. See his letter to me, July, 1808, and my account of meeting him afterwards at Knaresborough, Memoirs, vol. i. pp. 72—86. So that, according to his own narrative, he resumed the Memoir on his leaving London, (see "No Fiction," p. 105,) which was in the beginning of August, 1810, as his letter to me from Dublin, of August 23, 1810, will shew. And that he intended chap. xii. to close, either with 1811, or the beginning of 1812, is evident, for in p. 182, after some months of dissipation, *as given by him*, he gives a statement of my brother, who died in March, 1812, the time of which he well knew, for he received two letters from me

on his death, in answer to two sent to me from himself, in March and April, 1812; see *Memoirs*, vol. i. pp. 181—184. I merely want the reader to be convinced of the *period* this young novelist gives an account of, as his real letters to me during the period he gives forged letters and more infamous fabrications of depravity, will best speak in reply to these forgeries and the shameful statements. The real letters will be found, with a real statement of this period, from pp. 114—177, vol. i. *Memoirs*, which I entreat the reader carefully to peruse and compare with Mr. Reed's fiction.

CHAP. xiii. pp. 159—181, is intended to give an account of me from January to March, 1812, when my brother died. Mr. Reed commences by observing, "Such a letter from a friend so truly beloved, it will readily be believed made a strong impression on the susceptible mind of Lefevre." So it would, had I received such an one. He then goes on to relate not only what I said, but what I thought, and from such reflections makes me form resolutions. Now this is all imagination. From pp. 162—165, he gives an account of the success attending the memorials we had presented—of the gentlemen presenting me with a medal—of their inviting me to a supper—of his (Mr. Reed's) friend Wallis giving a bumper toast—of my being put to bed drunk, &c.; and p. 166, waking after "turbid slumbers in a

strange place," and in consequence of my getting drunk, &c. he makes my associates exclaim, "Heyday! &c." p. 165. The whole detail is false. A true account of which supper, presentation of a cup, &c. will be found in my *Memoirs*, pp. 211—218, vol. i. But it is not only false as it regards the detail, but it is put in at a wrong period, as in p. 167, he gives an account of my brother's death, which was in March, 1812, as may be seen by Mr. Reed's letters to me, (*Memoirs*, pp. 184—186,) on the death of my brother. Now this supper was in June, 1813, as may be seen by the copy of the resolutions at a meeting which was in May, 1813, and the inscription on the cup, which was in 1813; (*Memoirs*, p. 216, vol. i.) and there is *no excuse* on the ground of mistake for this mis-statement, as my arm was in a sling until the supper, in consequence of having been thrown out of a gig with the Rev. Andrew Reed in May, 1813, only about a fortnight before the presentation of the cup, and this supper, of which he has given a minute account in "*No Fiction*," vol. i. pp. 163—165, but a real account is in my *Memoirs*, pp. 214—218, vol. i. The motive for practising this deceptive and cunning mis-statement is, first to degrade me, to require the interference of Providence to rouse me to a sense of guilt and danger; for he says, p. 167, "The consequence of such a state of mind (a state which courted

the society of those who had witnessed my degradation) might have been *awful* in the extreme. Happily, however, the good providence of God *was preparing to counteract them ;*" and then he goes on to relate, that this *counteraction*, which roused me from a stupor and depravity I had sunk into, arising from my beastly conduct at the supper, and degradation afterwards, was the reception of a letter relative to the illness of my brother. Before I proceed with his account of my brother's death and his following relation, I just beg leave to make a quotation from a letter I received from the gentleman who sat next to me at the supper relative to the state I was in, and the time I left, in answer to the simple question of fact, and to see if it was in his recollection.

(EXTRACT.)

Camberwell, November 19, 1822.

Dear Sir,

One thing I can venture to say, that *I perfectly recollect on the night of the supper, you were, as far as I could judge, perfectly sober, and that you left at half past eleven o'clock.*

Page 168. He states, my brother died and that I left London the same night to condole with my mother at Knaresborough, which is a fact. See Memoirs, vol. i. p. 179.

He then proceeds to relate, that I wrote a letter to him relative to the occurrence; but I did not name my brother. A *copy* of that pretended letter he prints in p. 169. This is completely false. On the death of my brother, which was at the Spring Gardens Hotel, I went to his father's in Chiswell Street, and packed up my things to go off with the mail that evening; when of course his father, mother, and Martha, were acquainted with all the facts, which they communicated to him. But facts from himself are the best contradiction to his fictions. In his letter to me, March 25, 1812, London, the day after my brother died. *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 179, he commences by saying, "*Our folks informed me on my return, on Monday, that you requested a letter from me.*" Which at once gives a contradiction to his fictitious letter, dated Kensington; or that he was ignorant of my brother's death. He then continues his fiction to p. 170, when on the second night after my arrival, he makes me approach Nurse Graham's cottage, and creates a dialogue between her and me, extending to p. 173; of whom I never heard until she was conjured up by the Reverend A. Reed. What does he mean by such abominable falsities about me on so solemn an occasion? In p. 174, he states that the third and last evening of my stay, I bent my footsteps to a walk, Douglas and myself had so fully

enjoyed in August, 1808. P. 174, I then soliloquize and exclaim loud enough to be heard, "*O Douglas, could you now see me, how altered would you find me! A thing without hope; without joy; a worldling; a, yes—a drunkard; and at this very moment, having heard a noise in the copse-wood behind me, I turned, and Douglas stood before me.*" He then, p. 175, states himself as *benevolently exerting himself*, in which he was successful, in removing my despondency, in consequence of having been a drunkard, and warns me against the temptations I should be subjected to on my return, in associating with those who had put me to bed drunk at the supper. An extract of a letter is then given, which he states as having written to me a few days after this interview, occupying from p. 176 to 181; and which he gives that the reader may have a better idea of the conversation, than any "*imperfect recollections.*" Now will it be admitted, when I affirm that all this statement of his coming to Knaresborough; his meeting me; the dialogue, and this extract which he gives as better than "*any imperfect recollections,*" is complete falsehood? But such is the fact, and I can bring evidence which is undeniable, "*my enemies themselves being judges.*" Mr. Reed states all this as truth of himself, but his own letter, March 25, 1812, a few days after my brother's death, dated London,

directed to me at Knaresborough; and another of April 9, 1812, fifteen days afterward, dated London, not only give a negative to his fabrications; but the difference of style and sentiment, must also strike the reader's mind as wonderfully opposite. I cannot refrain from noticing the "artful sophistry" exercised by this author. He gives a libellous account of a supper, which did not occur for sixteen months afterwards; he relates depravity which never transpired, that he might have an opportunity of exalting himself to discover his benevolence in reclaiming me. These charges, created by himself, will appear in their true light to every candid reader, after he has weighed this clashing mixture of truth and falsehood, and compared the extract with the real letters.

The writer, contemplating that some of his readers might wonder at the appearance of Douglas, on the third night of my arrival; must perceive, that here is a considerable portion of cunning. In the first instance, by omitting the address to him in my pretended letter from Kensington, p. 169; but to remove all doubts, and to insure the reader's confidence in the relation, he states, page 175, "To recover me to myself (after I fell "on his bosom and wept aloud);"—[This language is too childish for any one to believe—too shameful to put in any work, except a *mysterious* novel—"Fell on the

bosom of Douglas ;" it carries a falsehood on the very face. At least, if any *man* " wept aloud and fell on my bosom," I would soon stop his weeping, or rather increase it, by applying a good ash stick to his back. I should have a very *strong suspicion* of a *man* who would do so to *me*.] " he endeavoured to divert my attention, by referring to an interview so unexpected." He then states, " (Douglas) was on the western side of Lancashire when he received Lefevre's note ; he could not allow a *few score miles* to separate him from his friend in deep and *doubtful* trouble ; he therefore crossed the country immediately, and on not finding him at home, it occurred to him, he might possibly meet with him in their old favourite walk." Yet this very Douglas wrote to me from London, on March 25, 1812 : two days after my brother's death, a copious epistle on the subject ; which shews he had no occasion to have come (had he been there) from the western side of Lancashire in doubt ; and his answer to my reply to that letter of April 9th, 1812, shews whether he was at Knaresborough or not. In going through the shameful falsities of Mr. Reed, which I have more fully discovered by comparing them with real facts and documents, I have frequently been struck with a solemn awe ; especially when I recollect the words of Scripture, which states that all " deceivers and liars shall be cast into the

lake of unquenchable fire." What can ministers of the Gospel think of a man, who can create these falsehoods, for the gratification of his own pride and vanity. Falsehoods not innocent or inoffensive; but injurious and dangerous, and as opposite to real historical fact as light is to darkness. To exalt himself he degrades me, by drunkenness and every injurious vice; the contrary is demonstrated by his own letters. The design is also apparent: to unfold his purity, anxiety and disinterested friendship, of which he *never* gave a *single* proof; and thus I am degraded that he may be exalted. He well knew hundreds would be ready to exclaim what a kind, benevolent man was this Douglas, to go immediately on the receipt of Mr. Barnett's letter from Lancashire to Knaresborough, and particularly when Mr. Barnett had omitted to name his brother's death. You see he went off on a risk—what noble feelings! Let us go and hear him preach, he must be a good man. Let us make a party for this purpose! This has been literally verified; but I wonder "what the friends of truth" will say of his goodness, kindness and disinterestedness, when they find it "all fiction," created by himself to give a colouring and finish to his character, by the artful degradation of others, and fictitious exaltation of his own. All this is done to gain popularity!—popularity to increase wealth!—wealth to foster pride,

and pride to prepare for destruction ; so true is it, "that pride goes before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." But such texts as these are seldom illustrated or enforced from the pulpit, by these doctrinal preachers, who study more what will please the multitude, than inform the mind or reach the hearts of their numerous auditors.

CHAP. xiv. p. 181—198, is a continuation of the fiction ; not one word of truth ; I will, however, examine a few of its component parts.

He says, "Notwithstanding the unexpected arrival of his friend, Lefevre departed the next morning, as he had previously designed, for the metropolis, as my brother was not interred, which arrangement Douglas rejoiced in," p. 182. He makes me attend the funeral of my brother, and after some exclamations, "I became more composed and read Young's Night Thoughts." In p. 183, he makes me a downright finished "round head : " Mrs. Russell is made to express a partiality for a certain dress (which carries falsehood on the very front, as no one was so indifferent to dress as old Mrs. Reed) and I am made to say, that it is wonderful how Christians could have such strong likes or dislikes ; but p. 184, he makes these exaggerated feelings die "away." All this is completely false. His letters shew he was not at Knaresborough, and that I could

not have come to town to bury my brother
 as there is a lapse of fifteen days between
 them. Page 184, 185 in consequence of a
 solemn pledge to nurse Graham, which was
 brought to recollection by a letter, not long
 after my return from my mother bewailing
 his loss, but which he states is noticed here
 principally because it contained the *news of*
nurse Graham's death, "to obtain an ex-
 cellent situation for John Graham at the
 best end of the town; [how particular he
 is in describing the *very place*;] and Doug-
 las [of course] who had reached London,
 offered to join him [he don't say he ad-
 vanced any thing. No man ever made such
 offers of assistance as Douglas; none who
 ever did so little for a friend] in advancing
 a required premium," p. 185. This is
 novel like, but there is not a word of truth
 in it. He has given the reader more ac-
 count of this John Graham. He may, if
 he pleases, produce some person to answer
 the description. Mr. Reed cannot remove
 this challenge. It is not running to the Old
 Bailey that will shew the truth of his state-
 ments. *I ought to have taken him there*
in February, 1810, when he wrote me that
infamous letter from Plymouth Dock.
 The reader must have been surprised he has
 not given us any account of himself at
 Knaresborough after I left. No letter—not
 one word. He goes on to state, I was now
 on a pretty good footing with myself from

a variety of causes, but particularly from "the society of his friend" [himself of course]; and that, p. 185, "There was but one circumstance which seemed unfavourable," and that was "Wallis." He then states, "One evening, a few weeks after his brother's death, as Lefevre was sitting with Douglas, busy in the pursuits of literature, Wallis came in, exclaiming with an air of victory, Well, Charles, what say you to Methodism now? There's Mr. L. and your favorite Mr. F. have been playing off nicely, haven't they?" I notice this passage, *more solemnly to aver* that it is a fiction altogether. In fact, there is no one to answer to the character of Wallis, as I shall satisfactorily prove; and if there is, let Mr. Reed give the key.

The initials to these letters, are very artfully contrived, to give scope to animated version among the young of his flock, to the neglect of more suitable or rational employment, by which they find pleasure and amusement in scandalous, if not criminal remarks, upon persons of the greatest worth and respectability, and whose feelings and conduct deserve the highest praise. As to the reflections of my friend on the defects and characters of popular preachers, nothing ever transpired to ground the remarks of this writer, or give any existence to these conversations; they are purely ideal, the vagrant effusions of his distempered imagina-

tion. But had any of my friends made observations on any popular preachers who had "dishonoured religion," it would not have been on such men as Mr. F. or Mr. L. but on such men as the Rev. Mr. C. and the Rev. Dr. D. who were "popular preachers," and who had not only "woefully dishonoured religion," but *disgraced human nature by their conduct*. These, however he has not only passed over in *tenderness and mercy*, but has absolutely recommended me to go and hear the preaching of the latter, as may be seen in his letter to me, *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 68.

But the whole of Mr. Reed's remarks from this page to the end of the chapter is a complete fabrication. He never was in company *ten minutes* with any friend of mine in London in his life, until I was appointed to the Orphan Asylum, in 1819. The dialogue is replete with internal evidence, sufficient to destroy its authenticity. My friends, by their education and knowledge of the world, have acquired enough polish, to prevent them from committing such an offence to good manners, especially in the instance given, which must have been derived from Billingsgate, or some place equally remote from general decency and good order.

CHAP. XV. pp. 198—216. This Chapter is intended as a continuation of my real history for the remainder of the year 1812.

In March, 1812, my brother died, of which some account has already been given. That the author intended it for this year, is evident, as in p. 209, my letter in reply to his suppressed one, is dated, "London, December," and his reply, p. 210, "Plymouth, December;" and also to convey the fact, that this chapter is a continuation of my history, from the period of my brother's death to December, 1812, is put beyond dispute, as he commences Chap. xvi. by observing, "In the ensuing spring, Douglas was called to suffer great domestic trials," p. 216, and in p. 218, he gives a minute account of our being thrown out of a gig together, which was in May, 1813, see *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 206. I shall therefore proceed in the Review as for this period.

This Chapter opens by Douglas saying, "Although Lefevre took but a small share in the preceding conversation, &c.;" very *small indeed*, I never heard of it before I saw it in "No Fiction." He then goes on to state that I say, "I felt ashamed that my heart should be divided between two persons," and that, "the state of my mind from my circumstances, was *unusually inclined towards Douglas*;" that "I rested my head upon my hand, and said to myself, ["Thinks I to myself," how could *he* know what I said to myself?] 'O Wallis, you are an usurper! *Douglas, after all, is the choice of my heart. I can repose on his*

*friendship in the hour of adversity.** I will break with you—.' Then, as if filled with a distressing recollection, I resumed, 'No, I cannot break, and I must *first*——.' The vexation of Lefevre arose from his having laid himself under *some obligations to Wallis*," pp. 198, 199. From pp. 199, 200, he proceeds with the fiction, relating how I became embarrassed, and that my mother allowed me a *small* and *certain* sum annually. In opposition to this statement, I shall declare the truth. I never borrowed five pounds, more or less, of my brother officers, or of any other person in my life; and gave a bill, except to his own mother, in December, 1814; nor had I any annual income of my mother. These embarrassments, are created to give effect to what follows. Page 202, "The ensuing morning, as I was thinking how I might best carry my purposes, I *was served with a copy of a writ!*" It was the *first I had received. It alarmed me.* It was from a tradesman least expected to act so, as I had done much to serve and recommend him." I then sat still and silent a few

* He gave full evidence of the justness of this observation, by publishing "No Fiction," unknown to me; when I was in no situation, and when, from my unfortunate malady, I wanted the aid of all my friends; in which work he attacked my brother shamefully, while I was under his roof, and when called upon to explain his conduct, *denied himself to be the author*, and Mr. Perry being meant for my brother, as will be seen by his letters. Memoire, vol. i. p. 383.

moments, and exclaimed, "What can I do? The sum is small, *not ten pounds*; but what does that signify? *Small as it is cannot pay it.* Oh I never knew the misery of debt till now! What shall I do? Douglas?—No—I will not apply to Douglas, I will despise me; Wallis? Shall I go to him? That will only increase the obligations I purposed to abolish! Well, I cannot help it, I must apply somewhere." He then represents me as going to Wallis, when he makes him exclaim, "I'll shew him a trick or two for this:" then he goes on to state my "anxieties subsided, and left me wholly the subject of admiration and gratitude," exclaiming, "Thank you! thank you said his lips! Generous Wallis, said his heart, why did I think of breaking with you? I will never ——." pp. 204, 205. He then proceeds by stating that "Wallis knew how to use to advantage the emotions his conduct had excited;" and says, "that *Wallis was going to spend a week with a relative of his at Seven Oaks, as one of a little hunting party.*" He invited me and I accompanied him; "That Mr. and Mrs. Russell were merely told he was going out of town for a few days, and *Mr. Douglas* knew it only by a *short note*," p. 205. Then he proceeds "The anticipated week was a week of pleasure. The mornings were given to sports, and the evenings to convivial mirth. I was quite in my element. I was fond of the

saddle; and field-sports suited the ardency of my temper:" then we have an artificial description of my feelings, up to p. 206. All this, I solemnly declare, is false; a fiction not founded on any real facts. Let Mr. Reed, therefore, bring forward the evidence, upon which such statements are supported.

In the first place I received no allowance from my mother; my income in this year was slender, but so far from my taking any thing from her, that I paid all my expenses to and from Knaresborough, and even settled my brother William's tailor's bill, of which both himself and his mother are aware, as he was a member of Mr. Reed's church. The person to whom I allude, was brother to Mrs. Adams, with whom Mr. Reed now lodges, in St. Georges Place, to whom I refer any one as to the fact, whether I did not invariably pay him without any trouble. In fact I frequently was in advance to him. The reader will be pleased to recollect that Mr. Reed, at this very time was occupying one of my rooms, and to shew that he knew what I had done, in p. 231, this sentence is introduced, "I had to pay, you know, more than £50 on my brother's account." But so far from my being pressed in this year, that, I find in January, entered in my book, an exact copy of which Mrs. Reed kept, "Paid on account, January 8, £15. July 9, £20, and October 15, £10." So that every

quarter in this year, except the one of March when I went to Yorkshire, on the death of my brother, I paid Mrs. Reed *something more* than she required; (and I willingly appeal to her, and I mention it to show confidence in my integrity.) She never asked me for any money, and always was ready to advance any if wanted. In fact, she generally used to settle any account which had been left before I came home.

The description of my embarrassment is the more degrading and shameful, as he tells that in a moment, I could obtain a check for £100, or £200, either from my friend Mr. John Walton, or Mr. William Bridges. I never yet saw a copy of a writ, nor was asked for a debt, that I could not immediately pay. My library was worth from £150 to £200, therefore a call for £10, was not likely to distress me. I mention these trivial particulars, that every impartial reader may form his opinion of the author of that work, and act accordingly. The hunting party is a sequel to all the rest, I am a very coward in riding, and never took a leap in my life.

The cunning of the writer has been exerted with great adroitness. The places are introduced that I may be easily recognized. I did spend a week at Seven Oaks, with Mrs. Wightwick, a draper in that place, and who married Mrs. Barnett's sister. I went by myself, but it was in April, 1810. While there, my mornings were spent in Knowles

Park, and reading; and the evenings with the family. On the Sunday I attended public worship with them, and heard Mr. Shirley preach. This is one of those weeks that Mr. Reed has passed over in "No Fiction," "as recorded in memory as the most interesting and profitable period" in our connexion. See "No Fiction," vol. i. p. 105, and my Review, vol. ii. p. 93. He states, p. 208, that a little time before he went to Plymouth, which of course he means for 1812. "The concert, the card-table, the ball-room, the tavern-club, the theatre, the masquerade, all witnessed my attendance." If the places witnessed me, perhaps some of the people did, and he can bring them forward. I am writing truth, and as such I will state facts.

He says, "The concert witnessed my attendance." This is a fact. I believe I did attend some concerts, private as well as public ones. At least, I used to go to Painter's Hall, where a great number of the singing clerks in Dissenting congregations engaged. But I did not then think I was committing any act of moral turpitude; and even now I am not quite certain that I should commit any sin by attending a friendly and gratuitous concert. If I was to pay any thing for going, I should commit a sin equal to that of a minister of the Gospel, who takes a salary from his poor flock, and spends a great portion in retirement, between ten and twenty miles from his people. I should be grati-

fying my ear by the expenditure of money
 which would allay the appetite and whet
 the frame of many of my poem-brothers
 who although here may be hid at an ad-
 vantage, yet in heaven will be some of the high-
 est gems in the Redeemer's kingdom. The
 "card-table" I might have sat down to
 this year, perhaps four or five times; but
 the sin of this I have no doubt. I condemn
 it in toto; because it is a waste of time;
 generates the angry passions between con-
 tives and friends; it begets a spirit of gain-
 ing which leads to destruction; it destroys
 time which could be better employed; and
 which reasons I now abstain from playing.
 And so thoroughly convinced am I of its
 evil tendency, that were I member of a dis-
 senting church, I would propose that all
 players should be excluded from the mem-
 ber's mental table. To "the theatre" I went
 or three times this year; but then it was
 to gratify myself, but to oblige a friend from
 the country. But so far from attending there,
 and retiring to that delicate place described
 in "No Fiction," p. 250; I went to the
 theatre with him, to prevent (as I could
 prove by respectable witnesses,) this taking
 place; to insure which, when no ladies
 accompanied us, we went into the pit. I ob-
 ject to the theatre from principle and con-
 viction; not only as it regards the expense
 and the danger to morals; but because
 its idle nonsense. But I think, also, that

the reading of such works as "No Fiction," is very little different from going to the theatre, or the reading of plays; and the writer of that work more culpable, than if he had prepared a drama for the stage; where the characters would have been fictitious, and not applied to particular individuals, to mark their identity, to produce idle chat, or to call them into public notice. In company I have too long concealed the falsehoods of this narrative, at the request of the writer. Once at a tea party at Mr. Bromley's, a family who attended Reed's chapel, in reply to the question Mrs. Bromley put, "When did you hear from the *widow at Quebec*?" "Not lately, Madam," I answered. Reed thought that it was capital answering her off hand; and laughed most heartily; Oh! dear! how he did laugh! But it was true; I had not *heard from her lately*. In fact I *never heard* of her, till I saw her in "No Fiction."

The ball-room, the tavern-club, and the masquerade are all embellishment. I never was at a masquerade in my life except one, in 1822; and then at the Opera House, from mere curiosity; but when I saw the room crowded by such a set of villains and fools, I was glad to make my exit. And as for going to the ball-room, I had forgotten how to dance; to the tavern-club, I never belonged. It is for Mr. Reed to produce evidence of this kind, as my habits were do-

metic. It won't do to say he did not mean this for me; he has sent it all out as "No Fiction."

From pp. 208—215, is an account of a serious charge he brought against me, and the insertion of three letters, partly fictitious, partly true; on which I shall have to make some observations when I come to review the second volume; only remarking for the reasons stated, this charge ought to have been inserted during the *two* years which he has *suppressed*, as it was in February, 1810, and not in December, 1812, as he states, when he brought it. If this statement is not true let him produce the real letters. The real account of us, and Mr. Reed's letters during the year 1812, will be found in my Memoirs, vol. i. pp. 177—190, which I entreat the reader to compare with his fictions.

CHAP. xvi. pp. 216—225, is for 1813; which is rendered indisputable, as in May this year we were thrown out of the gig; see Memoirs, vol. i. p. 205, and for a confirmation of the time, Memoirs, p. 190. That this chapter is intended to close his account of this year, is evident, as in Chap. xvii. p. 225, he states, that the awful crisis and threatening of my creditors became more alarming, because "it was the turn of the year; and the demands upon me *were general and unanswerable*, and were sometimes connected with most sharp reles"

tion.⁴ I have quoted this paragraph that the reader may compare his cruel and degrading tales, with my appeal to living witnesses and real documents, in the pages referred to during these periods; and he may draw his own conclusions. My readers must be well aware that it is impossible to prove a negative. Let them for a moment consider themselves in my situation. Suppose any person a professed friend, and as such, *stated that he had lowered the truth*,—was to write their history, and insert as facts, that they committed such and such acts;—were arrested;—were harassed by their creditors—and to relieve themselves even committed felony? Suppose they were as conscious of their innocence as I am; and that, if the writer had given proper dates, persons and places, they would be as able to confront their accusers and put them “*to open shame*,” as I am my accuser? How would they act, if in perusing the account the writer had given of them as *real*, they found some *facts* stated which actually did occur, at a certain period? Would they not say, in such a year the writer states, such an *occurrence* took place, which is correct, and the time of its occurrence known to hundreds? After this real occurrence, the writer goes on, with a view to insure the confidence of his readers, to state *other things* incredible and unwarrantable, as *facts*, which never occurred, of a degrading nature to his friend,

and dishonourable to his public character, and this for the vilest purpose. To give etlat to the wonderful description of his own person and family, which are of the lowest origin, he has painted them with all the colours of the rainbow, and varnished the colouring to give it the greatest possible effect. Is it possible, considering all these circumstances, but what I must enter into the minuteness of this detail, even in all its trifling acts, and bearings, and consequences?

Upon this principle I proceed:—upon this foundation I would rest my case. *I would do unto others, as I would they should do unto me.* Grant me only this justice, and it is all I require. I demand, therefore, of the Rev. A. Reed, and in this demand I think I shall be supported by every intelligent reader, to come forward boldly, and publish every vestige that remains in his possession of our correspondence, and bring the proofs of his facts, as I have done, from the unbiassed testimony of living witnesses. The particulars I have introduced, the names of public and private characters, are sufficient for every purpose, upon every principle of sterling integrity and uprightness of action. I stand upon the basis of truth; let facts speak, and my cause is irresistible.

From page 216—220, my history is supposed by the reader, and is really so by the writer, brought down to the latter end of

June or the beginning of July ; for of Lefevre he speaks, p. 220, "As his friend recovered to his employments, I withdrew from him," &c. The reader will bear in recollection that all this time he was living in Chiswell Street. The facts are simply told in my Memoirs, pp. 189—220 ; in which I give a relation of the supper, &c, which he had put down as having occurred, at least fifteen months previously, to answer his own shameful purpose. For he could not have *forgotten* it was in June, 1813, as from just coming after we were thrown out of the gig, of which he has given so minute a detail, and which must have made an impression on his mind. From pp. 220—225, is the remainder of this year. In p. 220, he says, I not only kept unseasonable hours ; but was frequently from home the whole of the night, My countenance was marked with disquietude. Page 222, "I began to think degradingly of mankind." Page 222, "I became lynx-eyed in detecting the faults of ministers, and that as *too many* instances of *defection* from religion occurred within the circle of my knowledge, I abused it." The defection of ministers, or of any individuals among the professors of religion, however conspicuous for talent or property, would not alter my views as to the genuine principles of Christianity. The few examples that have occurred are very small in comparison of others, who are the distinguished

ornaments of that religion which they profess to receive, and whose zeal, piety and benevolence claim the general approbation of mankind. I can distinguish, for instance between the piety and the praiseworthy benevolence of the Rev. Rowland Hill, who during the summer vacation, like a genuine patriot, is spending his money among the poor of his country, and at the same time endeavouring to save their souls; and the young stripling from the Academy, who after the most solemn protestations on the day of his ordination, is any thing but a pastor; taking an airing upon the continent and joining crowds of the dissipated of all ranks, in that vortex of impiety and infidelity which is to be found at Paris. Can these ministers have any sincere regard for the poor of their flock, or for the general interests of real Christianity? Their conduct is undoubtedly of a very questionable kind.

The charge of scepticism, at this period is alike destitute of any foundation. I have had my doubts, which I could not resolve of certain favourite points among our high doctrinal preachers. I cannot remove the impression of the general love of God towards man which dwells upon my mind and the unwearied proofs of his continuous benevolence. I cannot but feel that man is a responsible being, for all his actions. I cannot resolve some fine points of casuistical theology, which some of our young and

thoughtless divines can resolve in a moment, Upon some of these points I have doubted, and think I have still reason to doubt; but my mind is open to conviction; I am an advocate for truth; I believe it exists in the Word of God, and there alone I expect to find it. But as the Rev. A. Reed sees no difference between the highest point of Calvinism, and the lowest scoffs of the infidel, it is no wonder that my doubts of some of his favourite notions, and especially of the motives which influenced his conduct, should be termed sceptical. Amidst all the wanderings of my mind and the fluctuations of my heart, I have ever held the truth of Divine revelation sacred,—as the basis of my hope, and the foundation of my religious principles.

The most remarkable answer to this statement, is to be obtained by comparison; by reading p. 221, &c. of "No Fiction," and then comparing it with my Memoirs, vol. i. pp. 220—230, and particularly his letters to me at this period; which at once puts a negative upon his veracity, and overthrows his assertions. The apology perhaps is easy, and may satisfy his conscience. He was writing my history to put a few pounds into his pocket. He allows in his preface, he has taken "some liberties," that it "is possible, they are less frequent and more trivial than he imagines." But is this a trivial liberty, to make such charges as these against his professed friend! And to complete the

climax of the tale, and give the drama full effect, my final crime is felony.

CHAP. xvii. pp. 225—238. This Chapter professedly embraces a period, from January to October, 1814. It was in the latter part of October of this year, when Mr. Reed, of Chiswell Street, and wrote the letter alluded to; and the subsequent conversation, as given in my Memoirs, vol. i. pp. 238—240, which is referred to in "No Fiction," vol. i. pp. 235, 236. I have stated in my Memoirs, that I was indebted a sum of money to his parents; the manner of its accumulation, and the mode of payment. I have also asserted that I was not in debt to other persons, tradesmen or friends. As Mr. Reed has gone into a minute detail of monies *borrowed*, the difficulty I had in paying, without the least foundation of authority for such a statement, let him bring forward the evidence upon which it is supported, by naming the parties to whom it alludes.

I was harassed, we are told, by my creditors at the beginning of this year; that "the demands were *general and unanswerable* and were sometimes connected with sharp reflections." p. 226. He then objects that as I "was high spirited I *could ill bear importunity*," and that in my anger I should have turned rogue; as he represents me saying to myself, that I "would put impudence with non-payment;" only

that the strong arm of the law was not to be trifled with." So that, if I could, I made up my mind to turn swindler, and not pay them." But as "the strong arm of the law was not to be trifled with," and the creditors were determined on payment, some other measures must be adopted. At this the reader will see that he represents me as *dispossessed of every moral and all obligation*; and would have cheated the creditors, could I have done it quietly and snugly; a very natural result of those sentiments he states me as having imbibed; *as of a railer, a sceptic and an infidel*, whose sentiments are in daily operation in the conduct of many high professors, both ministers and people; while they would not be an honest man, who, although opposite in conduct, differed from them in sentiment.

In this emergency he states, that I saw no other resource; and he makes me to say of myself, which he puts in inverted commas, "I will write to my friend Deacon, and borrow another £50 of him, that will free me from these miserable cormorants." "I write; and received an immediate reply. I sent the letter in search of the money; but no money was there! Mr. Deacon had, perhaps, doubts of his prudence, and he merely wrote, that he was willing to make an advance, provided I gave not only the interest on the whole, but security." p. 227.

He then relates *my feelings* on the receipt of it. "I tore the offending [in Yorkshire we should have said *offensive*] note, into a hundred pieces. [Did Douglas pick them up and count them? He must, for his work is "No Fiction:"] and angrily declared I would have nothing to do with the author," but he adds, "I smiled bitterly, to think that such were my necessities, he must either *forego resentment* to one man's conduct, or bear the insolence of many." But Douglas goes on; "It happened on the night of this day. [How extraordinarily Douglas comes in on all occasions; when I was *pronouncing his name* in Yorkshire, and calling myself a drunkard! he stood before me; and this very night, on the day I received the letter, he "slept on the same floor with me." Old Mother Shipton, who used, as the folks now tell us at Knaresborough, to ride on a broomstick from one town to another in a jiff, is nothing to Douglas.] Douglas took a bed, as he occasionally did, with Mr. Russell; and slept on the same floor with Lefevre, and the door common to the two rooms was, as usual, when *he* was a guest, thrown open." He then goes on to state "that walked in my sleep; and talked to myself &c. pp. 228, 229. That in the morning we were taking coffee together, Douglas took occasion from my *silence* and evident *depression* of his friend, to ask what was the matter with him." Then he goes on,

229, to relate that he informed me how I was disturbed in the night. From thence he goes on to relate a dialogue between us, p. 229—236. After this dialogue, Douglas said to me, “As *you now stand*, I think it may be well to obtain the *fifty pounds from Deacon*.” I am then made to reply, “I don’t like to be indebted to him after his note.” He then makes Douglas say, “leave him to me. If you will allow me, I will get the money, and send it forward, and engage myself to him for the whole.” He then almost *choaks me*, to prevent my bestowing those praises upon him, which he knew I should give, and which he cannot bear to hear from any one: and then it comes, “Ah Douglas!” he would not let me go any further! However “the generous tear arose to Lefevre’s eye.” [In Yorkshire the tear descends.] This was a remarkable instance of the generosity of Douglas, for he says “he was not fond of *suretyships*,” p. 226, which he puts in italics, that the friends of the Rev. Andrew Reed may understand his meaning and not trouble his *dear Douglas*; who is composed of such a “mere simple mixture of two natures,” that no one can decompose him. And p. 237, after stating how “his generosity (i. e. Douglas Reed’s) touched my heart” I “pronounced—[not as I did, as related by him, p. 57 vol. ii.; “pronounced the name of Douglas—but it was when there was none to hear”] Doug-

las; "What was it I pronounced?—Hear it all ye ends of the earth!—Hear it heaven, earth, and hell! and resound it if you can; the two former places can, but the latter cannot. Hear then what I exclaimed,—“DOUGLAS I PRONOUNCED THE MOST EXCELLENT AND NOBLE OF FRIENDS!!!” He then goes on to state, p. 237, and 238, that I got bad again; but an advance at the office, “a few weeks after this time,” enabled me “this quarter in a small degree, to reduce my pecuniary obligations to the Russells: which he must mean, the December of 1814, as in the next chapter he gives an account of my leaving Mr. Russell’s, which was in February, 1815. Before my readers proceed to read my anatomy of this chapter, I entreat them to read the Memoirs of this year, from January to December inclusive; from p. 230—257, vol. i.

The whole of this chapter is fabrication. He says I was harassed by my creditors, and that in addition to the sum Wallis lent me, (p. 225) I had borrowed £100 of an acquaintance, and I applied to him for an additional “£50.” (p. 226,) which he refused me, unless I could procure him “security” (p. 227.); that it so happened Douglas took “a bed with Mr. Russell,” and overheard me, when walking in my sleep, “talk about my creditors;” so that to soothe me in consequence of the insolent note I had received from Deacon, Douglas proposed himself applying to Deacon (p. 236,) and

that Douglas got me the £50 "and forwarded the expected sum to Lefevre in a kind note," and gave security for the whole. This he states as occurring at the commencement of the year. Now I solemnly declare, that it never occurred at all. That the whole is false I solemnly assert; that Mr. Reed never borrowed a farthing of money for me, or became himself security for me in his life, either for money borrowed or otherwise. But it is very extraordinary, if I was so much harassed, that his mother did not know of it; and so far from this being the case, that I paid her some money in January quarter, and April quarter of 1814, as any one can see by asking her for the book of my account.

But suppose, for argument sake, we grant Mr. Reed and his friends that I was harassed. From his own account it was the first time he knew I was involved, and then only in consequence of my talking in my sleep; it would have been but common friendship, if instead of subjecting me to the insults of his friend Deacon, he had advanced the £50 himself; as at that time he had saved between £500 and £600; for he paid nothing for his board and lodging, and his salary had been £300 per annum, without *any deduction*. Nay, I think some of his *friends* will think that instead of this great flourish about himself, it would have been reasonable if he had paid over to me the half of the twenty-one

guineas a year I had been charged with by my
 parents, for nearly three years he had
 been occupying one of my rooms. "What
 what can this reverend gentleman make
 stating, in page 227, such a gross falsehood
 as to say, "he took a bed with Mr. R.,"
 which he *occasionally* did." From his
 mouth he contradicts himself, as he says
 "door common to the two rooms was
 open." Now both rooms on this floor
 mine; a fact well known to every person
 acquainted with the parties. And the
 bed he laid on during the four years he
 in Chiswell Street, was one which was
 me by my mother, whom he highly respected.
 Little did she think that it was to serve
 not a "lump of piety," but a lump of
 gratitude and deception; whose avaricious
 soul was, at that very period, and on
very bed, collecting materials, and laying
 the foundation of a novel, through which
 her son was to be traduced, degraded, and
 insulted. "*Most noble, most generous*
 Douglas!!" If thou wouldst so write of
 friend while thou wert living on friendly
 terms with him, and whom thou acknowl-
 edged as thy best friend,—what wilt thou
 not write of thy supposed enemies? In thy
 port-folio no doubt we should find minutes
 down, and sketched out, outlines of charac-
 ter of all thy friends, that thou might, for
 avarice, or fame, or for a more base purpose
 when occasion required, or opportunity

forded, only have to fill up the sketches, which appears an easy task, with materials from thy prolific brain; and ungenerous and ungrateful feelings!

As it regards his statement relative to my walking in my sleep, it must stand uncontradicted, as it is a charge among some others which can only be known to himself, and must be left to his own conscience; but the conversation related as occurring the following morning, is a complete fabrication. The only time I ever had any conversation with him relative to my affairs, was in October of this year, and after he left Chiswell Street, which is alluded to in *Memoirs*, p. 238, and "No Fiction," p. 231, 232, vol. i. But let him bring Deacon and Wallis forward, or some of my creditors, or real persons to answer to their description. My difficulties, he observes, were dreadful at the beginning of this year, 1814, yet is it not wonderful that in his letter to me, January 24, 1814, *just about the turn of the year*, he did not mention any thing about *my difficulties*? From this letter the friends of the Rev. Andrew Reed will see, that at the turn of this year, he was employed very diligently in the widow's courtship—a very singular and curious transaction. See *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 230—232.

CHAP. xviii. p. 238—252, is Mr. Reed's fictitious account of me from January to February, 1815, when I left his father's

house, and went to live at Lambeth. In these pages he relates, that it was in consequence of the rebukes of Mr. and Mrs. Reed that I left their house. That it was "to escape their observing eye, and the expression of their pious anxieties, which he had made so unwelcome, I had lately felt much disposed to seek accommodations elsewhere," p. 242. This, as well as the preceding dialogue, is all fiction; but to carry on the "semblance of truth," he creates the artificial dialogues to insure the confidence of his readers. The facts are stated in my *Memoirs*, commencing p. 251—254, vol. i.

In October, 1814, (see *Memoirs* 252,) I put up, through the recommendation of some of my friends, for the vacant collectorship of the Lambeth Water-works, in which application I was not successful. During the canvass for this situation, I found that the part of the town I resided in was objectionable, so that in the event of another vacancy, or any thing in the city offering, I was determined this obstacle should be obviated by a removal, which had its due influence with the proprietors when I offered myself the following June, at which time another vacancy occurred, when I was appointed without opposition. See *Memoirs*, p. 254, vol. i.

Page 247, "No Fiction," Mr. Reed observes, "it soon occurred to Mrs. Russell (Reed), that she owed it to Mrs. Lefevre (my mother), to make her acquainted with

the recent steps of her son. Accordingly she gave her a brief account of his connexions, his religious declensions and his removing from her dwelling." This may or may not be a fact; the truth of which of course, I cannot deny, as my mother is dead; yet my readers will think it was quite unnecessary, as my brother wrote her word immediately the steps I had taken, and my removal from their house. P. 247, 248, is the contents of a letter from my mother to me, which carries with it evident marks of fiction; for she wrote me word immediately, how delighted she felt at the step I had taken. That such were the natural feelings of a mother, especially one as described in "No Fiction," there cannot be the smallest doubt; who was anxious to promote the happiness of her children. In p. 248, he gives some account of what was in my reply to this letter alluded to. Thus this gentleman, by a system of magic, peculiarly his own, has the power of discovering thoughts and dreams; and he copies letters verbatim by a certain power of sympathy and animal magnetism. If he will produce a course of lectures, discovering some of the secrets of his cabinet, I can promise him abundance of that substance more *precious to him* than all the *anxious and troublesome duties* of the pastoral office. His generosity is unbounded, for he observed "I still preserved my friendship for Douglas, who had lately behaved most

handsomely to him." This noble and dignified behaviour consisted in writing the most shameful and unkind letter, about the debt due to his father; the particulars of which already occur in my Memoirs, p. 249 and 251. But this gentleman is so fond of displaying his superabundant generosity, that he would invent a series of events to puff himself off to the best advantage. His modesty, without a blush, can tamely receive all the silly praises bestowed so kindly on himself: The example I believe is almost unparalleled.

Pages 249—252, vol. i. continues my history from February to December, 1815. This is evident from his commencing vol. ii. chap. xix. with a letter, "the principal reason" of which, was, to inform me, he had "now the prospect of being united in a few months, to the first, the dear object of his affections;" p. 8, which took place on the 9th of April, 1816. The reader with me, no doubt, will be surprised that in very few pages he takes now to despatch a period of ten months; about three pages, twelve lines of his work, printed in long pica. But although he has not covered a very large space, he has given the reader plenty of food to nourish the soul.

I shall now select the concluding extract of vol. i. "No Fiction;" a complete tissue of falsehoods, and solely grounded on my separation from his family, the surmises of his

own wretched heart ; and of which period of my life he is totally ignorant. When the reader is in possession of this knowledge, he will not wonder at my indignation, and will pronounce it with me, not only false, but cruel and diabolical.

"Michael the archangel, when contending with the devil about the body of Moses, durst not bring against him a railing accusation, but said, The Lord rebuke thee;" Jude 9. None but Satan and his emissaries bring railing accusations ; and in the absence of real facts, create crime, and charge it upon an individual. This has been the practice of Mr. Reed throughout his work, and yet at the same time professing to me the greatest friendship. What would he *not* have written, and what *will he not write* against me as an enemy, if he could write this under the mask of friendship !

"From having been tempted, Lefevre now became the tempter of others. Many of his companions, whose conduct he had formerly reprobated, were soon deserted as poor spiritless fellows ; while a few partaking of his own temper, and bound to him by his false generosity, were ready to countenance his measures. With this knot of iniquity, he associated for nearly two years, corrupting and being corrupted. From having imbibed a taste for mixed liquors, he became partial to them in a pure state : and from having used them freely in the close of

the day, he had recourse to the morning *drum*. An attendance on the theatre, opened an easy passage to the brothel; he listened to the voice of 'strange women,' and was taken in their snares. He ran, in short, the whole circle of vice; determined, in the first place, to find, if practicable, enjoyment; and, should this be impossible, to drown care and inquietude. Religion and the concerns of religion, were all this time put as far from his thoughts as possible. He was resolved, since he could not bring his mind to say with the atheist, 'There is no God,' to *forget* that there is any!

"The round of carnal pleasure is, however, soon run. The world, with all her pretensions, has but little variety for her votaries; and, wanting variety, her favour pall upon the appetite. Lefevre had now accomplished his purpose—he had left himself no new—no 'unbreached delight.' He had passed from the doubtful to the improper—from the improper to the vicious—from the vicious to the flagrant—and had neither 'found enjoyment nor drowned care.' He had foolishly thought, that the restraint of his inclinations was a hindrance to his happiness; he had now given the reins to his appetites and passions, and found himself more miserable than he could have thought it possible to be! He would not believe, that the increase of misery was in exact proportion to the progress of sin; but the terrible

truth was now written on his conscience. His intemperance had broken his spirits, and inflamed his temper. An unutterable uneasiness fermented in his bosom; and an indescribable gloom rested between him and every object on which he looked. His companions, from like causes, participated in the same effects; and from having been accomplices in wickedness, they now, not unfrequently, became each others tormentors.

"One evening Lefevre returned to his home at an early hour, and but little affected by liquor. He had differed with one of his companions on some trifle of politics, who, being not so well in the possession of his senses, had insulted him; and Lefevre left the place. He found himself in his room *disengaged* and *alone*, and the idea alarmed him. His heart was filled with anguish and resentment at the conduct of his *friend*; he had long despised himself, but he could not brook the contempt of others. His emotion opened a most unwelcome view of his past folly and guilt. He felt, that although he had found nothing in the world, he had nothing to hope from it, as he had already tried *all* it had to offer. His thoughts reverted to days long gone by. The names of his Mother, Douglas, Religion and—God, crossed his recollections! He shut his eyes—started from his seat across the room, as if shunning their presence—he could not endure to think of those injured names!

His mind became exceedingly agitated. He condemned himself—cursed his being—flew to a stupifying draught—and threw himself on his bed, to seek a temporary annihilation, which at that moment, he would have willingly made eternal !”—“No Fiction,” vol. i. pp. 251, 252.

Whether Mrs. Reed assisted him in the delicate composition of these pages I cannot tell? She has however read and studied every period they contain very minutely ; whether it has raised associations in her mind of the purest kind, I shall not attempt to unravel. Of this I have not the smallest doubt,—that it has polluted the imaginations of many young females imperceptibly, while it was gratifying a corrupted taste, and a disordered mental appetite. In reply to all this statement of my dissipation, I can only plead *not guilty* ; and I think my readers will require a little more than Mr. Reed's evidence ; for it is very easy for one man to assert vice of another, which it is impossible for him to contradict, as all his evidence must be of a negative kind. But that which would be received as negative evidence in a court of justice, cannot be considered improper to put in my reply. And the only way I can adopt to shake his vile assertions, is by shewing the falsity of others ; which I do by positive evidence. But the reader will naturally inquire of Mr. Reed, as would a jury of his country, How do you know

Mr. Barnett was in the habit of attending rothels? How do you know he listened to the voice of 'strange women,' and as a result he was *taken in their snares*? Were you with him? If you were, your evidence cannot be taken, because you have committed an offence against the laws of your country. If you were not with him, how came you to know it? Did you procure information from the keepers of those places when you were there at other times, and after Mr. Barnett had been there? If you did, that evidence cannot be received; as the person who communicated it, if a fact, acknowledges to have committed a greater offence against the laws of his country than Mr. Barnett. Perhaps Mr. Reed might say, he heard it *reported* that I went to such places, and he concluded that what he alluded to as following, was what often occurred. This, however, will not do for a jury of his country. They will let Mr. Reed know it is a serious thing to bring such a charge against an individual, even in conversation; and consequently, that the infamy of it is trebly increased, by printing it in six editions of a work, which not only professes that the whole of the statements are true, but that "the truth is often lowered, rather than heightened." But in addition to all this, as closing of my infamous climax of vice, he says, "*I ran, in short, the whole circle of vice.*" Now, that Mr. Reed intends to con-

vey to his readers that this was the time alludes to, is put beyond dispute, by stating, p. 5, vol. ii. that he "had reason to fear, from some hints he casually received *day or two since*, that I have once more sacrificed my good intentions, and have given myself up to the most unlicensed *indulgence of the passions*;" and that the letter is intended by him to be understood as being sent in the beginning of January is put beyond all controversy as in it, p. 6 he says, "*I have now the prospect of being united in a few months, to the first, the dearest object of my affections*," which actually took place *on the 8th of April, 1814* (see Memoirs, vol. i. p. 264,) which statement I now invite him to contradict if he can. As negative evidence in contradiction I simply state the following facts; and leave my candid readers, from my unvarnished statement, and my proof of the falsity of some of Mr. Reed's statements at this period to draw his own conclusions. On February 14, 1815, I removed from Bethnal Green to Lambeth; see Memoirs, vol. i. p. 254. In the middle of June of this year, I was appointed collector to the Lambeth Water-works, vol. i. p. 255. Shortly after my appointment, began, with the inspector of the Water-works, a regular survey of my district, and on the completion, the Board made *a present* in addition to my per centage, as a reward for my exertions, vol. i. p. 260. The

my exertions during these months were such, that I not only saw a prospect of being relieved from my debt, but that I should have sufficient income to enter into the marriage state, vol. i. p. 263. And that such was my conduct, that although for *my leisure hours*, my per centage from the 14th of October to the 25th of December, 1815, came to nearly *forty pounds*, yet they made me an additional present; and *voluntarily*, without any application, as a mark of the Board's high approbation of my *continued and increased exertions*, and that of my colleague, Mr. Hailes; rose the allowance of my poundage from nine-pence to one shilling, i. e. 25 per cent. increase, see Memoirs, vol. i. pp. 267, 268. And so highly gratified were the proprietors with my assiduity and attention, that in the March following, during the very time Mr. Reed is debasing and vilifying me, one of the proprietors proposed, as an additional reward, to allow Mr. Hailes and myself an extra allowance on selling coals by commission. (See Memoirs, vol. i. p. 263.) These are facts opposed to Mr. Reed's statement, and the truth of which any one may ascertain, by calling upon the secretary of the Waterworks, Mr. Nelthorpe, Temple place, Blackfriars' Road.

From these facts, the reader will see the reason why Mr. Reed created his disgraceful fictions. It was to prepare the reader's

mind for the receipt of a letter to me, which commences his second volume; but which never was sent, and which never could have been sent, as I shall in the review of chap. xix. prove to the satisfaction of the reader.

The reader, of course, must be satisfied that Mr. Reed's description is *intended* (in fact, *it is so stated*) from p. 849 to the end of this volume; as during a period from the time I left his parents till December, 1815, which is reduced to demonstration by his pretended letter in vol. i. p. 2, a few months previous to his marriage, and which is further demonstrated by my being taken ill on the 11th of November, 1816, of which, Mr. Reed's account commences in chap. xxii. vol. ii. p. 52. So that chap. xix—xxi. are intended, of course, as my history, from the period of the letter referred to, during the succeeding period of ten months. In which account he has been more bountiful to the reader, than of the other ten, as the previous ten months were despatched in 3 pages 11 lines, while the latter, equal in time, occupies 73 pages. From this examination, the reader will see, that from the time I left his parents in the middle of February, 1815, to the time I was taken ill, November 11, 1816, altogether *was only twenty months*. Be this extraordinary writer, with the mighty power of a heathen deity, regardless either of truth or its consequences to individuals, breaks down all the boundaries of time, re

moves the ancient land-marks, and puts the sun forward or drives him backward, to answer his own purpose : For although the reader must be convinced that his statement in the pages alluded to, could only be for ten months, yet this reverend gentleman, who is so particular and minute as it regards his statements about time, place and distances, says, p. 250, that "with this *knot* of iniquity, I associated for NEARLY TWO YEARS, corrupting and being corrupted." It will not do for Mr. Reed to say, he meant this as from the period I left his parents to the time I was taken ill. If that was his intention, he would have had no occasion to give a detail of the remaining time. But it is evident he wished it to be conveyed to the reader as previous; and the length of period during the time the 'knot' (very elegant and classical) was forming, he gives as an excuse for writing to me as he did in the following chapter. The fact is simply this; Mr. and Mrs. Reed wrote this book (as they stated to me) as far as the 25th chapter in vol. ii. when they thought I was dead; which made them equally incautious and indifferent to the truth of their statements; or the period of their stated occurrence. In truth, they were by their pride and vanity, blinded to their own danger. They did not then think I should come to life again. Nor did they expect that I should ever dissect this heterogeneous mixture of theirs. And

perhaps they may express equal surprise and sorrow, as the man did who imposed part of a stuffed man and part of a stuffed fish as a real mermaid; and when some of the doctors insisted on dissecting it, he said to some of his friends, "Who would ever have thought that they would want to examine it so minutely?" But, however, all showmen and impostors should be guarded, and if they are young themselves, learn wisdom from the experience of others who have been driven into obscurity by their tricks and impositions on the public. But if all showmen should be particular, religious showmen should be more so, and place their magic art beyond the discovery of vulgar minds. On this chapter I shall not make any further observation; only quote two or three passages from Mr. Reed's *delicate* work, and leave the fathers of families to comment upon them, when reading them to their sons and daughters.

<p>"What it is <i>unnecessary and improper</i> for us to see, or hear, or <i>know</i>, it is improper for the Novelist to <i>describe</i>.</p> <p>Who would think of allowing himself to <i>behold</i> the abominations committed in</p>	<p>He states, that one night after a <i>dance</i> I arrived at home, &c.; and goes on, which I put in his exact words.</p> <p>"The sounds of the violin were still in his ear—the objects he had just seen</p>
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the resorts of debauchery? Yea, who would choose to witness those innocent expressions of love and tenderness, which can never be proper in the presence of a third person? Nor is it any apology that these writers *draw from life*. This has been urged in their favour, with a tone of great assumption; but, as Dr. Johnson has well observed, there are characters and scenes in life, that ought never to be drawn."—"No Fiction," vol. i. p. 157.

were still reeling before his eyes. His FRAME WAS FIT FOR ANY THING, rather than the calmness of devotion. He sighed heavily, and, with self-reproaches, threw himself on his bed. He lay wakeful and restless till the dawn of day, and then fell into dreamy and comfortless slumbers. Once more he thought he grew giddy in the mazes of the dance—*once more he thought his pulse quickened at THE FAMILIAR TOUCH OF WOMAN*—and THEN again he awoke, FEVERISH AND UNREFRESHED."—"No Fiction," vol. i. pp. 119, 120.

"All his former worldly compliances were persevered in, and opened the way to OTHERS OF A LESS QUESTIONABLE CHA-

RACTER. His hours were not only unseasonable, BUT HE *was frequently from home, the whole night.*" Vol. i. p. 220.

"An attendance on the theatre, opened an easy passage to the BROTHEL; he listened to the voice of *strange women*; and was taken in their snares. He ran, IN SHORT, the *whole circle of vice.*" Vol. i. p. 250.

But I would just request the reader to ask himself, 'How was it possible that Mr. Reed could know what transpired on a night alluded to in pp. 251, 252? Even supposing it was a fact, how does he know I "condemned myself,—*cursed my being*,—and flew to a stupifying draught,—and threw myself on my bed?" &c. Who could tell him? was it my hostess? She declares quite the contrary; and Mr. Reed dare not meet her *face to face* anywhere. She is ready to confront him, before the City of London: she knows she will have to do it on the day of judgment. I will give ten guineas to

the Orphan Asylum, if he will *name* any day, and meet her for one hour before a respectable body of ladies, in confirmation of *his* statements of my conduct during the time I lived with her; and likewise in confirmation of *his* seeing me during *my* illness, *when he relates a conversation which took place, and which occupies thirteen pages of his* "NO FICTION."

CHAP. XIX. commences the year 1816, and also the Second Volume; so that no doubt these pietists would doubly solicit a blessing on the *truths* they were about to relate. We are recommended by divines, on such occasions, to retrace our steps; and whenever we commence any thing new, and particularly on the beginning of a new year, to determine on an alteration for the better. Mr. Reed must have recollected this, and as a divine, no doubt he did, or ought to practice what he recommends to others.

He begins by saying p. 1. While I was living in the manner previously described, and had for nearly two years been associating with a knot of iniquity, Douglas, my *deserted* but steady friend, wrote me a letter, which, in print, occupies from p. 1—9, and he says I received it. In reply to which, I can only say that I never received it, nor any such letter, which I will prove to demonstration. The fact is, this fictitious letter was made in his study, to answer to

his previous fictitious creations. But assumption is no proof; I will therefore proceed to its dissection, to put it beyond dispute. That it is a fiction, is evident, as in the very first line, p. 1, he begins by saying "It is now six months since I have seen or heard from you; and it is *three times* the period, since you have informed me of any thing belonging to your affairs." Now it is utterly impossible he could write so to me, as I had only left his parents on the preceding February; and so far from it being *three times that period*, since I informed him any thing of my affairs, this carries falsity on its very front; for from the time I left his parents till I was taken ill and went to his house, was only *twenty months*, i. e. from February, 1815, to November 11, 1816. That it could not be *eighteen months*, is evident, from this epistle; for he says, p. 8, "I have now the prospect of being united in a few months, &c." so that it is evident, he intends the reader should understand he was not then united to Miss Holmes; but he had a prospect in a few months, which taking place on the 9th of April, 1816, necessarily throws the period when this letter professedly was written, to January at least. I notice this particularly, to shew the *fictian*, as he could not have written such a falsity to me. But I shall further show, that this letter is only created and *published* to answer, in a mine

point of view, to the supposed vice he had asserted; and primarily, (for he states it as the principal reason of his writing, p. 8,) that by pretending to give me information of his anticipated nuptials, he might embrace an opportunity of puffing off his wife; which he has done to the disgust of every one, except those who see blackness in blue eyes, and *smallness* in a mouth large enough to take in, without any obstruction, a Banbury cake. As I shall have to make a few observations on this letter, and many of my readers may not have a copy of "No Fiction," and their recollection from having read it hastily being deficient, I shall in this, and several following instances, quote more at length than it would have been necessary, could I have supposed that all my readers were in possession of these two volumes of true and delicate biography.

(EXTRACT.)

"But, I have not yet referred to the subject which is, nevertheless, the principal reason of my writing you just now. I owe it to your past sympathy and kindness to give you the earliest information on an affair, which, *for the last five years*, has entered so materially into my happiness. Know then, that *the correspondence* is renewed—that my addresses are accepted—and that I have now the prospect of being united, in a

few months, *to the first—the dearest object of my affections.* The person in question is all that I ever thought her to be. Pious, prudent, modest and gentle. *No affectation, no display, no finesse.* Of elevated tastes—of simple manners—of retiring habits—of warm and generous sentiments. Not seeking the admiration of many, but *the heart of one, who can appreciate and reward her love.* I find that from the first my regard was not met *with indifference, but that a mutual interest, unknown to each other, has been operating a striking conformity of character.*

“I know you will rejoice with me on this account. You know more than any one *how much I suffered*; you long and tenderly participated of those sufferings; and you have a right to share my joys. How wonderful are the events of Providence! Just when I had given all up in despair, *the finger of God effected it, without human effort.* How happy I am, that, in the severity of the trial, I was not permitted to use any means to effect the object, which, though not positively wrong, I could not have thought strictly honourable. How much I regret that ever I should have been tempted to doubt the promise of God, in listening to my prayers! Blessed is the man who trusteth in the Lord *at all times!*”

“But I must not enlarge at pleasure on a subject, which, though interesting to you

must necessarily be more so to me. Would that you would let me communicate with you on *every* subject as we used to do! Well! I will endeavour to hope the days—the happy days, will return. Perhaps, like Noah's dove, after wandering over the face of the earth, and finding no rest for the sole of your foot, you may, weary and heavy laden, return to the bosom of your friend—to the ark of your salvation. For this I will not cease to pray. *Meanwhile believe, that whatever may be the elevations or depressions of my state—whatever the colour of your future life, no change can be produced towards you in the heart of,*

“Your affectionate,

“DOUGLAS.”*

That this letter is a fiction, must be self-evident; for can the reader imagine that he would write to me, that he had a prospect of being united to the “*first*—the dearest object of his affections;” and that “I knew how much he had suffered for the last *five years*,” when I knew that he had offered himself to *three* previously; and that so far from his having suffered severely, from the obstructions to his possessing Miss Holmes, for the last five years, that absolutely he renewed his addresses to the widow, immediately after Mr. Holmes refused him, and con-

* No Fiction, vol. ii. pp. 7—9.

tinued his connexion with her, from 1812, to March, 1814, when she died; and that during this period, he was in such a dreadful way, even so lately as *August 25, 1813, only twenty-six months* previous to the time this pretended letter was sent to me about his *five years' suffering*, for fear God should take the widow before he could marry her, that he exclaims in the language of St. Paul when lamenting over his inward corruptions, in reference to this, "*Was ever wretch like me? Come what will, its bitterness is past. Humanity, perhaps, cannot sustain much more than I have sustained!*" See his letter to me, *Memoirs*, vol. i. pp. 229, 230.

But although it is a fiction, he cannot skreen himself under that supposition, for he intended, that the public should receive it as "*truth, under the veil of fiction.*" And surely he will never plead that the substance under the "veil" was itself a fiction. In many instances, as the reader will have seen, it is utterly impossible for me to contradict his contaminated slanders, and they will either remain on me, or be removed, in exact proportion to the faith of our readers; but where I can shew, by real documents and facts, *palpable falsities* created, to puff off himself and his wife; I will leave the reader, from that connexion, to

* No Fiction, vol. i. p. 152.

judge of his veracity in other instances where I cannot follow him.

Mr. Reed tells the world, he wrote to me, (and no doubt they have thus far believed him, as they would naturally suppose that he would not write falsely,) that he had now the prospect of being united in a few months to the *FIRST* object of his affections.²³ Now his *first* was at Selby, in 1808; (see *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 84;) and if he de-
 clines it, I can name her brother, who lives in
 Holborn, and who is alluded to in the note
 at the bottom of p. 84. The *next FIRST*
 was a young lady at Cheltenham, in 1810,
 referred to *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 122: and the
third FIRST is doubtful, for he had two
firsts instead of one *FIRST*, at this time, as
 will have been seen, *Memoirs*, vol. i. pp. 170
 —175. But which of these two was the
third FIRST, I cannot tell. He seems to
 have had an extraordinary attachment for
 both; and just at the same time. Whether
 from hearing my observations, and Mr.
 Wilks's, he came to his determination, or
 whether it was from the wonderful work-
 ings of his own mind, (for his passions are
 out of the question,) or from tossing up of a
 halfpenny, or from letting a stick drop, I
 cannot tell; however, the reader will have
 seen from my *Memoirs*, vol. i. pp. 175—
 184, that the "*dearest object of his affec-
 tions*" had been excluded from his thrilling
 bosom, by the occupancy of his burning

desire for the widow, from 1812, to March 1814, of which I have already observed, a very curious and singular affair. Should any one dispute the correctness of my statement relative to the widow, I refer them to Mr. Thomas Cave, of Edgeware Road about five doors from Paddington turnpike to Mr. John Eames, (Mrs. Cave's cousin who may be seen every day at the Angel Inn, St. Clements, from 9 o'clock in the morning, till 9 o'clock at night; to Mr. Eames of Petersfield; and to Mrs. West No. 60, Whitechapel Road. I refer them also to the Rev. Andrew Reed, and the Rev. Matthew Wilks.

The reader's attention will now be arrested not only by the falseness, but the folly and vanity of this young author; in creating such glaring fictions, and then giving them substance and form through a letter to me that the world and his congregation might bow to them as they would to angels. But this young man is so selfish and vain, that I verily believe he would not have given us this captivating description of his wife as possessing all the virtues and accomplishments natural and acquired, and being dispossessed of all the vices, follies, and ridicule of the age, had it not been that he might have an opportunity for the greater display of his own virtues. No peacock, with his gaudy plumes, ever appeared more stately than the wanderings of his vain imagination.

tion—when dressing up the idol of his de-
votions, the principle of self-love, which
engrosses every feeling and passion of his
soul. His vanity is continually before us,
the fumes of it rises in the nostrils, almost
in every page. It sickens, tires, and fa-
tigue the reader, until it becomes insup-
portable. Men of sound judgment and cor-
rect religious feeling, the moment they dis-
cover that Douglas is the writer, throw the
book away in disgust, and with the most
sovereign contempt. To some the effluvia
is very grateful ; but they are the weak, the
superficial, or ignorant readers, those who
are led astray by the apparent zeal and piety
of the author. Such persons have yet to
learn, that piety has become fashionable, an
object of trade, and can as easily be assumed,
or removed, as a change of dress. Yet, with
all this vanity, he pretends to correct my
proper contempt of his duplicity ; and en-
deavours to steal on the feelings of his read-
ers, by observing, “ WE ARE YOUNG, LET
US BE MODEST.”* If this work is a speci-
men of modesty, what may we not expect
in his next production, “ *Martha?*” I
dare say, *she will be made to say* some
wonderful fine things of her dear brother,
Douglas.

In p. 8, after this extraordinary account
of his wife, we are informed, “from the

* No Fiction, vol. i. p. 52.

first my regard was not met with indifference; but that a mutual interest, *unknown to each other, has been operating a striking conformity of character.*"

The passage appears to me rather obscure, but if I properly understand it, he means to convey the impression, that something *unknown*, some *spirit*, or *spiritual influence* had been working upon the passions of these two individuals so sensibly, and so invisibly, that during the *five years* separation, this invisible agent had so wonderfully operated, that he created a striking conformity or identity of character between the two, so that we are to understand, in addition to the amalgamation of *two wonderful* natures into *one*, as noticed in the *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 90; this "*unknown spirit*" had been instilling into the "*simple*" nature of the Rev. Andrew Reed the additional *qualities* of his wife. This, however, could not all be done at once. In the present instance, Providence was able to accomplish it at once; but the additional virtues were a work of time. This unknown spirit "*has been operating a striking conformity of character*" from the first; but I wonder this spirit did not call in the aid of some other spirits, as in 1811, when he commenced his operation, as that was the year his "*regard*" was sent to old Mr. Holmes. He seems, however, to have only made *three bolts* during these five years. This, how-

year, may be accounted for, as during two
 of the five years he must have been making
 different kind of bolts, which would have
 had other appellatives, as they would have
 been the *widow's bolts*, had she not died.
 But although we may be at a loss for the
 name of this "unknown" spirit, the Rev.
 Andrew Reed has given an account of his
 labours for "their mutual interest." It is
 stated that we have each our guardian spirits,
 who are continually employed for the ben-
 efit of those on whom they attend; and
 when they have accomplished any thing for
 their benefit, if it is any thing extraordi-
 nary, it must be communicated to the legion
 of which they form a part; and a name is
 given accordingly. One year it appears
 that this spirit, who was employed for
 "their mutual interest," formed one bolt
 which was called "No Affectation!!" the
 next "No Display!!" the next "No Fi-
 nesse!!" After this their guardian spirit
 united with them, and from the extraor-
 dinary, mysterious, and wonderful efforts
 of these three, a most wonderful bolt was
 prepared; but when ready they were at a
 loss to name it, yet as it partook a good deal
 of the "pit below, and the earth between,"
 as the climacteric bolt, it was named "No
 Fiction!!" as a necessary appendage to the
 previously, properly named *three*. The
No in all the instances, is supposed to have
 been put on by some envious and malignant

spirit, who wanted to turn the whole into ridicule. But however we may be at a loss as it regards the spirit, who was "operating a striking conformity of character," he does not leave us in doubt for a moment, as to the means by which this mighty event, their union was brought to its consummation; for he informs us—and that I, as well as the reader, may notice how extraordinarily Providence is at work for him, pretendedly exclaims to me—"How wonderful are the works of Providence! when I had given all up in despair, the finger of God effected it, without his effort." *Colonel Symonds* of Reading he told me himself, brought it about; perhaps he may call him a divinity, and interference the finger of God. Save except Buonaparte, I know of no one, who so impiously brought God into action as Rev. Andrew Reed.

It is well known that bringing the "finger of God" into operation is never introduced, but on some extraordinary occasions to counteract the regular operations of nature, for some object of *general importance*, and to give evidence of the Divine perceptions, and the moral government of God. The magicians at the time of Aaron, in attempting to imitate him, and when they could not, they told Pharaoh "This is the finger of God," *Exod. viii. 19*. And we are told that God himself after he had de-

communing with Moses on Mount Sinai; gave him two tables of stone, written with the "*finger of God*," Exod. xxxi. 18. And we are told by Jesus that he cast out devils "*with the finger of God*;" Luke xi. 20 : from all which it will be seen that it is some unknown and invisible action of Deity, and which never is mentioned as being brought into exercise but on some extraordinary occasion ; therefore surely ought not to be *lightly* spoken of, or brought into a *pretentious* letter, surrounded by *falsities*, lies and fabrications.

Anticipating that some persons would be surprised at his presumption, he puts their rising unbelief to silence in a moment, as he attributes the common and extraordinary actions of Deity in his behalf as arising not *only* from the purity, but from the constancy and inflexibility of his prayers ; for he says, "*Blessed is the man who trusteth in the Lord at all times !*" The three last words of which sentence he puts in italics, and adds a mark of admiration ; that those ministers who have not got rich wives, a flourishing church, a good salary, and a country house, may look into themselves and inquire, whether the fault may not rest with themselves, and whether they have, like him ; "*prayed to, and trusted in the Lord at all times.*"

From p. 9—13, is a pretended reply to the above fictitious letter, which is about as

true as the preceding, and as the one succeeding dated Bristol; all of which with the following observation, p. 19, "In the fit of disappointment he had determined to retire from the world, &c." is rendered an evident invention, by his own account in the following chapter, where, (in p. 20,) he makes me "turn my thoughts towards domestic life." Now did any person ever hear of a young man "turning his thoughts towards *domestic* life," and at the same time determine on retiring from the world. Such incongruities can only be reconciled by the discordant writings and readers of "No Fiction."

CHAP. XX. from p. 19—34, Mr. Reed gives an account of my commencing a courtship with a Miss D—; that she had a grandmother; that she lived at Seven Oaks; that I was introduced to her by Wallis; that I called upon Douglas, and gave him the information. From p. 26—28, is a conversation that passed between Miss D— and myself in the garden; of which I never heard before. He then makes me kiss the grandmother's hand respectfully." From p. 34—43, is a continuation of this courtship. According to Mr. Reed's account, "the following day, after I saw him, I had set apart for a visit to Miss D—;" p. 34, and that I "started with the sun," p. 35; I arrive at Miss D—'s grandmother's and very naturally inquired "Where is Miss

D—?" the servant leaves the room and the grandmother comes in; I hastened to her with my usual salutations; but she retreated to avoid them," p. 35; the grandmother gives me a note from Mary, and says, "Mary sends you this note and parcel, and begs you to excuse seeing her," and then observes, "this sentence fell like lead on the *heart* of Lefevre." [Does he speak from experience. I never saw the metaphor, before I saw it, in "No Fiction;" It is a beautiful one.] From p. 36—37, is the letter signed Mary D—, and it is addressed to Mr. Lefevre, and "Thursday morning." At the top of p. 38, the grandmother gives an account of Mr. Simpkins, sending them a long account of my past life; then Mr. Reed proceeds to detail a conversation answerable to his own fictions, save and except the facts which I have stated in my Memoirs, vol. i. commencing p. 267. The whole is a drama for the stage.

It must be evident to the reader, that Mr. Reed has violated every incident of truth, to give consistency to this foolish tale, and shamefully persecute a friend for his own selfish purpose, and the gratification of vanity. From the bare mention, that I paid my addresses to a lady in 17, Prospect Place, West Square, and the simple interruption by illness and some other cause irrelevant; of which he is totally ignorant, and of which it is unnecessary for me to

detail, he has made his story, changing the place of residence to Seven Oaks, and wishes the act with a grace, and a good bow to his auditors. The facts are stated in my Memoirs, vol. i. I declare I never received one of my letters back from Mr. Cook; and up to the time of my illness was treated by the family with the utmost esteem. See Letters, Memoirs, vol. i. 277—279. In those pages I gave the address of Mrs. Cook, the grandmother of the lady; and Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, the uncle and aunt. On the 1st of March, I received from Mr. Bartlett the following document, which Mr. Reed had better answer. It was sent to me without solicitation, and I have never spoken to him about "No Fiction."

March 1, 1823,

17, Prospect Place,
West Square Lambeth

Having read that part of "No Fiction" which relates to Lefevre's courtship at Seven Oaks; from many circumstances there related, I most clearly identify Mr. Frank Barnett, as the person alluded to under the fictitious name of Lefevre; and declare the whole statement to be a most scandalous and wilful misrepresentation of the real facts. Mr. Barnett was always highly esteemed by our family, nor did we ever discover

any circumstance that would lead us to decline a connexion with him.

The story of Simpkin is an entire fabrication.

W. BARTLETT.

At the conclusion of this courtship account in "No Fiction," he makes room again for Douglas. He is sure to give him a lift. "Passion, as Douglas *has well observed*."—P. 46, some observations on drinking occur; and he then proceeds from p. 48—52, with a string of charges: one amounting to *felony*, of so extraordinary a nature, that for fear the reader may not have the work at hand, and cannot recollect them, I shall quote the whole of them, before I proceed to make any observations.

"At nearly the same time, he received a regular communication from the principals of the office, reprimanding him for his neglect, and couched in threatening terms; and a request to balance and present his accounts connected with the agency.

"This last request was made in a respectful manner, and might have been regarded as in the course of business. It was, however, the first that had been made to Lefevre of the kind; and, with his disordered mind and romantic notions of honour, it was likely he might construe it into a suspicion of his integrity. Nothing couldasperate him equally with this; and just

now it affected him the more, as he was not in a state immediately to comply with the requisition. He had postponed some business of several days, which he thought could be done *at any time*, till it accumulated upon him in a formidable manner. He could not pass his accounts properly, till he recovered from these delays; and he could not recover from them suddenly. Unhappily too, he had prematurely anticipated his domestic establishment; and had consequently brought upon himself some *extra* expences. A small bill became due, which he was obliged to take up; and not having sufficient cash of his own, he borrowed a small sum from his agency account, to meet the emergency. He had never before done this; and now he did it in the uprightness of his heart, and with the full prospect of replacing the money to the account, before it should be necessary to pass it. The summons he had received, therefore, literally confounded him. If he obeyed it directly, he might fix on himself those suspicions which he had imputed to *them*, and incur censure, neither of which could he indure; and if he neglected it, he could not think it would in the least amend his predicament.

“ The communication from the office affected Lefevre differently, but not less. he thought his integrity questioned by *one*, he felt his pride sorely mortified

the other. The step indeed was rather severe. Such official and formal reproof was seldom resorted to in the first instance ; he would have trembled to have thought himself in danger of it ; and, indeed, as his irregularities had been but trifling, and were set off by ten years persevering and exemplary service, he was far from meriting it. Such reproof too, was always matter of notoriety in the office ; and the subject of it became the butt of insolent wit, and paltry merriment. Lefevre had stood the *first* of his class ; his conduct in his duties had been faultless ; he had been respected by his fellows, and applauded by his superiors ;—how could his spirit, brook the reproaches of those whom he had always considered his *inferiors* ?

“On the whole, it is impossible to describe the feelings of Lefevre. He arraigned his friends—justified himself—condemned his employers—rose against Providence ;—and then fell under the heavier weight of *self-accusation*. Anger, remorse, pride, resentment, fear and hate, created a tempest in his soul, which threatened the frame it inhabited, and which was only allayed by the master hand of *despair*. This demon, nourished by Lefevre’s errors, had long enveloped from his eyes his fairest prospects ; and, now, the last bright spot on which the star of hope shone, sank into the surrounding darkness ! His mind was wrought to

desperation. He made no formal resolutions; but his heart involuntarily settled in a purpose of never facing those, whom he had served so faithfully, and who, he thought, had treated him with such ingratitude!

“Under the influence of this purpose, and excited by the dread of more messages, he wrote two notes to say, that he was ill (this he could truly assert;) and to excuse himself on that account. Having done this, he fastened the door and cast himself on his bed, indifferent alike to food—to comfort—to life! Even the habit of drinking, which nothing else had wholly subdued, was deprived of its power by the universal listlessness of his soul!

“As time wore away, it left him capable of some reflection; but this only gave acuteness to his sorrows. He was compelled to allow, that the blame he had hastily cast on others, was originally his *own*. From his worldly disappointments, he was thrown back upon his religious declensions, as the source of *all* evils. Conscience, from having slumbered so long, now awoke ‘to bite like an adder, and sting like a serpent.’ She busied herself in throwing up to his view every event which he had struggled to forget; and seemed determined to revenge the affront, which he had so repeatedly given, in the hour of his utmost calamity. Coward as Lefevre had always been to his conscience, he now writhed under the pangs

he could no longer escape, and vainly wished that they and existence would terminate together !

“ Meantime, the night shut in still, close, and sultry, foreboding the approach of storm. As the hours passed, every sign of convulsion in the elements increased ; and, before midnight arrived, the labouring atmosphere discharged itself in the most violent manner. The hail dashed to the ground in heavy columns ; the blue lightnings glazed by fits the face of the whole earth and heavens ; while the thunder rolled and broke in one continuous peal, like the varying but constant roaring of tumultuated waters !

“ Lefevre was not superstitious. He had often enjoyed the sublimity of a storm ; but this was no season for enjoyment. It gave power to an incensed conscience, and terror to the impressions of his guilt. ‘ The sins of his youth were set in order before him ;’ and the hand of death seemed pointing to a dark, a hopeless, a fathomless eternity. He bit his lip under the poignancy of inward anguish, and trembled to find himself at the mercy of a raised imagination. He shut his eyes, lest he should see any other form than his own ;—he closed his ears, lest he should hear some unearthly sounds ;—and, enveloping himself in his bed-covering, breathed quick and hard, while perspiration started from every pore ! Joyful at that hour was the cry of the passing watchman, breaking

on the terrible solitude of the night; more joyful the first dawns of open day, which threw a check on the disorderly fancy of Lefevre!

"Another day and night passed away in a similar manner, only that a continuance of the same distress, left him less able to support it. On the third day it became absolutely insupportable to Lefevre. Imagination, long unruly, now usurped dominion, and sometimes succeeded in giving to chimeras the character of substance and reality."*

This account is at once so extraordinary, that the reader can hardly be led to suppose that the very opposite was the case. However, I solemnly and boldly assert, my assertion is no proof; I shall, therefore, in confirmation of the statement in my *Memoirs*, commencing p. 280, give a fact or two. Mr. Reed in the above pages, blends my official employ and *extra* engagements. In regard to all he has stated of me relative to the public office where I was fifteen years, I beg leave to refer the reader to the letter from the gentleman at the head of the department to the Board of the London Orphan Asylum. *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 257. But since my *Memoirs* were written, I have received another *weighty* testimony in contradiction to Mr. Reed's disgraceful falsities relative to my conduct in the public office, which one of

* No Fiction, vol. ii. pp. 48—52.

his own members—one who is a great admirer of his pulpit talents, said, spoke more than a volume in favour of me, and in contradiction to the barefaced untruths of Mr. Reed. A simple and true statement is best. On the 1st of January, 1823, a friend of my brother's (Mr. Ewart, wine-merchant of Wallow Street, who came with my brother to fetch me from Chatham) was dining with him, and after dinner my brother said, 'Frank, you will take a glass of wine on New Year's day;' which on my refusing, he pulled a letter out of his pocket, and with tears in his eyes, handed it over to me, saying, 'I have great pleasure in informing you, you are *now* an independent man; it gives me inexpressible gratification, not only as making you independent; but as relieving your mind from the *shameful slanders of your enemy*. *That letter speaks what your conduct was during the time you was in the office.*' The following is an extract. The original I will shew to any one.

(EXTRACT.)

To MR. BARNETT,
Spring Gardens Hotel.

January 1, 1823.

Sir,

I have never lost sight of the unfortunate circumstances which have attached to your brother, and about four months

since I represented all of them to the ———, who desired me to prepare a case for the Treasury; and I lose no time in acquainting you, that I have received a letter from the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, authorising an allowance of £— per annum, to be paid to him, commencing from the 28th August last.

I do not know your brother's present address; but in any case it will be a pleasure to you to communicate the result of their Lordships' application to him.

Believe me, Sir,

Your faithful servant, &c.

The above, I assure my readers, was the *first official communication* I received, which, *in any way*, I could construe into a *reprimand*; and I think it will be by candid readers considered as evidence in "proof as strong as Holy Writ," of what my conduct was during the time I was in the office; and how different a character I must have been to what my traducer represents.

On this I shall make no further observations, only recording it in gratitude to the Almighty, to my superior officers, and as a powerful and undeniable evidence of Mr. Reed's falsities. In the statement relative to the Water-works, however, Mr. Reed goes further, and charges me with felony direct; so that it will be necessary to bring down a few of the above calumnies. Mr.

Reed states, that "I received a request to balance my accounts connected with the agency;" "No Fiction," vol. ii. p. 48. That "a small bill became due, which I was obliged to take up; and not having sufficient cash of my own, I borrowed a small sum from my agency account to meet the emergency," so that "the summons I had received, therefore, literally confounded me," "I could not pass my accounts properly, till I had recovered from some delays, and I could not recover from them suddenly," p. 48. This is a charge of felony! But will the reader believe it possible, that so far from there being a shadow for any thing like these created falsities and calumnies, that I had by accident overpaid my account the week before. Allow me to request the reader to peruse my account as given in my Memoirs, vol. i. p. 282—284; and then read the following letters sent to my brother, at the time I was taken ill, which was on the 11th of November, 1816.

To MR. ROBERT BARNETT,
Spring Gardens Hotel.

Temple Place,

November 15, 1816.

Sir,

I have taken a transcript of Mr. F. Barnett's receipts; and if there be no other than those you gave up to me, they amount to £50 : 19s.

His account with me is credited for £21 2s. A draught sent to the office by Mr. F. Barnett, and a balance of £4 : 5d. appear due to him from the amount of our last settling, which together, makes £25 : 2s. : 5d. So that he is indebted to the Company £25 : 16s. : 7d. the difference between the sum lodged here, and that received on account of the Company ; which sum you may either send to me, to be returned in his account to the Board on Monday, or you may let it stand over until we shall have the pleasure of seeing him here again. I hope sir, that you will find him gain strength daily ; and that he will shortly be able to resume his collection again.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
J. Nelthorpe.

To MR. ROBERT BARNETT,
Spring Gardens Hotel.
Temple Place,

November 22, 1816.

Sir,

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of a draught, for £25 : 16s. : 7d. the amount of Mr. F. Barnett's account with the Proprietors of the Lambeth Water-works.

Allow me now to convey to you the pleasure I feel, at hearing that Mr. F. Barnett is recovering. I will call in a day or two when I hope I may see him. If he be

much better as to receive a message, I should be glad to be remembered to him.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
J. Nelthorpe.

From these the reader will see, how utterly groundless as well as shameful, is Mr. Reed's account. But further testimony will be found in the following letter from my landlord Mr. Warburton ; wherein he states that on the very night I was taken ill, he checked my *monies* with my receipts,—found an overplus,—paid it over to my brother,—and now has that receipt in his possession. I leave the reader to draw his own conclusions from Mr. Reed's account, and to make his own remarks on this shameful statement. And I think the reader will expect, with me, a direct contradiction of these documents, in his "full justification." Nothing else will do ; at least nothing else would do, before a jury of my country : and when an individual is attacked, slandered, degraded as I have been by this writer, the whole country becomes a voluntary jury, and will not admit of any sophistry or quibbling.

In testimony of my general character, and the continued confidence of my employers, to the very day, and after I was taken ill, (which operated so far that they did not appoint a successor for six months after I left, and when there was no hope of my being

heard of again,) I beg to refer the reader to Mr. Nelthorpe's letter, *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 349. But perhaps the most satisfactory evidence I can give to some of *Mr. Reed's* friends, that I was not so much in want of money as to commit felony, will be found from my statement, *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 274 and by a letter in p. 275, from the Rev. Andrew Reed, in which he acknowledges himself my debtor, and could not pay me. The old divines used to say, 'A grain of grain is better than a bushel of gifts,' so those who are not *novel readers*, will say, a grain of truth, from honest men, will be considered more valuable than a cart load of fiction.

From pp. 51, 52, is an account by *Mr. Reed*, which must be evident was only an effort of the writer's depraved imagination, resulting from charges, and defalcations, and reprimands, which had no existence except in his injuriously prolific and debased imagination. What presumption is apparent in their relations, to tell my thoughts, my breathing, and the horrors of a night, which no one could describe, but the afflicted individual. With stoical pride, he assumes the powers of Deity: the feelings of selfishness, without any tender emotions of sympathy, absorb the whole of his conduct.

CHAP. xxii. p. 53. During this year, *Mr. Reed* states that he was awakened one night from his sleep by a loud knocking at his house door, and that it was I who knocked.

which is a fact; and which was on the 11th of November, 1816, when I was attacked by my malady, as may be seen by the following letter from Mr. Warburton, and which is confirmed by the previous letters from Mr. Nelthorpe.

In the opening of the chapter, he commences by a most barefaced falsehood. It is simply as follows, "Douglas had not heard from Lefevre since the interview which has been noticed," relative to Miss D—, and goes on to relate that he "occasionally wondered within himself whether it had taken place;" "and he looked forward with some anxiety to my domestic settlement;" and though he had not heard of me "he had, however, heard of Miss D—; and from the character she bore, he hoped the union might effect what nothing else had been able to accomplish." An account of the interview is added to will be found in Chap. xx. pp. 202, vol. ii. of "No Fiction."

He commences Chapter xxi. by stating, "The following day after this interview, Lefevre had set apart for a visit to Miss D—;" which I fulfilled, when she returned, as he states, pp. 36, 37, my letters; and, says, in consequence of that rejection I became dissolute; because my pride would not allow me to look to one "who had decidedly rejected me." Now I should like to know how this can for a moment be reconciled with common sense, and how any

one can put confidence in his statements; for even without the production of any facts this carries its own contradiction; for if I had set apart and fulfilled my intention to visit Miss D—, as related, and if I was so fully rejected, without ceremony, as he relates, surely the *person who informed him* about Miss D—, after this, *who appears to have known a good deal about her*, would also have informed him that I had been rejected; consequently he could not have wondered whether the “domestic settlement had taken place.” I only make these remarks to shew that, if readers would weigh the statements, instead of hurrying over incidents, they would see that the work contradicts itself in almost every chapter. By facts are stubborn things, and therefore the shall be my auxiliaries. He says, “he has not heard of me from the interview alluded to;” yet in p. 275 of my Memoirs, the reader will find a copy of a letter from him to me, of the 7th of August, which commences by saying, “Your *speaking* so carelessly &c.; and in consequence of which let us and his withholding money he owed me our correspondence was carried on until nearly the time I was taken ill. Surely the reader will say, “The truth is not in him. And it is most likely that in consequence the irritation arising from this correspondence, I went to his house, as alluded to, a state of derangement.

Page 53, Douglas says, after he opened the door to me, "I flew into his parlour in a state of extreme agitation, a hopeless gloom strayed rather than rested on my countenance, while my eye rolled in strange wildness from object to object." Nay, further, that I was in such a state, that "DOUGLAS questioned his safety in my presence."

From p. 53—57, Mr. Reed gives the conversation that transpired during the time I was under the full influence of mental imbecility, and at a time when he himself acknowledges I was deprived of my reason.

That Mr. Reed wishes the reader to understand that the whole of the preceding conversation transpired (admitting his own statement to be true, which I do not; not because I was then in a state which enabled me to recollect, for I was evidently deprived of my reason,) while I was in a state of derangement, is evident, for in p. 52, he relates that, "*Imagination long unruly, now usurped dominion; and sometimes succeeded in giving to her chimeras the character of substance and reality.*" Now, whatever derangement may be, it is acknowledged by all that it is the occupancy of some "chimera" in the brain, which gives "substance and reality" to its chimeras; or it is from the mysterious permission of Deity, by which spirits are permitted for a time to veil themselves in shapes, visible to the physical organs; or the veil is, for a time, thrown

off the optic nerve, so that it may view the world of spirits. Surgeon Lawrence, in his lectures on Human Nature, the Rev. Andrew Reed, and others of the same school, resolve the whole into material causes. Because they are ignorant of the world of spirits, and want to be wise above what is written; and because they will not bend their shallow minds to the Word of God, they give names to substance, and substance to names, which have no definite meaning, and which, while it is an attempt to display the superior powers of their mind; gives a strong evidence of their own weakness and imbecility; for still the question returns, what are the "*chimeras* of the imagination, which gives substance and character to their *chimeras*?" They might as well say, the nonentities of the imagination give substance and reality to nonentity. Such writers as Mr. Reed and Mr. Lawrence, would have treated the prayer of Elijah, to have the eyes of his servant opened for *a time*, with contempt and ridicule; and also our Lord for not saying to his disciples, when they spoke, "We thought we had seen a spirit," that it was only a *chimera*, instead of saying as he did, "spirits have not flesh and bone."

Leaving however the cause of derangement to be settled between the materialist and immaterialist; the effect is not disputed and it is agreed that the person who is unfortunately so afflicted, is dispossessed of hi

reason, during the time those phantoms or chimeras occupy the brain. By this occupancy they are driven to acts, expressions, and conduct, of which the agent himself is wholly ignorant. If the person who may have been so awfully afflicted, is deprived of his recollection; yet even after his recovery, the recollection returns of some of those images, chimeras, or visible appearances which presented themselves to his then deranged vision, which is the case with me. In addition to what I have stated in my *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 285, I have it in perfect recollection, that I then, while sensibly surrounded by spirits, did not know whether I really was on the earth, or had been translated to another state of being. It is unnecessary however for me to give a detail of those appearances, or to describe their operation and influence at that time and afterwards. Should it please the Divine goodness to extend my existence beyond the period of controversial irritation, I shall at my leisure, turn my attention to a recollection of the past, with great minuteness of investigation, and to trace if possible the operation of a spiritual agency; as I conceive that derangement is but imperfectly understood. The fear of the patient gets the ascendancy in the mind, and prevents him from relating what he knows or recollects, lest it should be considered that he is still insane, or merely occupied by the visions of

fancy. In the mean time I should like see an essay by the Rev. A. Reed, on what he calls "the chimeras of the *imagination*, which give to her *chimeras* the *character* of substance and reality.* That I was in a state of derangement when I went to Mr. Reed's house, must be evident from the time and the manner. It was between one and two o'clock in the morning; and that such derangement continued during the whole time this extraordinary dialogue transpired; as related from p. 54—57, vol. ii. "No Fiction," is acknowledged by Mr. Reed; for he says p. 58, after the dialogue was ended. "*Reason*, which had *reeled* under the sallies of an *exasperated* imagination, now seemed to recover her just *moderacy*." And what was the result of that restoration? "He pressed some refreshments

* Toward the end of last year, a valuable friend put into my hands an extraordinary production, by *James Heaton*, on Demoniac Possession. It is sold by *Blanchard*, City Road; and *Maxwell*, 21, Bell Yard, Temple Bar. I understand the author is preparing a more enlarged work on this subject. Should he see this; I beg to request his perusal of the life of *Richard Rothwell*, and *Robert Batson*, Pages 67 and 179, of *Clarke's Lives of Thirty-two English Divines*, attached to his "*Martyrologie*;" in which he will find some facts to substantiate his hypothesis, which may be treated with ridicule by infidel Doctors and shallow Divines; but which they will find it hard to answer; at least if they believe in the Scriptures. Could I suppose my real account could be of any use to him, I would willingly give him a detail.

to me, and then *insisted* on my retiring to bed," p. 58, with which I complied. The evidence that reason was restored, was from my acting so reasonably; which if it had not been restored, I should neither have taken any refreshments, nor have gone to bed; as is lamentably evidenced by all who are similarly affected. According then to Mr. Reed's account, he gives to the world six pages of a related conversation, during the time reason was driven from her empire, and when the "*chimeras* of the imagination which gave *substance* and *reality* to these *chimeras* *usurped dominion*." And this dialogue he has given, without ever having a conversation with me on the subject, relative to what transpired that evening and afterwards; and in which interview he makes me to confess to the commission of a crime, which the very *thought of*, horrified me; preyed upon me night and day for six years, until its operation burst forth in derangement. And *in May*, 1819, he publishes to the world that I had acknowledged to the commission of a crime, which would make a man "hate his own flesh;" while in a *real letter to me*, in the *September previous*; the first letter I received from him on my return to England; and which by a succeeding letter he *acknowledges* that it was *before* he had heard from me since that evening; and without any explanation or reference to the confession of that even-

ing, he concludes it by saying, "*Should this find you, believe it comes from one WHO CANNOT CEASE TO LOVE YOU.*" See my *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 331 and 334.

A sense of the obligation I owe to society will not allow me to allude to the nature of the crime. But from my *Memoirs*, vol. i. pp. 102, 111, 123, 134, 256, 257, 259, 280, 285, 286, its nature may in some measure be conceived; as also from my remarks, vol. ii. p. 93—99. And after the reader has perused these remarks in the Review, I have to entreat him to re-peruse the account in *Memoirs*, vol. i. from p. 102—111, as it regards the time it was brought; which the reader will see, Mr. Reed has altered, and *thrown forward* in his "*No Fiction*" account, *three years*. But I promised the reader, in reviewing Chap. xv. of "*No Fiction*," that I would notice the letters from Plymouth, when I came to review this chapter; I therefore proceed to fulfil my promise.

In p. 208, vol. i. "*No Fiction*," Mr. Reed says, on his arriving at Plymouth, in December 1812," (which was in February, 1810, which, let him contradict if he is able,) "*he took occasion to notice particularly one serious and glaring impropriety, into which, he had every reason to think Lefevre had fallen.*" The reason why he did not mention it before was because "*he had also found, that on some subjects he could*

succeed better with Lefevre by letter, than by verbal intercourse." p. 208, vol. i. "No Fiction."

From this statement the reader will perceive, that although he actually *supposed* I had *committed the crime*, in which supposition he remained *unmoved* notwithstanding my denial; for he *pretendingly* said to me in his reply to my letter, (*part of which he has published, the remainder of which he has suppressed and the vacuum of which he has filled up with his fabrications to answer his own purpose,*) "I was slow—very slow to believe; *and I had, and still have, every reason to think it true.*" Yet, although I thought it was true, even after I had denied it, and for some secret motive, he goes two hundred and twenty miles to *reason* with me, or in other words, to *sound me* on the subject. For granting, for argument sake, that this letter is partly a fabrication, which is the case, as he wrote a very different one, his publication of it shews his thoughts at the time. Now if it had been a fact, he not only had every "reason to think it true;" but he *actually must have known* it; for it was not a charge "of living" in the crime, as he wishes to insinuate in the partly fabricated letter of mine; but it was the *charge* of the commission of a crime on a *certain occasion* alluded to, and of which commission, had it taken place, no one could know but himself, and all the asseverations

of the concentrated universe could not persuade him it was *not so*. And yet he says he still *believed it was true*. But when he finds that I took it up, as any innocent man would do, who feels an abhorrence of such a crime; he entreats me, p. 211, vol. i. "To let the subject then sink into *oblivion*, and let it be to us both, as though it never had been." In which very sentence he still states that it *did* occur; for he says, "*Let it be to us both, as though it never had been.*"—Which is still maintaining and saying it did occur; but think *no more of it*; never mind if it did occur. But his mind appeared to be made up, even if he could *not persuade* me to forget it; for he plainly tells me, and tells the world, that, although it had occurred—although, notwithstanding my denial, he was still satisfied it did occur; and although he was uncertain whether I would sink it into oblivion or *not*, yet, he had made up his mind; for he says, "*I promise you it shall be thus with me.*" And so it *appears*, for in p. 105, vol. i. "*No Fiction*," he tells the world that he passed over "nearly two years," after we left Knaresborough, (which was in September, 1808; see *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 73—80,) as a period which is recorded in memory *as one of the most interesting and profitable.*" See "*No Fiction*," vol. i. p. 105. Now it was in the latter end of 1809, within fourteen months of the time we "greeted each other

in London," that the crime was stated to me as having been *committed*; for it was in February, 1810, he wrote to me about it. If it was *not*, let him produce my real letter with the post-mark on it, and that will shew. But in the absence of that, the following *real words*, almost the *identical words* with the above, in his letter to me of November, 1810, shew it, and also the difference of my feelings which were then preying upon me, from *thinking on it only*; "There was, indeed, a time when I manifested a coolness, *and foolishly concealed the cause*; but that has been explained, and ~~GUNK INTO OBLIVION BY ME.~~" *Memoirs*, vol. I. p. 120. But if he thought it better to write to me on the subject, in preference to speaking to me, as it is acknowledged *at once* to be an awful and delicate accusation; not *too* delicate, however, for him to *print, circulate and apologize for* in a religious novel; why did he not write to me from *Hackney Academy*, where *he was at the time*, and where he had plenty of pens, ink and paper, supplied at my own expense, as may be seen by his real letters to me? The answer requires no consideration. Had he written to me from Hackney on the subject, he knew I should have gone to him immediately. He would then have had no letter from me. He therefore *waited* till he went to Plymouth Dock, 220 miles off, where he knew I could not see him, and when he knew I

should answer his letter. What was his motive? Was it to entrap me? What could it be? Conscience speak—do thy office—probe him to the bottom. What could be the reason will be reiterated throughout the earth—will be resounded through the heavens on the final day, and will ultimately be resounded in hell!

But in this letter to me, wherein he states, he had “every *reason* to think it true,” and wherein he puts the word in *italics*, to shew his conviction that I had *actually* committed *the offence*; (for it must allude to the *commission of the crime*; for to talk about his having “every *reason* to believe it was true;” that he thought *it was true*, would be worse than nonsense) in this very letter he says, “*One word, however, in dismissing it for ever.* I am concerned for that *high spirit* you discover on the intimation, (for *it was not a CHARGE*) made, as you must believe, in the purest friendship.” “No Fiction,” vol. i. p. 211. Now reader, mind, he here says *expressly*, and he puts the word “*charge*” in *italics* himself, to arrest the reader’s attention and to insure his confidence, that it was “not a *charge*,” it was only an “intimation.” Yet in November, 1816, in the solemn stillness of the night—when there was no eye to see—no ear to hear;—except the eye and ear of that Being, who not only hears all things, but whose eye penetrates into the inmost recesses

of the heart;—at a moment so solemn, as that, he relates me as exclaiming in an agony, “I believe I shall die. Now I am satisfied! I could not die with it on my conscience.” Whether this is true or false does not alter the question. He makes me say to him, “You remember when you were at Plymouth writing to me, and BRINGING A CHARGE AGAINST ME;” what is the answer? Does he say to me, “No, Charles, I did not bring a *charge*, ‘it was not a *charge*,’ it was only an ‘intimation.’” But hear, reader, what he says; “YES, I DO.” “No Fiction,” vol. ii. pp. 55, 56. Now let the Rev. Andrew Reed and his friends come forward and reconcile these palpable contradictions. In one instance or the other he must have told me a barefaced falsity, supposing that I put the question, either when he was writing to me from Plymouth, or when he gave this answer. If “the lie (for it is *not* the *crime* which he makes *hang heavy upon me*; observe particularly, *not* the *crime*, only the *lie* to him, it was the LIE ONLY) sunk like burning lead to the bottom of my soul;” p. 56. This lie, with many others, the Rev. Andrew Reed will not only have to explain, but to answer for at the tribunal of the Divine Majesty, when the soul is dispossessed of its material covering, and the hidden character is fully brought to light. That soul will sink into the deepest gulf of darkness, which is the fabricator of lies, the

traducer and persecutor of the brethren ; for such awful recesses are prepared "*for whatsoever worketh or maketh a lie, and whatsoever loveth a lie.*" Rev. xxi. 27 ; xxii. 15.

Let us take the case hypothetically. Supposing I was not deranged ; and in the anguish of my soul I had gone and confessed that I had committed a crime ; supposing it was true as he states, vol. ii. p. 58, that, "I was driven to Douglas, and in defiance of all that pride and self-love had said, or would say, without hesitation, I sought, by *communicating*, to *lighten* a burden, which became altogether intolerable." Did Mr. Reed fulfil the part of a Christian minister of the Gospel, by making it known to the world, through a religious novel ? Was the confession of a deranged mind to be taken in evidence ? Has he not, by the communication, degraded his office, and done irreparable injury to the ministerial character, and sacred cause of Christianity ? Has he not done it too, without the least provocation, in a singular and flippant way ? Has he not made known to the public, a secret which ought to have been treasured up in his bosom for ever ? Where will this mischief end ? If the publication has done injury to private confidence ; as one powerful reviewer of "No Fiction" very properly observes, "Who now can unbosom himself to a friend, without the chance of finding himself *pilloried* in *octavo* or *duodecimo*,

in all the circulating libraries in the kingdom?" What must the effect be upon the minds of those who are oppressed and bowed down with *guilt*, and who want, but dare not communicate either their feelings or the workings of real or supposed guilt, to their minister, for fear that he should, like another Andrew Reed, make a novel of the communication, that through it, he might puff himself off to advantage, and procure some of the dross of corruption.

Some of our popular ministers surely, could not have been aware, and, I should hope, were not aware, that this crime was blazoned forth, surrounded with a multitude of other shameful and degrading vices, for which there was no ground, except the perverted taste and calumnious disposition of the reverend author; and hurried into the world without the knowledge of the accused party. Did they know it was written and sent out without the consent or knowledge, but even to the injury and disgrace of the party? If such ministers do exist, then I tell them boldly and fairly, they are not the ministers of that Jesus who came down from heaven, and clothed himself in human nature, that he might heal the broken spirit, give liberty to the captive, and life to them who are dead; and who came *not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance*; who said, "*Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I*

will give you rest ;” and who permitted Peter to *fall*, that he might, when he was restored, feed the flock of Christ. But I cannot believe it possible. It is true, as Jeremy Taylor states, that “*confessions of sins to the ministers of religion hath been made an instrument to SERVE BASE ENDS ; and so indeed hath all religion been abused ;*”^{*} but then it is a rare occurrence, and when the individual is *detected* for committing such an offence, not only against friendship and civil society (for the law will not *allow* of publishing the confessions of an individual to the world of the greatest abominations,) but against religion, his punishment will be not only sovereign contempt, but pointed reprehension ; at least, so it would have been in the sixteenth century, as may be seen by the following remarks of Bishop Hall, which I happened to be reading the week before Mr. Reed’s letter arrived in October last. Nor can Mr. Reed remove the full weight of this pious and eminent bishop’s denunciation, by stating that he neither revealed the sin nor the party. But he has done worse. He has drawn and stated some of the facts of my life, so that the book had not been out a week, before I was identified, not only in the metropolis, but shortly, throughout the kingdom, even before I knew of the existence of his

* Taylor’s Life of Christ, folio, p. 330.

work; and the assumption of a fictitious name was worse, because he had stated in his preface, that he "*veiled the parties concerned* from the eye of an unprofitable curiosity *only*, because the truth is lowered rather than heightened by him."

"That closet which we would have nobody go into, we seal up; that bag which we would not have opened, and that letter which we would not have seen by others, we seal up, and think it a great violation of civility to have it opened." Hence is that *sigillum confessionis* (the seal of confession) amongst the Romish casuists held so sacred, that it may not in any case whatsoever, be broken up: insomuch as their great doctor, *Martinus Alphonsus Vivaldus*, goes so far as to say, "*Si penderet salus vel liberatio totius mundi ex revelatione unius peccati, non esset revelandum, etiamsi totus mundus esset perdendus*," That if the safety of the whole world should depend upon the revealing of one sin; it is not to be revealed, though all the world should be destroyed; and adds, *Imo propter liberationem omnium animarum totius mundi non est revelandum*; Though it were for the freeing of all the souls of the whole world, it is not to be revealed, in his "*Candelabrum aureum: de sigillo*;" number xi. A strange height of expression, to give the world assurance of the close carriage of their auricular confession; and that not without need; for

were it not for this persuasion their hearths might cool, and men would keep their own counsel: and surely, not to meddle with their tyrannical impositions upon the conscience, in their forced confessions, which we do justly call *carnificinam conscientiae*; I should hold and profess, that if a man should come in the anguish of his soul for some sin, to unload his heart secretly to the bosom of his minister, of whom he looks for counsel and comfort, if in such a case that minister should reveal that sin to any other whatsoever, no death were torment enough for such a spiritual perfidiousness: all secrets are at the least sub sigillo fidei, under the seal of fidelity, and therefore not to be revealed.*

But by Mr. Reed's having attributed this crime and others to me, and making them known to the public, he has committed a breach on friendship as well as on religion and truth, and given a death-blow at that solace of human existence. Not of a common friendship, but of an extraordinary one; for ours, he says, was similar to that of David and Jonathan, which caused our names to be similarly connected, "and those who knew us felt that the association was easy and natural.†" And mine he acknowledges

* Bishop Hall's *Shaking of the Olive Tree*, p. 131. Edin. 1660.

† *No Fiction*, vol. i. p. 40.

was even superior to that of Pythias to Damon, who pledged himself to undergo the punishment which was to be inflicted on Damon, should he not return in time, and he as a guarantee delivered himself into the hands of the tyrant." Pythias did *this* from the certain hope that his friend would return and relieve him from punishment; but I offered to risk my life to preserve *my friend's*, my traducer's, when there was no hope; for he states himself that "death was before us!" Hear him, "LEFEVRE in the alarm seized the reins, and, *as though only thinking of the SAFETY OF HIS FRIEND, exclaimed, Douglas get out behind.**" This is No Fiction, this is a fact; and a fact which was repeated by himself at the tea-table of Mr. John Bromley of Commercial Road, only a few weeks after it occurred; when Mrs. Bromley observed, "Mr. Barnett, what faith *you must* have, how generous it was of you." But what will the same public think, when from "No Fiction," p. 208 and 215, they discover in connexion with my Memoirs, that it was only three months before this remarkable event, that he states he wrote to me from Plymouth, a letter containing a charge, which staggered, and finally deranged me. Its wonderful operation—its sudden, its various changes upon my different powers, I want words sufficiently and

* No Fiction, p. 217.

fully to describe ! And yet admitting, hypothetically, that there was any foundation for the charge ; had it been a fact that I afterwards made the confession, in the moment of derangement, how guilty must have been the writer of this novel, by his own confession ; guilty indeed, beyond all conception. But I am now only reasoning on the ground that he should dare to assert that I actually committed the crime, in contradiction of which his conduct to me since that time is the best evidence.

But there is another peculiar baseness attaches to this publication, and the shameful charges against me contained in it. At the time he sent it out, I was in no situation. I had by my unfortunate malady, and the working of *this charge*, which he himself had created against me : been deprived of two lucrative situations which would have produced £500 per annum, and was dependent on my friends, and was living under the roof, eating the beef, and drinking the wine, participating in the pleasures, and treated with the utmost affection and kindness by my brother ; whose kindness was increased in consequence of the death of my mother. It was under these circumstances, and this very time, which Mr. Reed embraced to lampoon, to degrade, and insult my brother ; by representations through the fictitious name of Uncle Perry. Was this the climax of friendship ? After the insult,

he was afraid of punishment by my brother, and with cowardly feelings, "eats his own words" and states a shameful falsehood, a downright falsehood; and absolutely throws *upon me** the authorship and the publication of this libellous attack; while in July last, he acknowledged before Messrs. Teape and Sheffield, that *he wrote* it and sent it out without either my knowledge or sanction. Nor had we any communication since the time he *makes* me confess the commission of the charge, except those as given, *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 330—332, and 342; in the last of which, when he had no idea I knew of it, and when and before any explanation transpired relative to it, he concludes by saying to me, "*Be one of the family. Confide in me to the FULL EXTENT of your desires,*" when he had pronounced to the world that I had committed several crimes for which I ought to have suffered death. Surely no one, not even the Rev. Matthew Wilks, will, after this, echo what Douglas says of himself, but which he *makes* to come as from me. I pronounced Douglas, "*the most excellent and noble of friends.*"† Rather will not the world, religious and profane, unite heart and hand, and offer up, not impiously, but piously and sincerely,

* See Letters to and from Mr. Barnett. *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 379—383.

† No Fiction, vol. i. p. 231.

the following prayer : " From *such friends*, good Lord deliver us." Well might some of my friends say, I was never properly recovered from the blow the charge gave my mental powers, until after last May, or else I never should have spoken to such a debasing and serpentine individual again, and this is the real fact.

Page 58, Mr. Reed states that he conveyed me to an adjoining room, and in the morning he called me, and that on that very day I was taken ill. What transpired, of course I cannot give a rational account of; but my readers will be able to form some judgment of the state I was in, from the information, that I was attended the same evening by three medical gentlemen.

Page 64, Mr. Reed states that his mother came to see me the ensuing morning, and that the most awful things escaped me; but as a delirious fit was upon me, I suppose, out of *compassion to me*, he forbids relating it. He does not say, if I said any thing about what transpired the preceding evening. It is a fact that Mrs. Reed did come, and remained with me a little while. In this page Mr. Reed goes on to state, that he, " Douglas came in. All his (my) *former feelings were revived.*" From p. 64 to 66, is an account of what transpired between us, of which I do not appear to have been conscious; but in p. 66, I recognize Douglas, and I say, "Yes, you are Douglas;" he then

states that I said, "*Don't you remember what I told you.*" So that this may be considered as a continuation of my conversation "after reason, which had reeled under the sallies of a disordered imagination," had been restored; and to keep up this conviction on the reader's mind, in p. 64, he states, that he said to me, "*I know more than any one of what you have been guilty;*" and at the conclusion of this page, Mrs. Reed is made to drop "down by my bedside, and raised her hand in supplication." In p. 64, they entreat me to pray, and p. 65, Mrs. Russell says, "Shall we pray for you;" and then she says, "he does not object," and "*Douglas sank on his knees, but was not in a state for regular prayer.* They uttered their desires rather by cries and tears unto God, than by any connected sentences."

Page 66 is a continuation of my conversation, and such as might be expected, as resulting from that of the evening when I went to Douglas. But it appears that some things I then stated, were two indelicate, or too improper to be related, so that he leaves blanks, and fills them in with asterisks, in this and page 67, which plan is always adopted by *delicate* writers, when they want to give a display of their delicacy, and *yet wish to convey* to their readers that they have given a faithful detail of a dialogue, and wish to be believed that they

have "*lowered*, rather than *heightened*, the truth." In this page he states, "*Wallis and my uncle came in.*" I wish the reader to take particular notice of this, for in p. 67, he makes *Wallis say*, *it is* Poor fellow! this is only what might have been expected, *veiling* his sentiments in *ambiguous words*, lest Douglas should correct him."

Page 68, he makes me to say, "*O Wallis! you have ruined me! you first led me astray—first brought me to base company! O, I was never unhappy until I knew you!*" In p. 68, "*Wallis then endeavoured to cover his awkwardness under this address, by assuming an air of indifference.*" He then relates nearly a page of my continued address to Wallis, and states that "*Wallis was somewhat confounded at this personal address, made in such a confident tone before so MANY WITNESSES.*" However, with his self-complacent, uninquiring temper, uneasiness never dwelt long; and to deliver himself from it the sooner, he referred all that Lefevre had said to *insanity.*" As the whole of these pages must be considered of great importance, as they give the development of my feelings after the confession, and shew how minute Mr. Reed has been, not only in relating what *actually transpired*, but in putting asterisks in when the conversation was too bad to be related, I will, for fear the reader may not have "*NO Fiction*" by

him, quote the whole of these pages before I make any comment.

"Early on the ensuing morning, the faithful and affectionate Mrs. Russell arrived. A delirious fit was upon him. She spake to him ; it was useless. He was not sensible to surrounding objects. The most affecting, the most awful things escaped him. She sat down by his side, weeping for him, as a mother for a son who refuses to be comforted.

"Mr. Douglas came in. All his former feelings were revived. He stood over the bed pensive and prayerful, restraining the violence of his actions, and watching an opportunity to address him.

"Lefevre had, from exhaustion, been silent a few minutes. He began again exclaiming at intervals :—' Mary !—Mary !—but you won't listen to me—no—you rejected me—cast me off—cruel Mary !—Yet you did weep—I remember you did—but it's easy to weep.—I should like to weep—but I can't—(passing his hand over his fiery eyeballs)—and yet my heart's very sad—very sad indeed !——I told you if you left me I should fall—and now I am fallen low enough, a'n't I ?—I shall never get up again !—Perhaps you'll pity me now !—don't you think you'll have to answer for all this ?—But I won't accuse you Mary—no I—I won't accuse you !—Why, it's all my own fault—I should have kept as I was—

not forsaken my God—not despised my Saviour.—O, Douglas, why did I leave you!—Those base fellows led me away—Ah! Douglas, you should not have let me go, indeed you should not.’—

“He paused, and seemed coming to himself.

“‘Charles!’ said Douglas.

“He looked towards him—‘Don’t you know me?’ Douglas continued.

“‘No Sir—I don’t know you—I have been very ill—and very wretched!—I have seen strange things!—I told Douglas, and he said he’d come and talk with me.’

“‘Well, I am Douglas. I have come to talk with you. Don’t you know me, Charles?’

“Recovered by the sound of his voice, and passing his eyelids over his eyes, to clear his sight and recollection, he exclaimed—‘Yes,—you are Douglas!’

“‘Yes—and I am your friend, and wish to comfort you.’

“‘Comfort me!—Ah! you cannot—nobody can comfort me!—You ought not to come to me. How I have abused you—injured you—don’t you remember *what I told you?*’

“‘I do—and from my heart, Charles, I forgive you that, and every thing else, you may think you have done against me.’

“‘Ah! *you* forgive me—you were always kind—but I cannot forgive myself—And God will never forgive me!’

“ ‘O yes he will !—“ He is waiting to be gracious !” ’ ”

“ ‘ Ah ! but not to *me*—not to *me* !”

“ ‘ Yes to *you*, Charles ! Was he not gracious to Saul of Tarsus, a persecutor and blasphemer—the “ chief of sinners ?” ’ ”

“ ‘ Ah ! I am worse than *he*—I am the *very* chief of sinners. Consider, I am a *backslider*—that’s the *worst* of *all* characters.’ ”

“ ‘ But yet the backslider may be pardoned. Was not the apostatizing Peter pardoned ?’ ”

“ ‘ His sins were not like *mine*.’ ——— ”

“ ‘ But God assures us “ he will heal our *backslidings*—that though our sins are as crimson and scarlet, they shall be white as snow.” ’ ”

“ ‘ Yes—that’s all true, I believe—but I am an *exception*—who is like *me* ?—Do not flatter me Douglas. My condemnation is sealed here (laying his hand on his breast) —Consider, what mercies I have abused—what privileges I have neglected—what convictions I have stifled—what sins I have committed.’ ”

“ ‘ For the world, my dear Charles, I would not *flatter* you. I do consider your sins, and all their aggravations ; and, while I consider them, I most deliberately assure you, that they do not put you beyond the reach of mercy. No !—though you had committed even more sins than you have,

not forsaken my God—not despised Saviour.—O, Douglas, why did I see you!—Those base fellows led me away. Ah! Douglas, you should not have let me go, indeed you should not.’—

“He paused, and seemed coming to himself.

“‘Charles!’ said Douglas.

“He looked towards him—‘Don’t you know me?’ Douglas continued.

“‘No Sir—I don’t know you—I have been very ill—and very wretched!—I have seen strange things!—I told Douglas he said he’d come and talk with me.’

“‘Well, I am Douglas. I have come to talk with you. Don’t you know me, Charles?’

“Recovered by the sound of his name, and passing his eyelids over his eyes, he cleared his sight and recollection, he exclaimed—‘Yes,—you are Douglas!’

“‘Yes—and I am your friend, and I will try to comfort you.’

“‘Comfort me!—Ah! you cannot comfort me!—You ought to have come to me. How I have abused you, and injured you—don’t you remember what I told you?’

“‘I do—and from my heart, Charles, I forgive you that, and every thing else, and may think you have done against me.’

“‘Ah! you forgive me—you were always kind—but I cannot forgive myself. And God will never forgive me!’

"O do ask him Charles!" rejoined Mrs. Russell. "He has said, 'ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find.'" Do pray to him! Only say, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" He will hear you."

"Yes, he will hear you, my dear Charles, rely upon it," said Douglas. "O think of his love in dying for us, when we were ungodly and rebellious! How much more shall he regard us, when we ask his mercy?"

"It is too late!"

"No!" replied Douglas, "it is not too late! it cannot be too late while you are out of eternity."

"Lefevre was affected. Douglas wept. Mrs. Russell sobbed. She thought there was a ray of hope. Always ardent, her feelings rose with her hopes, and she continued sobbing and saying, 'O Charles, do be persuaded—do listen to me—listen to Mr. Douglas—you loved Mr. Douglas—and he loves you—listen to him. Do try to pray. Bless my ears with one prayer—if it is only "Lord help me." Say, Lord help me—do! He will hear you, indeed he will. Shall we pray for you? Mr. Douglas, do pray for him—he does not *object*.'

"Douglas sank on his knees, but was not in a state for regular prayer. They uttered their desires rather "by cries and tears unto God," than by any connected sentences.

"They arose, and, in silence, looked anxiously and tearfully upon him. He had

evidently been greatly agitated, and appeared as though his thoughts were beginning to wander. His despair strengthened with the disorder of his mind. 'O don't weep for me,' he cried, 'my heart is so hard, I cannot weep. Once sympathy was dear to me—but now it's like oil to my burning conscience.'

" 'We weep,' cried Mrs. Russell, 'for love, for hope; we hope you will recover—we hope our prayers will be heard.'—

" 'No never!—no never!' he exclaimed in a deep but resolved voice—'your prayers will bless *you*, but they cannot bless *me*—none can bless me but God, and he *will* not. It is *just*, I have forsaken him. "*I will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh,*"—*think of that!*'

" He paused, and was getting more confused. Wallis and his uncle came into the room, but he did not distinguish them. He looked round with wildness, and continued at intervals.—

" 'Lost, lost, for ever lost! O I have forsaken my God—he called, but I would not hear—he stretched out his hand, but I rejected it—*think of that!* See! how his broad eye frowns upon me! O hide me—hide me—from the wrath of the Lamb! Cruel Douglas, to tell me to look to the cross—any thing but that!—

* * * * *

O how I burn!—Pour some water over me here (running his hand over his bosom)—*Unquenchable fire, think of that!*—a worm that *dieth not*—if it would but die!—Death is nothing—but it's what comes after death—dreadful—dreadful!

* * * * *

Mind I tell you—take care of sin—it's a nasty, bloody thing. If it stains your conscience you'll never get it off—I trifled with it—and I shall never be clean again! Take care of sin!—God won't forgive you else—O, He is good and merciful—very—very—but then he's *just*—he's *just!*—*think of that!*—O I have forsaken my God—I have forsaken my God!

“Lefevre groaned heavily as he terminated these and some similar exclamations; and looked round on the objects in the chamber, with that “speculation in his eyes,” which indicated the return of his mind to his senses. Wallis and Lefevre's uncle gazed on each other in wonder.

“‘Poor fellow! this is only what might have been expected,’ said Wallis, veiling his sentiments in ambiguous words, lest Douglas should correct him.

“‘Expected indeed,’ said the uncle, ‘this is what I always thought his over-righteous ways would come to. I told him it would never hold long, and if it did, it would be

sure to turn his brain. You see my words are true. It's all his religion—that's a clear case.'

"Lefevre sprung hastily in his bed as the last sentence caught his ear, and exclaimed, '*All my religion, sir!* O, is the just punishment of my sins to be imputed to religion! No, Sir, it is all for the *want* of religion that you see me thus! I neglected—despised that religion which you awfully blaspheme, this makes me wither and perish as you see, under the curse of Almighty God!'

" 'Well, don't discompose yourself, Lefevre,' said Wallis, stepping towards him. He had not distinctly recollected his presence. He turned a piercing eye upon him, which spoke to his soul, his tongue faltered a moment, and then he said—'O Wallis! you have ruined me! How can I look at you! Yes—you have not gone the lengths I have—but you *first* led me astray—*first* brought me to base company! O, I was never unhappy till I knew *you*!—Yet it was all *my own fault*—I knew better.'

"Wallis endeavoured to cover his awkwardness under this address, by assuming an air of indifference.

"Lefevre's quick eye, still searching his countenance, observed it. 'O Wallis,' said he, 'attend to me! I have little to say in this world! There is hope for *you*. Doubt not the truth of religion. I tried to doubt, but I don't doubt *now*! I *feel* there is a

God whom I have offended. I *feel* there is heaven I have lost. I *feel* there is a hell—I have the witness here (striking his breast).—O do not trifle as I have done—as *you* have done—renounce the world—fly to the saviour. Brave not the terrors of God! I could brave more than you, but see what I can! The finger of God crushes me like a moth! O 'tis a terrible thing to fall into the hands of the living God!"

"Wallis was somewhat confounded at his personal address, made in such a confident tone, before so many witnesses. However, with his self-complacent, uninquiring temper, uneasiness never dwelt long; and to deliver himself from it the sooner, he referred all Lefevre had said to *insanity*."

Probably the reader will be beforehand with me in thinking, that after the previous remarks, it would have been more proper, even if true, for Mr. Reed, *as a professed minister of the Gospel*, or as a professed friend, if he had abstained from relating what transpired in a sick room, when I was attended by three medical gentlemen, of the highest respectability. If these are the reader's feelings on a supposition that it is *all true*, what must his feelings be—what words will he be able to find appropriate in the English language, sufficiently expressive to convey his indignation and abhorrence of a man—of a Christian minister, who could be so base, so degraded, so satanic, nay, worse

than satanic, (for Foster notices the inflexible decision of Satan's faithfulness to his compeers as drawn from Milton, as almost exciting admiration,) as not only to create *a part* of such conversation, but absolutely to create the *whole*. This, however, Andrew Reed has done; and the following letter puts it beyond dispute.

MR. FRANCIS BARNETT,
Spring Gardens Coffee-house.
16, *Great Charlotte Street,*
Blackfriars' Road.

Dear Sir,

I cannot feel the least hesitation in complying with ~~your~~ request to favour you with a statement of what took place on the night of the 11th of November, 1816, when you were brought home to my house, Great Charlotte Street, Blackfriars' Road, in a state of temporary derangement. On that occasion I perfectly remember taking possession of your pocket-book, your collecting-book for the Water-works, and all the money you had about you. I checked your accounts of money collected for the Water-works, and on comparing the receipts with the cash found in your pocket, there remained an overplus, which sums I handed to your brother, Mr. Robert Barnett, (whose receipt I have by me now.)

With regard to your conduct during the period from April 1, 1815, to November

16, 1816, that you resided in my house, I hereby declare, that it was highly and strictly honourable, not only as far as it related to myself, but every other person with whom I had occasion to know of your having transactions; and that in respect to money-matters no man could be more punctual.

In reply to your inquiry as to my opinion of your brother's behaviour towards you at the commencement of, and during your illness, I beg to state that it was in all respects worthy of a kind, humane and affectionately attentive brother; that in addition to the attendance of Mr. Sibree, surgeon, he ordered that of Dr. Maton, and of his own surgeon, Mr. Johnson, by all of whom, you were daily attended until sufficiently recovered to be removed to your brother's house in Spring Gardens.

As to your question, whether during your illness you were ever visited by the Rev. Andrew Reed, I can positively assert, that no such person ever entered your room, saw or held conversation with you, during the time you allude to, as it was the positive injunction of your brother, and the express direction of your medical attendants, that no person should be allowed to see or in any manner disturb you. That the reverend gentleman might have called, I will not deny, but that he was permitted to see you, I flatly contradict. The personal inquiries

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and undiminished regard,

Dear Sir,

Your sincere friend,

JAMES WARBURTON.

November 30, 1822.

From this letter it is fully evident that he never saw me at all, from the night I went to his house in a state of derangement, until January, 1817, and then only about ten minutes in the presence of my mother, after my return, when by the oppressive nature of my malady, I was driven from my brother's house. Perhaps my readers may feel indignant at me, for not giving up this religious novelist impostor before. But in extenuation, I beg leave to inform my readers, and I refer them, in confirmation of the fact, to Mrs. Warburton, that I did not know but what Mr. Reed had seen me, until last November, when I wrote to Mr. Warburton to ascertain the fact, my brother and his servants stating that they had no

collection whatever
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from Dr. Maton not

see me; and that she told him
that he did not see me. All this s.
ready to swear. O how wonderful are the
ways of Providence! Had *he* seen me, and
his friend he brought with him, what might
he not have said? Who was *this friend*?
What was his vile purpose? It must have
been diabolical. But even in the face of
witnesses;—as he knew there would be a
chasm in his narrative—as he knew that the
public would want some *confirmation* of
the astonishing conversation he relates as
taking place the night I was taken ill—as
he knew they would require some identity
of the character of Wallis, and of his having
drawn me from the paths of virtue—as he
knew the acknowledgment of my guilt,
was not strong enough as *given only in his*
presence; he *unblushingly* creates all this
vile, abominable acknowledgment of guilt,
and accusation of my friends, to fulfil a pur-
pose inscrutable and undefinable by any
human being.

I promised to unfold his character ; but I cannot ; for his character is enveloped by an extraordinary amalgamation of mystery ; and I can only give a circumlocutious definition of him, by stating, that as he has begotten by his bold fiction a race of writings before unknown, either to the church or to the world, so he appears to be of a new species of being—a phenomenon in both the religious and moral world, whose physical qualities, as well as moral powers, are hidden in mystery.

How durst a man, who stands up Sunday after Sunday to preach the law and the Gospel, *create* such falsities—such vile insinuations—such ~~abominable~~ expressions ; ~~expressions~~ expressions which could only be engendered in a depraved heart, and brought forth by a polluted imagination, and then lay their disgusting details at my door ? Or rather how dare a man who can create such abominations, get up in a pulpit to preach ? These problems are soon solved. He is dispossessed of feeling, and consequently of shame ; nor will any sufferings of another, no, not of all the beings on the globe united, give him a moment's uneasiness. Such is his temper of mind. If he can draw money out of the pockets of a credulous and silly public, by persuading them to purchase a work which is an *apology* for the *vilest of crimes*, even he would have sacrificed an innocent victim at the shrine of avarice and

vanity, had it not been for the extraordinary beneficence of the Divine Being. But the wonder would be, how such a man could find people to support and to hear him, had we not been informed by the wisest of men, that "there is nothing new under the sun."

From pp. 69—71, concluding this extraordinary chapter, is an account of the *motives* of my brother for *moving* me, with some reflections and insinuations against him; which Mr. Reed states himself are *false* and *groundless*; for he says to Mrs. Barnett, that he has "FULL AUTHORITY to say it never was the design of the *authors* to describe the BROTHER of FRANCIS," and that she was not only "misinformed" relative to *himself* being the author of "No Fiction," but "still more so as to the character of Mr. Perry being drawn for Mr. Robert Barnett;"* so that he acknowledges, while he has given so minute a statement of some of the acts of my brother, as connected with me, (as I shall shew hereafter,) that every body could recognize my brother, as being intended through Mr. Perry; yet he had so delineated and so infamously degraded him through this ideal character, that when he found that his fictions were believed as he intended, and the parties found out the attack; instead of apologizing, he solemnly declares the most barefaced falsehoods.

* See my Memoirs, vol. i. p. 383.

CHAP. XIII. p. 71, Mr. Reed commences;
 "Thus separated from his friends, Lefevre
 passed two days "almost in solitude."
 Russell called and was not asked to see him.
*Douglas called but was assured he was
 asleep.*" This is a fact, as it regards the
 first member of the sentence. He did *call*
once, as there stated, and *only once*; but
 never saw me. From pp. 71, 72, he gives
 an account of *his* friend Wallis, whom "*I*
rebuked so pointedly" before Douglas. As
 I was thus separated from my friends, will
 they not be surprised to find how he knew
 that "*I pronounced the name of Douglas.*"
 However we are released from our anxious
 surprise by the conviction, from a ~~passage~~
 of several parts of "No Fiction," that he is
 a member of the "Occult Society," and that
 he must have received his information
 through the channel of some of its members;
 this is not chimerical; it is a supposition
 "founded on fact," and he himself gives
 "substance and reality to it;" for he says,
 "I pronounced the name of Douglas; but
 it was WHEN THERE WAS NONE TO HEAR,"*
 so that it must have been communicated to
 him by his "*old friend.*" I wish he would
 inform us, however, which spirit of this
 "occult society" it was; whether Mam-
 mon, Beelzebub, "No Finesse," "No
 Affectation," or "No Display;" the "No
 Fiction" spirit had not come to its growth;

* No Fiction, vol. ii. p. 72.

so it must be some of the *old*, or the more *younger* brethren of this "occult association." In p. 70, 71, Mr. Reed states "that my brother (Uncle Perry,) and Wallis, conveyed me to my uncle's house, a tavern in the neighbourhood of the city." My brother did remove me for the reasons stated in my Memoirs, vol. i. p. 287, from my lodgings to his house, the Spring Gardens' Hotel.

In p. 72, he states "that the afternoon of the *third day* brought my mother." That is a fact; (see my Memoirs, vol. i. p. 287;) but the statement following, is not only a fiction, but a disgraceful *tissue of falsities* ~~effidently~~ *invented for some malignant purpose*, and intended to excite in the *bosom of every feeling man a disgust, an abhorrence against* my brother; who on every occasion was kind and attentive, not only to me, but to all who were subject to him, and particularly in sickness. He would even attend his servants, and get them every little comfort, which his house could produce, and the best medical advice the metropolis might afford. He was not that cruel and vulgar character Mr. Reed, shall I call him, no, rather that *fellow** Reed represents him,

* This expression may be considered harsh; but my candid readers will not think it so, from the information that I was suddenly and unexpectedly called upon to pay the last tribute of respect to the remains of a brother, whose body contained one of the most liberal

from pp. 73, 74, vol. ii. The facts I have related in my *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 289—291.

and affectionate souls, that ever emanated from Deity ; and whom Mr. Reed had slurred, and endeavoured to disgrace, insulted and libelled. We buried him at Seven Oaks, on the 11th of March, 1823. On the third of that month I read part of my *Memoirs* to him, with which he was so well pleased that I went for the remaining part of it from a professional gentleman, who kindly and liberally, without fee offered to peruse it before it went to press, and read it ; with which he expressed his complete satisfaction. He smiled, and said in a low tone to Mrs. Barnett, Frank will be a preacher yet, as my mother said ; or words to that effect. In the evening he was talking about my reply and me, and in the day appeared sensibly impressed by the compassion of God, for restoring me to reason, and granting me such a vigorous return and increase of my faculties. In the evening he was composed : at two o'clock Mrs. Barnett gave him some toast and water, and he was as well, as it regarded his general health, as he ever had been, although he had an attack of the gout upon him for the last three days. He then said his prayers ; a practice which he commenced about six weeks previous to his death ; about which time he had some serious conversation with me on the unseen world, when he said he should commence and read the Bible for himself carefully, at his cottage at Chiswick. He went to sleep, and at seven o'clock in the morning, when the servant took the tea to Mrs. Barnett, she looked at him and thought he seemed so comfortably asleep, she would not wake him, till she looked again, when she thought he breathed not ; terror seized her : she sent immediately for me : he looked as if " Nature's balmy restorer sleep," was freeing him from pain, relieving his spirits, and recruiting his frame. I looked at him—he spoke not ! and he appeared to breathe not. We sent for Dr. Maton—he came—he called for a glass, placed it to his mouth, and then calmly, in a low tone said, " Poor and happy man he is gone !" and added,

My mother arrived at my brother's, on the 14th of November, 1816. I was removed on the 17th, or 18th to his house. In the evening of that day my mother was introduced by my brother, when he thought I was in a sufficient state of mind to see her, and from that night till December 28, she slept in the same room with me; *Memoirs vol. i. ibid.* All these, and the previous facts I can and will prove, if his conduct makes it necessary, in a court of justice, from three of my brother's servants who now live at Spring Gardens, and who alternately sat up and remained with me all the time I was ill at Mr. Warburton's, and who have lived ~~with~~ my brother ever since March, 1811, when he took the Spring Gardens Hotel. How long have Mr. Reed's servants been with him? Does he and Mrs. Reed behave to them when ill as my brother did? An old servant recommended to him by two of his members, Mr. and Mrs. Mann of Whitechapel, who left some months since, and who now lives in the Commercial Road, and whose address Mr. Mann will give to any one, can satisfy the inquiries of any person who is *searching for truth.*

But nonsense is added to injury; for he says, p. 74, "It would have been well, if, in Lefevre's weak state, they had thought

how quietly he must have breathed his soul into the hands of his Creator, not even the bed-clothes disturbed.

of apprising him of his mother's arrival prior to the interview ;" yet at the conclusion of this sentence, he states that in my mother's eagerness "to embrace her beloved son, they forgot what was due to his tender feelings. With high, but varying emotions, they entered the room ;—Lefevre *was not there !*" None but a madman could have written such a passage—none but a fool could have passed it over in six editions—and none but idiots can be amused by such productions. If I am mad, I manifest, however, a little more "*method in my madness*" than he does. How could they "*apprise me of her arrival if I was not there ?*" This silly book was read by his people, and as completely believed as the Bible. Mrs. Fenn told me before Mr. Bridgman, who was one of the oldest members of his church, that this was its effect. And I believe that it was more read than the Bible by many of his people, not only on week days but on a Sunday. There is a class of religionists who can swallow any thing ; like the old lady, who, when asked if she believed that Jonah was in the whale's belly three days, said, "Believe ! yes indeed, I would have believed was it written the *whale* had been in *Jonah's belly three days.*" The remainder to p. 91, is equally fallacious, except the fact, that I did go down the Kent Road, and to Chatham ; which facts, of course, he heard in common with my friends. Little did

they think when he was making inquiries after me, it was not out of any feeling of respect, but for a secret purpose, to register some facts, that whether dead or alive, he might make up a fictitious book, to which he would give the name of "No Fiction." The title was "*a capital bait for the public*," although "*it receives its own contradiction in the very title page*," as the acute reviewer in the Eclectic Review observes :* and it has been greedily swallowed, not only by a good many "lady-fish," but by a good many "Johnny Dorys," a good many sturgeon-heads and jolt-heads, as the author's friend, Mr. Cobbett would call them; yes, and loggerheads too.

This reminds me of an anecdote I heard when young. A gentleman at Knaresborough, who, like Douglas, is wonderfully conceited, and thinks himself very witty, was at Selby with some other of my townsmen, for a few weeks, in the local militia. *He was an officer.* One day before dinner, he proposed a walk. His brethren in arms complied, and they sallied forth. No doubt, previous to this request, he had made up his mind to be very witty, should occasion offer; and if he could not see a good one, he would, no doubt, like Douglas, create one. But an excellent opportunity occurred. As

* Review of No Fiction, Eclectic Review, New Series, vol. xiii. p. 276.

they were going over the bridge, a boy was fishing. He appeared a stupid, half-bred Yorkshire boy; and therefore was good game. Our *local Douglas* officer seized the opportunity. He said to him, "What is tea fishing for my lad?" "Out I can catch," he answered. "Is tea fishing for *Loggerheads*," he added, facetiously, smiling to his companions. "Hey, (said the lad,) will tea tack't heak." This *Douglas local officer* was annoyed by our Knaresborough boys, crying out to him ever afterwards, "Will tea tack't heak." Reed has been fishing for loggerheads, and he has found so many to "*tack't heak*," that I find by yesterday's Herald, that he has not only re-baited his "No Fiction" hook the seventh time; but has hooked "Martha" on another line to catch "*gudgeons and small fry*." I wonder if the people will be "gudgeoned out of their money" by this bait!

To shew identity beyond dispute. To shew how careful Mr. Reed has been to "veil the parties concerned* from an unprofitable curiosity," (as he states in the preface,) in p. 89, vol. ii. "No Fiction," he prints *verbatim*, with the alteration of the *initials only*, the *real bill* my brother

* I beg pardon, he perhaps means to convey, and perhaps will say he means, the "*parties concerned in getting up*," his silly, scurrilous, indelicate and vile drama, in which are expressions that would cause the repeater of them to be scouted off our stage.

had printed for me on January 7, 1817; and which was put in the window in every post town in England, (see *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 293,) on that day, and *again* in the April following; and to insure identity, he puts in the *very place* where this occurred. *It was at Chatham*. The account of a "sheep looking me in the face," in p. 84, and my "watching the awful progress of *rippling waters*," p. 86, and meditating calmly and sedately a plunge through them "into the lake that ever burneth," is not only too *foolish*, but too *impious* for any one to dwell on, except those who have *worked* themselves up to the belief of an uncertain state of existence beyond this; and a "No Hereafter," which would make a good title for another production of this Novel Association. The *real* account of the awful thoughts which agitated my bosom, and depressed my soul at that period, will be found in my *Memoirs*, vol. i. pp. 281—295. I never shall be able to record my gratitude to God, for his watchful care over me. He is a spirit and *knows all things*.—Reed, tremble!

CHAP. xxiv. pp. 92—109. Page 92; "Early the following day, Mr. Ferry (my brother,) with an attendant, arrived in a post-chaise," &c. This is a fact: but this attendant" as he calls him, was Mr. William Ewart, Wine-merchant of Swallow Street, Piccadilly, and Jermyn Street, St. James's;

and the same gentleman alluded to before, when I received the letter on the 1st of January last, relative to my pension. The remainder of the statements, to p. 96, is ideal. My mother was in bed when I got home.

From pp. 97—104, is an account of a visit he paid, which is simply a fact, as I have stated in my Memoirs, vol. i. p. 296. But the whole of the dialogue is a fiction. And this may, in some measure, be gathered from his own account; for he states, p. 98, "The whole *apparition* instantaneously reminded Douglas of some of Fuseli's *unearthly conceptions*." If he did then see an "apparition;" if some of the occult society of "*unearthly conceptions*" "*usurped* the imagination," and gave to her "*chimeras, the character of substance and reality*," by which his faculties of perception became bossified, and which gave to the *elegant curtains* in one of my brother's *best sitting rooms* the *appearance of "a piece of thick baize;"* and if the terrors arising from this "*apparition*" presented to *his* disordered imagination "*the rays of light*" which "*streamed into*" the room, although "*ALL there was dark and distressing:*"—if he became so alarmed from what his *attendant spirit* presented to his view, who appeared, as from the Cyclops, to have thrown, *for a time*, the "*smoaky flame*," "*the lurid glare of heated coal*," which was the only time when the "*features of*

this apparition could be discriminated ;”* and which he, from his *hasty*, half-seen, bossified view, *took for me* !—is that any reason why *he* should say *it was me* ? when, from his own account, he cannot give a rational detail of either *me*, the *room*, or the *interview* ! !

In p. 99, he carries on his old, serpentine, deceptive plan, of putting in asterisks for words too bad to be inserted.

The other conversation related with my mother, were I to contradict it, the public could only have my bare word for it, as my mother is dead ; and even if *she* were living, *her* testimony would be very questionable ; because, in either case, nature would dictate *silence or contradiction*. However, she has passed into the world of spirits, and, with many others, is waiting the arrival of the Rev. Andrew Reed’s to escort it to the judgment-seat, to take its trial for offences committed in the flesh.

Page 104, he gives an account of my leaving a second time : which I did, but the *reasons* he states for my leaving, are not only false, but *shameful* ; as he again casts some groundless and infamous reflections on my brother. The real account will be found in my *Memoirs*, vol. i. pp. 294, 295. Surely Mr. Reed has no right to assume fictions, and then reason on them (or rather declaim,

* No Fiction, vol. ii. pp. 98, 99.

for there is no solid reasoning in his book,) as facts. It is of but little consequence whether the remainder of the account, to the end of the chapter be true or false.

CHAP. XXV. pp. 109—127. Page 109, he commences, "Lefevre was not dead." No! he is not dead, Andrew Reed! Although you and your publisher have killed him; brought him to life again; exalted him, and degraded him; given him the sacrament at one time, and at another, poured red hot lead to the bottom of his soul; just as it would best answer your purposes. No! he is not dead;—but he is still alive—alive to the injuries which have been done to his character!—alive to meet *Andrew Reed* at the bar of the *public*;* or any other bar *Mr. Reed* likes, so that we have a few witnesses.

From pp. 109, 110, he makes me leave my little nephew, and go to Kensington, and from thence to Staines. Here he is right again. He says, I "*started and frowned, expecting I was pursued.*" But (however) a smiling, grateful, well known face instantly dispelled my alarm. It was the face of my protégé, John Graham. I really thought we had lost Johnny. We have heard nothing of him for a long while; so then we must now have a little talk with Johnny and especially as we have got partly over the farce:—But I have made a mistake, it is a pantomime;

* *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 55.

and see how well Johnny performs in this difficult part to please; for a pantomime can never please unless the beholder is half drunk, or reduced to second idiocy. However, we proceed. There appears a slight mistake here; he does not say it was Johnny, but "It was the *face* of his protégé, John Graham." I wonder where Johnny was? Yet although it was only Johnny's face, I shook his *hand* in silence. What an extraordinary thing! "*Shook his hand in silence!*" But "young Graham still *fixed an asking eye* on me." What does our author mean by this? I do not perfectly understand him. Wollaston says, there is a *language in action*; but this writer has introduced another kind of language in his work. A language which I do not comprehend, and hope is equally as mysterious to all my readers.

In p. 107, vol. i. he observes, "Douglas said, Farewell my dear Charles, and *then* looking with *softened affection*," &c. and now he says, "Young Graham fixed an *asking eye*." Let Mr. Reed explain himself.

From this page to 112, is a continuation of the dialogue:—a complete fabrication; for John Graham, although frequently introduced, is quite unknown to me; nor does it carry probability on the first blush of it. This pantomimic, heterogenous drama is badly got up. Page 111, he makes Johnny exclaim "O Mr. Lefevre, you are going,

you are going to *leave us*! You are not going to *leave us* again, are you?" Now to have got up the thing any way properly, Johnny ought to have been mentioned in my former illness. But although he was passed over by mistake in my first illness, surely when he was mentioned in page 106, 107, where it is stated "a young person had seen me near Kensington;" the conversation between Johnny and myself, from p. 110, 111, ought to have come in there, and especially as the reader must naturally be surprised that this young person alluded to did not go and communicate the intelligence to my friends. This, beyond any thing, shews the work is written by two hands: Perhaps they took alternate chapters; so that when they came to compare notes, they found Johnny had been passed over too slightly in p. 106, 107, so they gave three pages to him at the beginning of the 25th chapter. But why did they not strike out those few words in pages 106, 107? If Johnny had come on the stage, and said he had seen me, does the reader think the audience would have let him go away without telling more particulars. This perhaps was suggested by the inspectors of the work. This clashing and jumbling joint dramatic production of Mr. & Mrs. Reed, will remind the reader of the words that passed between Beaumont and Fletcher; when composing one of their plays they met to compare notes,

which they had filled in from a plan previously laid down. When Beaumont read his part, he says, "Now for the king!" Fletcher said, "Why, I have got *him*!" "Have you," said Beaumont, "I have got him and killed him! then you must strike out your part about him!" "No, I can't, all of it, *it is so good.*" "Why then put a little bit in." So this appears to be the case with John Graham. Perhaps Johnny was Mrs. Reed's child (*an illegitimate* one truly,) but the Rev. Andrew Reed just brought him in at the end of the chapter, while Mrs. Reed, at the beginning, gives us a fuller account. Soon after I had got away from *Johnny*, I jump on the coach, and am set down at Staines, from whence I wander, like Cain, until p. 115, I am wonderfully led on to Bagshot-heath, and met by a woodman, the result of which providential meeting is detailed to the end of the chapter, p. 127. Before I read "No Fiction," I must observe that I never heard of either the Bagshot-heath woodman, or any other woodman, or any interview at all leading to it. This character—the widow at Quebec—Graham, old and young—Dr. Mills,—Deacon,—Wilson,—Wallis,—Jones, &c. and all relating to them is fictitious. The originals and the portraits had no existence, except in the wonderful and generetic imaginations of Mr. and Mrs. Reed. The woodman I believe is perfectly understood to be from the pen of

Mrs. Reed ; for Mr. Reed, were he to plod for a hundred years, could not produce so fine a drawn portrait as Mrs. Reed has done of the woodman. He may *put his name to it*, as being all written *by himself*; but nobody will believe it. In fact, this character, and other descriptive parts, are talked of in most of the families where the Holmes's visit (I have a few friends who visit now and then where they have been,) as coming from the pen of Mrs. Reed, who, *with her sister, are considered* the two female luminaries of the age ; at least so thinks the editor of the Evangelical Magazine ; for when reviewing some tracts Mrs. R. translated in May, 1822, the *sagacious friend* observes "it was *sufficient* to say that they came from the *pen of the wife* of the Rev. Andrew Reed." Those who *imagine* that Reed has any claim to the descriptive parts, "alas, will find that it is all imaginary !" as the "good parts" were written by his wife—the bad and the worse by himself. I candidly allow that the story of the woodman's cottage, and his family at Bagshot-heath, is one of the best and most interesting parts of the chain of deceptive events in the novel, without, however, the smallest foundation in fact, at least, as to my individual history. It was undoubtedly made for dramatic effect, and to carry the assumption of noble and generous feelings in the writers. But how often are such feelings better described than

brought into the habit and practice of the life. This remark is verified in the description and habits of the writers of this novel. Was generosity ever conspicuous in the conduct of the Rev. Andrew Reed? Did he ever discover a grateful return of feeling towards his parents, or friends for any kindness bestowed upon him? Do the writers of this tale admire simplicity, openness, and honesty of character? Do they visit the cottage's poor? Yes, they may; but is it not to give away tracts which are paid for by the public? Is Mrs. Reed's household formed after this model—clean, neat, the abode of comfort, and not mingled with display, or a false attempt at show and magnificence? Such questions I shall not pretend to resolve. Let the visitors at Cheshunt observe, if they please, the direful contrast.

CHAP. XXVI. pp. 127—145. This chapter, commences by observing that "the respectful, *generous*, and EVEN DELICATE *treatment* received at the woodman's cottage for some time engaged my thoughts," &c. To cover his fictions, he then impiously brings in Providence. "The PROVIDENTIAL *interference* he had witnessed, however, gave birth to some *slight* acts of reflection." This must be evidently a mistake; for the whole of his narrative is to *shew* that I was *overwhelmed* with reflection. Perhaps the reader may say, stop your hand; but if they are "*not already wearied with his*" falsi-

ties and fabrications, I have to entreat their patience for a few minutes longer, promising to despatch the remainder of my review with as small a number of observations as possible, and I will only print those parts which are glaring untruths, and which are inserted to reflect improperly on me and my brother. In fulfilment of this pledge, I beg leave to state, that the remainder of this chapter is without any foundation in *truth*, except *the fact* of my enlisting for a soldier, as stated in p. 129. I did enlist, and sailed to a *distant land*. To this I was driven by the withdrawalment of reason for a time, or by its expulsion to the occupancy of the "chimeras of the imagination," arising from the charge he had brought against me. Which, by continually working on the brain for six years, had by its collision destroyed some of its tenderest fibres, and weakened their energies.

The minute detail given in this chapter, appears designed by the writer to give *full proof of identity*, and from *that*, to insure the *confidence* of his readers, and to gain popularity to his succeeding fictions. The real narrative (which I should think will be thought not only more true but more *reasonable*) by myself, from the time I enlisted to the time I landed at Quebec, will be found in my Memoirs, vol. i. pp. 295—299.

CHAP. xxvii. pp. 145—162. The whole of this chapter, for the reasons stated, is a

fiction. As, however, in p. 146, he gives a *letter as genuine*, from me, and dates it, "Off Cape Breton, on board the —," and puts a *dash* instead of the ship's name; by which *deception*, he well knew he should *hold fast* the credulity of a *new species* of readers which he has created by his novel, and so insure a good sale for his next fiction. Which appears to have so far operated, that he has run out the account of his sister "Martha," by the advertisement, to the same length as my narrative, although there were no incidents in her life worth relating; for Martha scarcely possessed the *faculties of a common mind*. It is true she was pious and affectionate. But even her piety and her affection had no distinct marks, to make any impression. I am bound, however, to notice part of this letter; and especially as he has given another *from me* to John Graham, p. 152, as from "*The Gulf of St. Lawrence*, on board the —," retaining the *dash* as in the former instance, and for a similar purpose. I hereby declare them both to be false. If they are not, let him produce the *originals*. But I can prove them *false* from his letters in my possession. And as one witness is sufficient, if the witness's testimony is credible; and if he stands high with the party appealed to, I think the friends of the Rev. Andrew Reed will admit, that the real testimony of the Rev. Andrew, against the *fictitious account*,

which he intended to impose "as truth," is the very best testimony I can offer.

In my Memoirs, vol. i. p. 330, in a letter to me, September 14, 1818, he says, "I have been just informed that you are at Chatham; is it true? I can scarcely think it is. *I have long been hoping for a letter; but have been disappointed:*" and again, in a second letter to me there, of September 23, 1818, p. 331, he says, "I did fear, from *not having received a letter from you,*" &c. Now although the publication of his real letters does *not* prove he did not send me *other* letters which he has printed; yet when he prints letters as having been sent from me to himself and other persons as such; if he cannot *produce* those letters which he professes to have in his possession, I think this *inability* will throw a "black cloud" over the whole, which I pronounce to be forgeries. In the quotations from my Memoirs, he tacitly acknowledges the fact; because, had he received a letter from me from "Cape Breton," surely he ought to have informed my family of it immediately, and not have let them wait in anxious suspense.

Mr. Reed does not give the letters I wrote to Mr. Palmer, to my mother, to my uncle, or to Wallis; and the reason he gives for printing those to Douglas and John Graham, is, because "the letters written to the *two last named persons are so descriptive of my sentiments and disposition, at this*

time;" and he professedly leaves out "*a couple of paragraphs, only*," because they "*notice events* already described in the narrative."* But the reader will perceive in a moment that the *only* reason why they were *created* in the first instance, and published in the second, was to puff himself off. He would degrade a city to exalt himself; or make a world to display his vanity. Like the worlds we used to blow out of the balls of pipes, in Yorkshire, made of soap and water, and which by the first blast, are reduced to their original *noxious qualities* and substances; so will it be with his created world:

"Now a bubble bursts, and now a world."

For here is vanity, nothing but vanity in these two suppositious letters, "which are so descriptive of my sentiments at this time." Even the "boys of the village" in Yorkshire, would in a moment blow his fiction and himself away, with a "puff—puff—puff;" for instead of his being a "lump of piety," as elegantly described by Mr. Wilks, which is firm, solid and beautiful, he is like our Yorkshire bubbles, made of soap and water, which appear for a moment, in the beams of the sun, of many colours, yet the gentlest breath of *truth* reduces them to their original insignificance.

* No Fiction, vol. ii. p. 146.

But let us see how *modestly* he speaks of himself. Recollect his "*motto* ;" "*We are young, let us be MODEST ;*" "*No Fiction,*" vol. i. p. 52. Alas ! is not *even* this *motto* a fiction ?

In my letter he writes for me, "*O Douglas ! my folly has caused those, who were most fit for friendship, gradually to forsake me ; but you will not be of that number. Let me have the consolation of thinking, that I have one friend left to me ; and that that friend is he whom of all others I have loved.*" p. 146. Here is nonsense and *truth* in the same sentence, for he makes me say to himself, all "*who were most fit for friendship had gradually forsaken me.*" Ergo, he was not *fit for friendship ; which he has fully verified !*

Page 147, he puts in asterisks again, to answer and carry on his *deceptive* plan.

Page 148, he begins another paragraph about himself ; and that his readers may notice those parts *particularly*, he invariably begins with an interjection, and closes *himself* in, with a mark of *admiration*, (!) or else it is made to precede him, like the Lord Mayor's sword-bearer, to attract attention, and to generate reverence and fear ! "*AH ! DOUGLAS, though I have so long neglected your friendship, it is still natural to me to tell you all I feel.*" Again, p. 149, "*O DOUGLAS ! I am imparadised now, compared with what I felt under the weight*

of guilt unwashed away !” Hallo ! I thought we had *lost* the sword-bearer, he got behind with the footmen. I suppose it was “on the sly,” to hear what people thought of him, and talk of him with his new *clothes* on. Douglas had better disguise himself in some of Martha’s caps and petticoats, if he wants to know how “*Martha*” takes ;—I dare say she will only turn out *linsey-woolsey*. Again, p. 146, “O Douglas !—It is *only* when I think of this that I shed tears of *bitterness and gall* !” On this occasion the sword-bearer took his place behind ; but he seems to have knocked some person down, as we have a “*place* where some *one* should *be* ;” which he has filled up with a dash ! Perhaps it was one who was taken ill in consequence of the nasty tears of “*gall and bitterness*,” running down the cheek. What elegant metaphors clothe his ideas ! “Tears of gall” would make a snake “throw up,” another simile which he beautifully uses. Again ; but now he makes me quite *ecstatic*—nay, *worse*—what !—what !—hear him—what does he say now ! Ibid. “*Douglas, my beloved Douglas* !” I wish I had him in Yorkshire, and an ash stick, I would “*BELOVED*” him. Again, p. 151, he commences another paragraph ; but the sword-bearer is absent, so his place is filled in by one of my Lord Mayor’s gentlemen ; but he is rather *crooked* ; however, he *attracts attention*, and “does well to set

off opposite characteristic" beauties. "O Douglas, shall I never see your face again?" And again, same page, "But *indeed* DOUGLAS, I was not myself then." We have lost sword-bearer, gentleman, and all, this time. But there he is standing *before* instead of *after* the word "But;" see him, "I was!" This I think is *pretty well* in a letter to himself. In it however he has inserted two sentences, *on purpose* to carry on his deception, and by it gives full evidence of his "artful sophistry."

In p. 150, he makes me to *acknowledge* to have *ruined a poor Wilson*, or some one to answer to him. This is false; it is only put in to give scope and confidence for continuance to the idle romance; *all* of which is a complete fabrication.

In p. 152, he makes me say to him, "Let me have also your correspondence to me. You will find it either *at my lodgings*, or at *my uncle's*, with my other papers;" which was created to remove doubts and suspicions in the mind of the reader, as to the possession of his letters to me from the commencement of our friendship; unless he had kept copies, which is not regular among common friends; but he is an uncommon one. His *Lordship* had quite escaped my notice when he was getting out of his carriage, until one of his gentlemen gave me a nudge. Page 152, therefore, as a friend, I say, "How *I* conclude on *your*

renewed friendship. *You will not withhold it—my dear DOUGLAS?*”

The reader will see that I do not say much to Johnny about Douglas, although *my letter* takes twelve pages in print. What a *long one* it must have been in manuscript! However, I do give Douglas a *bit* of a lift, so that he has no reason to complain of me for *entirely* neglecting him. “*See as much as you can of Mr. Douglas; you cannot prize his society too highly.*” I wonder if he ever turned the back of his chair to Johnny, at Cheshunt, when he was visiting him there; I have heard it *reported* he was so *polite* to some young ladies who called upon him. I do not mean at the *Cheshunt Anniversary*, in 1819, or 1820; when himself and his wife came to London, *at ten o'clock of the morning of that day*, to avoid his religious friends, and “*save his bacon!*” I conclude this chapter in his own words, p. 161, “*These letters require no comment.*”

Chap. xxviii. xxix. pp. 190—203, Is an account of me on my landing at Quebec,—proceeding to Montreal—meeting with a missionary—then with a widow—my visiting her in the suburbs, &c. *all* of which is a mere fiction of the brain; except the continuation of the *simple facts* which he has inserted to *insure identity*.

I did go to *Canada*, but I went *no further*. See my *Memoirs*, vol. i. pp. 317—

320 ; whereid is a copy of what was written on the backs of my letters by the postmaster at Kingston. I went no further than *Quebec*.

It is true I met with a missionary preacher there, who happened to be an old school-fellow of mine at York, and who from a recognition of me, was partly the cause of my writing home ; see *Memoirs*, vol. i. pp. 308, 309. He is deserving of all the delineation given of him, as he is like his Divine Master, humane, kind and active. Preaching *whenever* and *wherever* opportunity afforded, and *expansively* benevolent withal, as, like Jesus, " he would have *all* men to be saved." To shew that *his faith* is not *barren*, he tries all means to persuade *all* men to be reconciled to God, who is the Father of us all, and " desires not the death of *one* sinner, but rather that all should turn from their wickedness and live." Did Mr. Reed know my friend Hicks was a Wesleyan missionary ? They are the most *consistent* missionaries ; for they go to " seek and to save those that are lost." But there can be no occasion for all this bustle, if the elect are sure to be saved. It is no wonder some of the Calvinistic preachers scarcely disturb a hair when preaching, and look to their annual holidays with more glee than a schoolboy. They will never *kill themselves by preaching*. And why should they ?

They might as well go smoothly on, as they are *sure* to be saved at last!

But if I did not go to Montreal, yet it may be said, there must be some truth about the widow. She must have lived at or near Quebec, as I did not go beyond that place. I beg leave to assure my readers, that it is *all fiction* about her, and likewise the beautiful verbal descriptions, as may easily be ascertained by any one who has been to that part of the globe. It is all very pretty, but there is not a word of truth in it.

But the very commencement of the account relative to the widow, destroys its validity. In p. 167, vol. ii. he begins by stating, "At a small distance from the suburbs of the town there was a sweet little *nook* formed. In this very *nook* I found the widow. This carries deception on the very front of it, because every one who is acquainted with the military regulations in Canada, knows, that it is death for any soldier to pass into, or beyond the suburbs without an escort. If they got so far, the transit to the American States is so easy, that there would be more desertions than there are. And all the "*nooks*" in the suburbs are filled with "strange women," as, it is an honour to the magistrates of Quebec (and the neglect in London a disgrace, an infamous disgrace to its magistrates and parish officers) that they force all these

kind of women into these "nooks," and if they come but within the boundaries of the town, they would be sentenced to twelve months hard labour in prison. A pretty place for me to visit the widow! What a "nook!" What a "nook!" Why did not the Rev. A. Reed and his wife look over their Gazetteer, and give an old soldier, a Chelsea pensioner a shilling for some information relative to the military regulations in Canada, before they sent out their nonsensical stuff? My Memoirs contain the simple truth at this period, vol. i. pp. 299—313.

CHAP. XXX. p. 190. Mr. Reed's drama opens with a scene at Montreal, where "*one* letter was presented to him." With what emotion did I seize it! (*swordbearer.*) I had *six*; and it was at *Quebec*. See Memoirs, vol. i. pp. 313—317. He says it was presented to me by the person who had the charge of the letters, and it was the handwriting of *my uncle*; (*my brother.*) My brother's letter was sent to the major at Kingston, and by him to the officer of the detachment at Quebec, who gave it me himself. "Your brother has this day written to you, likewise to the Major. As the letters go through the house of Cox and Greenwood, you will most probably get yours through the Major." Mrs. Barnett's letter to me, Memoirs, vol. i. p. 320. "I write by this mail to Major —." My brother's letter

to me, *ibid.* p. 317. Mr. Reed says, "It was only a *reproach* for my conduct. I burst the seal—It contained an order for *thirty pounds*, and ran as follows." Then from pp. 191—192, is a letter given as a *real one* by Mr. Reed as from my brother, which gives a specimen of his vulgar style,—the character of his associates,—the depravity of his taste, and traces of the origin from which he sprung. It is in harmony with the previous delineation of my brother, whom Mr. Reed has endeavoured to degrade. Never was there a man, however, more opposite to the description of uncle Perry than my brother. Of this, Mr. Reed was fully sensible. He flatly denied the delineation as intended for him.

I will briefly shew that the facts are so minutely given, that transpired between my brother and me, in "No Fiction," that every one must know that *it was meant for my brother*, while the painting is of a cast more malignant than any that ever issued from the pen of the most scurrilous and Grub Street author. Those who were not acquainted with him, and those who were will excuse the minuteness of detail, that I may fully demonstrate the identity of character marked out by the events which characterize this more than disgraceful novel.

In p. 70, vol. ii. "No Fiction," Mr. Reed says, "The uncle (Mr. Perry) determined on carrying him to his own residence. That

residence was *a tavern* in the neighbourhood of the city." It was my brother who had me removed from my lodgings (see Mr. Warburton's letter, vol. ii. p. 228, to his house, and that house was the Spring Gardens Hotel and *Tavern*. Mr. Reed states, p. 72, vol. ii. that my mother arrived at her brother's, (Mr. Perry's.) My mother did arrive, but then it was at her son *Robert's* and my brother's, who has kept the Spring Gardens Hotel ever since 1811. My mother has no brother. She had one who was a farmer, and who died in 1799. She had no other relation except my brother and myself, in London.

Page 92, vol. ii. he states, that "Early the following day, Mr. Perry with an attendant arrived in a postchaise" at Chatham. My brother and Mr. Ewart did fetch me from Chatham, as related, *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 257.

Page 97, vol. ii. Mr. Reed states, he called and saw me at my uncle's. Mr. Reed did call and saw me *at my brother's*, as I can prove by four witnesses now in the house.

And Mr. Reed in these pages 191, 192, not only states that I received a letter from Mr. Perry, my uncle, but absolutely *imposes* a fictitious one on the public, in which, from his *pre-suppositions*, knowing the liberality of my brother, he puts in this sentence, "I send you an order for £30, say nothing about it."

These references are given, that the reader may see not only the intention of the writer, pointing directly to my brother; so minutely that any person who knew the parties, could in a moment trace the individual. But it is only those who knew him, could be aware of the shameful, distorted and scurrilous caricature. Strangers to him, Mr. Reed's congregation, and those who gave credence to him as to an oracle, (for he pretends to give a real delineation of character, and real letters and only *assumes fictitious names*) must have formed from this description, and the disgusting letter created by Mr. Reed, that he was a low, vulgar, rude and ignorant man. I will not tire the reader by quotations, only the following so evidently shews the secret depravity of the writer, that I cannot refrain from inserting it. "But Mr. Perry was *never troubled* with any little *scruples of delicacy*. *He was a man of rough manners, gross perceptions,* and positive opinions. If people saw with him, why they were right, and *good for something*; if they did not, *they were fools*, and he could not help it;" vol. ii. p. 70. But I cannot refrain from noticing the following: "Mr. Perry *unable* to sympathize with them, &c. *declared*, 'he would not pass the threshold to seek him again;' " vol. ii. p. 105. The last line he puts in *inverted commas*, as if he heard him declare it himself.

In contradiction to all this, I can truly say, that my brother, I understood (for **how** could I judge when in a state of derangement?) treated me with the utmost attention and kindness; and no man could be more anxious for the welfare of a brother's happiness and comfort, than he was for mine. But the testimony of my mother's letters; Mr. Walton's, and Mr. Warburton's; persons of the greatest veracity and integrity, will be taken by the public, in preference to Mr. Reed's dramatic fictions. See my Memoirs, vol. i. pp. 313, 315, 316, 328, vol. ii. p. 229.

The integrity of Mr. Reed is falsified by his letter to Mrs. Barnett, containing the denial of himself, *as the author of "No Fiction."* He insinuates, *as if he had been to the Authors to know who they meant*; and that he had full authority to say, the Authors did not mean uncle Perry as for my brother, Memoirs, vol. i. pp. 383, 384; and in that very letter, throws not only the authorship, but the development of the characters upon me; while my brother came to the knowledge of the work, and that he was described in it under the fictitious name of Mr. Perry, through one of Mr. Reed's own hearers, who is brother-in-law to Mr. Brooks, and from whom there is a letter in my Memoirs, vol. i. p. 358.

Facts are better than surmise, and far preferable to his cunning and sophistry. I will

therefore state a fact to put it beyond dispute. In May or June, 1820, Mr. Hubbock met Mr. Rickards, a friend of my brother's, with whom he had been intimate twenty years, then of London, but now of Newmarket, at, I believe, Saxmundham, or some place in Suffolk. A conversation came up, relative to my brother and me; when *Mr. Hubbock told Mr. Rickards*, not only of the work, but also related that my character was drawn under the disguise of Lefevre, and my brother's under that of Mr. Perry. Mr. Rickards made my brother acquainted with it. It was the first time that he had heard of it. But the tergiversation, insensibility and folly of Mr. Reed is more fully apparent in the shameful attempt to throw the odium upon me, as if connected with him in the authorship. No feeling or honourable mind could have descended to such meanness, and his vituperous pen must add, "*that the treatment which I had called harsh from my brother,*" when I had always spoken to him of my brother in terms of approbation, for his kindness. The attempt by this *confidential* communication to enrage the already too indignant feeling against me, from the supposition that if I was not the author, that yet I had furnished acrimonious materials to the author, will be so evident to the reader, and displays so much diabolical cunning, that I feel myself at a loss for words to express my contempt for his

meanness and degradation; for he smiles, and stoops, and descends, and crouches,—and like a serpent by a variety of folds, would entwist and poison all the sources and connexions which form the bonds and the happiness of domestic pleasure. Like the snail, however he leaves the marks of his route, creeping as he goes, giving proofs to the world, of his selfishness, falsehood and disgusting vanity.

My readers will have seen my brother is now no more: no *modest man* would desire to make a profit of the dead, and to puff himself off through them to gain the praise of the living. I will therefore only add, that up to the day of my brother's death, he felt no *indignation* at Mr. Reed, as, after he wrote that letter to Mrs. Barnett, he considered him as deficient of both truth and manhood; a reptile basking in the rays of the sun, and borrowing its rays to give colouring to its form, yet feeding on insects, for the gratification of his taste, and the corrupted taste of those with whom he is connected.

Having made these remarks, I shall not say any more relative to my late brother, except requesting the reader to peruse his letters to me in my Memoirs, vol. i. p. 315, and compare them with p. 191 and 192, none of which were intended for the public eye; but which I have printed verbatim, (as any one may see the originals) that my readers from them may judge who is the

vulgar man, my brother or Andrew Reed. Perhaps the reader will have been beforehand with me in saying, "What a vain fool Reed is, even in the letter of *the man* he represents as so contemptible and low, he puts himself in. This passage I pointed out to my brother about two months ago, when he was much amused; "*All but DOUGLAS. I think he's good for something; though he'd be no comparison better, if it was'nt for his religion.*" [For the appearance only of it, he should have said.] Your *true*, uncle, Thomas Perry.* The remainder of this chapter is like himself, a compound of trash and rubbish; however the reader should notice that he states my friend Hicks "took a seal from his watch-chain and gave me." p. 201. Perhaps Mr. Hicks may return in a short time, when he will ask Mr. Reed who gave him this information.

CHAP. XXXI. p. 204—217, is a continuation of his fiction, yet in some parts of it, he has brought his serpentine cunning into action again to gain implicit confidence. P. 204, he makes me say to the *ship*—"Faster, faster, faster!" and puts the sword-bearer again at the end of the third faster to attract attention. This reminds me of my younger days when we used to ride the wooden horse, and because he would not move we used to whip him. I think the whip would be use-

* No Fiction, vol. ii. p. 102.

fully and scripturally applied to Reed. "A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a *rod for the fool's back*;" Prov. xxvi. 3. Why he is a bigger fool than Silly Sammy, the Miller, near Knaresborough, who flogged himself on the evening of the market-day, near Grimble Crag, as he was going home, because he spent fourpence for a tankard of ale. He was whipping himself, and absolutely had tied himself to a tree, and continued flogging and crying out, "Wilt t' ever spend fourpence agean Sammy, wilt t' ever spend fourpence agean." He "caps" Sammy, as they would say, in Yorkshire. The historical reader will have brought to his recollection, the words of the great Duke of Marlborough, after he had been listening to anything very foolish, or reading anything very ridiculous, who used gravely to say, Silly—silly—silly! He is awitchagain; wizzard I mean; for in p. 208, he makes me think of Chatham, and from thence my thoughts fly to Seven Oaks, and makes me exclaim "I will never marry!"

Page 209, he makes me, on landing, hasten to Douglas, at which very time, "my attention was arrested by the tolling of the great bell of St. Paul's, at the funeral of Princess Charlotte, and the surrounding CHURCHES, as by sympathy repeated the heavy tones;" not the BELLS but the "CHURCHES." Why this is worse than "dancing lambs." I wonder if the churches,

as by sympathy walked in the procession. What a CLAPPER St. Paul's bell must have, that I could hear it at Quebec: where I was in November, 1817. I did not return till September, 1818; see Memoirs, vol. i. p. 328—331.

"No Fiction," p. 210, he makes me hesitate about going to Douglas, however I go; "No Fiction," p. 211, and confidence was restored and affection exchanged;" I wonder Douglas had *not* answered a letter I never sent; "No Fiction," p. 212. See his real letters in Memoirs vol. i. p. 331—333, from which the reader will see that so far from "my presenting *myself* to him, which seemed like a visit from the tomb that he started involuntary." [He must have seen the apparition which he beheld when he came to see me at my brother's, when there was a piece of green baize hung up for a curtain] that I was at Chatham nearly a month, and then I went to my brother's. P. 214, "No Fiction," he puts this expression as coming from my mother, after my return to England; "If he loved his mother, why did he not write to her; why did he not answer mine?" By which he represents me as an ungrateful, unfeeling son; while my mother herself says, in her letter to me, September 23, 1818; a week after my arrival, "I am likewise more happy to day to receive a letter from your own hand that your are well." Memoirs, vo

i. p. 328. In the following pages of this chapter, Mr. Palmer talked much nonsense to her; from p. 213, 214, about my coming to Knaresborough, while the fact was, she came to meet me, as was NATURAL, in a post-chaise, twenty miles on the road; (Memoirs, vol. i. p. 335,) which can be easily testified. At the close he makes me write to my "distant friend," however as no fiction is "final" Douglas is brought in at the close; "I visited the favourite walks of ~~his~~ Douglas."

CHAP. xxxii. p. 217—228. Mr. Reed commences that "during my absence from London, Douglas was busying his thoughts on what attentions might be most properly shewn," that it occurred to him that I should like to live with the Russells again. That "the proposal created transports of *joy* in their GENEROUS BOSOMS."

Page 218, Mrs. Reed became quite *talkative* (she has a terrible long tongue, and has *talked so much* about the behaviour of her son *Andrew to them* among his people, that it was found necessary to remove them to lodgings at Barking, eight miles off) with joy. "There are his books, you know Mr. Douglas. When does he come? It shall be as nice as a new pin." (She must have much altered since I voyaged to Canada.)

Mr. Reed further states, that Douglas thought that much awkwardness of feeling might be spared by meeting them under his

roof, and as I acquiesced, he named Christmas-day? However, I had to witness a painful scene. And then he goes on to relate an account of the profligacy, penitence, and death of a person of the name of Wilson.

This chapter is an idle romance. From October, 1818, when I dined with him once, and remained about four hours, until October, 1819, nearly six months after "No Fiction" had been out, when I waited upon him relative to the Orphan Asylum, I never called at his house.—I was never in company with him, nor ever spoke to him, except on Ludgate Hill, when I met him and his wife by accident, in February, 1819. And as it regards his father and mother, I never saw them until October, 1819, when I called upon them at Cheshunt, at their son's house; and when old Mr. Reed dined with me and Mr. Bridgman, at the Rose and Crown, Cheshunt. In fact, the old people had lost nearly all their property—had been obliged to leave their house in town.—They then went to their son's house, and from that to a small cottage at Cheshunt, as his novel-writing wife and his *mother* could not agree. This cottage the old people were obliged to leave because they could not afford to pay nine pounds a year for it; and because their son did not offer to pay it for them. They stated to Mr. Bridgman at the same time, when they told him their inability, their

son had not given them a ~~farthing~~ for his *four years board* when he lived in Chiswell Street. "MOST NOBLE—MOST GENEROUS DOUGLAS!" Had the old people told me this, they should not have wanted nine pounds a year while I had a guinea left. Let Mr. Reed bring forward the widow Wilson, or some one to prove his statement in this chapter.

CHAP. xxxiii. p. 228—249. Page 228, he says, "after I did what was necessary for the remains of Wilson, I went with Douglas to call on the Russells—to visit them—they are overjoyed. Every thing was put in order, even "*the desk and chair* his mother SHIFTED ABOUT HALF AN INCH." p. 230. But what surprised me most was to see all my BOOKS THERE, as "*I expected to have found* that my books were sold to cover a debt I owed Mr. Russell." page 231.

I sold my books to Mr. Maxwell, Bell Yard, in February, 1815. See Memoirs, vol. i. p. 254, 255. But perhaps Mr. Maxwell, as he is *an old friend of the family*, lent them the books to *shew off* on that occasion.

The conversation then proceeds to p. 232, when he makes his mother say, "Blessings on him!" (*sword bearer!*) "*He'll make a shining character,*" and so he will after all, [*does she mean after all her son has said of me?* There is many a *true word spoken*

in jest.] However, I properly stop the old lady.—“Not a *shining* character,” said Lefevre, rising, and kindly *pressing her hand*, but what is infinitely more important, “an useful one!” When his “patriarchial” father—the “man of one book, and that book the Bible,”—the “pilgrim who passed through the world ignorant of its cunning;”—this man of God, whose “tall, portly and fine presence excite UNMIXED AWE in the mind:”—this holy man “whose fire of devout affections seemed to rise, like a sacrificial flame, immediately to heaven,”* is represented in the Pantomime, in the double capacity of pantaloon and fool: And in a scene where “Turner’s Blacking,” “Warren’s superior,” “Day and Martin’s best,” and “Holy’s elegant fit” may be had,—pops his head out of one of the windows, and all of a sudden exclaims, “Well, well, said Mr. Russell, *with a playful smile*, suppose we unite them;—*to shine in order to be useful.*”

Page 233, 234, Mr. Reed states the anticipated day arrived, (Christmas-day,) and the *guests* made their appearance in the *drawing-room*. There were [mind how minute he is,] Mr. Lefevre, [that is he, the fool would say, and point to me,] Mr. and Mrs. Russell, Mr. Banks, John Graham, Wallis, and *four other young persons*, with

* No Fiction, vol. i. pp. 41, 42.

whom Lefevre had some acquaintance, but whose *names*, as they have not been *necessary to the former part of the history*, need not *now* be mentioned." "Dinner was soon announced, and soon the company were seated around a *bounteous table*; over which *good taste, economy and liberality presided*. *Mr. and Mrs. Douglas did the honours of the feast*, in a manner the most *simple, noiseless and cheerful imaginable*. There was no *puff*, [indeed there was not when I dined there. We had a small, half-boiled, doughy, milk and water pudding, with a few *plums* in it, which 'crunched in my teeth, as his wife, who would think it a *disgrace* not to have her "blue stockings" hanging about her heels, and who prides herself on her novelential, dishevelled, dishabille appearance, was too lazy to have them stoned.]—no show, no violent entreaties." But I cannot quote any more of this stuff, this "no puff," (a good name for another novel,) and must request my reader, if he has not got "No Fiction," to borrow it for a day or two. A conversation then goes on, p. 235, "when the ladies retired to the drawing-room;" and as it is rude to run after them immediately, (although I think it a disgrace to my countrymen to treat them as they do; sitting over the bottle till they get half stupified, and then going *staring* into the room like "*Jenny Hullets*," (commonly called owls) as we say in Yorkshire.)

Let us just turn back to p. 238, where we find the "venerable patriarch" turns Grimaldi again. However, "he is *down upon*" his son this time. "'Aye, aye,' said Mr. Russell, 'then it all comes to the old *fable*, if the *city* is to be repaired, the carpenter, the currier, [I suppose the city the old gentleman alludes to, was to be cased in a *boot*, as the "currier" was to be employed in "repairing the city." But it is excusable, perhaps the old gentleman had taken a "drop too much" on this "joyous day,"] and the mason, will *all* propose to do it; [so would his *parson* son if he could get any thing by it,] and *each one* recommends his *own materials as the best.*" So does Douglas Reed, "The design of the authors, ["No Fiction,"] EVIDENTLY is, to benefit the youthful character."* However, it is not so "*evident*" to any common sense reader. To such the *design* is "*evident.*" It is to "*puff off*" the "No Puff" family; to get a little money, at the sacrifice of truth, honesty, religion and friendship.

Page 239, he says, Lefevre introduced the case of Wilson to them; "and a subscription was made for the funeral." And then he starts the ladies, as if in a "huff," for my asking them for a shilling or two, which is such a slur upon them, that I wonder they do not "*puff* his nose."

* Letter to Mrs. Barnett, No Fiction, vol. i. p. 247.

Having made these few observations, while the ladies were regulating and adjusting their dress, the gentlemen are accosted, "You will be so kind as to walk this way gentlemen; when the footman announces to the "waiting footman" to introduce us into the ("double-folded" doors, both thrown open,) drawing-room; when "Mrs. Douglas was petitioned, from all quarters for A LESSON,—["Lesson, s. Any thing read or repeated to a teacher. To Lesson. v. a. to teach to instruct." Johnson.]—or TWO on the instrument. The petition was seconded by MR. DOUGLAS, *to whom she had cast her eye*; HE attended her to the seat;—[the polite part of the community will wonder where *all my politeness* was. It became me, in common politeness, and according to common etiquette, to have handed her to the seat: but perhaps some of my readers will say, as Mrs. Douglas would now be "ungloved," it was proper for Mr. Douglas to step between, for fear Mr. Barnett should become "*feverish again from the FAMILIAR TOUCH OF WOMAN.*""]—"she then played some of Handel's finest pieces, supported by the voice of her SPOUSE—[He does not know a note; and as for his voice, were he to preach at the Blind-school they would all declare it was a woman's. He does not say what part he took, whether tenor, counter, treble or bass; but the judges found out that he was an IMPOS-

TOR ! that he absolutely had got his *note book wrong side up* ; and when he was called a second time he was a little ashamed, but he sneaked off when he heard the crier read, "*Not found !*"]—and the other young men." After this "when the refreshments of tea had been *handed and dismissed*, I became indeed, the "**PRINCIPAL centre of ATTRACTION.**"

Page 240. The conversation then proceeds, and I make a long speech.

Page 242, *Mr. and Mrs. Douglas exchange looks.* "She moved to the organ, and accompanied by the deep tones of the instrument, sang *with a sweet and tender voice*—[I really feel as if I was crossing the Atlantic ; I am so squeamish "*with a sweet and tender voice.*"]—the following verses ; the whole of which (as many of my readers may not have a copy of "*No Fiction,*") I shall print, as they may see what

"She sang so sweetly,
So sweetly she sang."

THE WELCOME.

"WELCOME, welcome, weary pilgrim,
To the friends who love you best ;
Now, no more your thoughts shall wander,
Now your way-worn feet shall rest ;
Weary pilgrim !
Welcome to your native home !

As mothers mourn the child departing,
 So did we your loss deplore ;
 As mothers greet the child returning,
 So we joy to grieve no more ;
 Weary pilgrim !
 Welcome to your native home !

Fairer suns, and softer climates
 May in other lands be found ;
 But the sweet, domestic virtues
 Thrive alone on British ground ;
 Weary pilgrim !
 Welcome to your native home !

Here are eyes, that speak a meaning,
 Which the tongue can never tell ;
 Here are hearts, that share the feeling,
 Which within your bosom swell ;
 Weary pilgrim !
 Welcome to your native home !

Live we, then, in blissful union,
 Children of eternal day ;
 Till, upborne from earth to heaven,
 Waiting angels whispering say—
 ' Weary pilgrims !
 Welcome to your endless home ! ' "

And he adds, " These stanzas varied and perpetuated the strong feeling of the company. The *delicate compliment they offered to Leferré, surprised and overpowered him.*"*

As a proper close to this " joyous day," p. 245, the readers are informed that " they knelt to pray," and " Mr. Russell, [who had been cracking his pantomimic jokes,]

was never so much in his *element*, as in this exercise; and *now he rose above himself*." What size this "tall, portly man" was on that day, the reader is left to conjecture. But perhaps he means he "shouted louder" than usual, which is not a virtue, but a failing, arising from too much feasting, and too much wine.

From the fact that I never saw him from October, 1818, to October, 1819, the reader must be convinced that the whole of this chapter is fabrication. I have made several quotations from it, that the reader may at once see his contemptible vanity; which is so fulsome—so much beyond every thing I ever saw or heard before, that it must nauseate every one. That he means this chapter for 1818, is evident, by the *postscript*, p. 249, being dated 1819, and in p. 248, making me enter in my diary, December 25. The reader will have seen, that so far from my mother having returned with me from Knaresborough, and paid this visit, that she died on the 20th, and was buried on the 24th of December, 1818; on the *very day before* he gives an account of her being one of a party, to whom he gave a grand and sumptuous dinner, on my return from Knaresborough, after my arrival in England. See *Memoirs*, vol. i. pp. 335—337.

From this, and my challenge to him to bring any person forward to contradict my statement, the reader will clearly perceive,

that not only "the variations of the table seemed to go on by magic," at the sumptuous dinner alluded to (vol. ii. p. 233, 234,) but that this *dinner*, nay the whole work itself (*save and except the facts he has put in to insure identity*), was produced by his talismanic wand, and that of his wife. Like other magicians he has made use of the secrets of his art, and imposed on the credulity of mankind. At least he has succeeded in imposing on that portion of the public, who, sooner than trust in the providence of God, the orderly regulation of his government, and make his word their guide, spend their money and waste their time, in supporting and continuing to support a species of writing, and imposition which evidently derives its origin from the "*pit below*." How any man of *common sense*, can suppose that such writings can forward the cause of vital Christianity I cannot for a moment imagine. Falsehood comes from Satan;—truth from God. "All *truth* is from God; all *error* is immediately, or remotely from the *Devil*; and the *blessing* of Jehovah is on his own production, and his *curse* on all beside. *The God of truth never did and never can, make use of error in effecting his gracious purposes in the human soul: HE is light, and hath no FELLOWSHIP WITH DARKNESS.*"*

* "Bromley on Divine Prescience; p. 152. This work is by the gentleman from whom a letter is insert-

It was my intention to have quoted a variety of passages from his work, to shew *negatively* that he had no character for Wallis. To accomplish this would extend my already too extended Memoirs to an unreasonable length. However I would just observe that he states him to have been in the same office, but *not* in the same *department* with me, yet he places him in the *chair* at a supper which was given to me, at which supper there was no one there, except those of the *same* department I was in. He relates that *he was* frequently in his company, previously to the publication of his novel; while I *assert* without the fear of contradiction, that he never was ten minutes *at one time*, or *altogether*, in company with any of my brother officers, until after November 1819, when I was elected to the Orphan Asylum, and when I was highly honoured by several of them commencing subscribers to that institution, which necessarily brought them into contact with him as the Secretary. He states that he had a sister, and frequently lent me his horse; while I challenge him to produce any one who can prove that I ever visited

ed in my Memoirs. Whatever difference there may be between divines on the mysterious prescience of Deity; and however hard it may be to reconcile it with the accountability of man, this work, and particularly the conclusion, shews that the Calvinists have not all the talents on their side.

any gentleman in any department who had a sister, or who lent me his horse. He relates that I borrowed sums of money of him, while I maintain, and call upon him to contradict it with evidence, that I never borrowed five pounds of any of my brother officers. How visible here is his artful sophistry ! He knew that all those *on whom* he intended to *impose* his fiction for *truth*, were aware that there were a great number of clerks in it. And he thought they would not search to find if there was any one who could answer to his delineation ; but would put implicit confidence in his declaration, which they have done till now. But now he is fairly challenged out ; and he cannot get away from the challenge, unless he is dispossessed of every spark of honour, feeling or integrity.

But that he has no one to answer to his character, will be evident to the intelligent reader, as he has placed him at various times and in different circumstances, as at Seven Oaks, at my lodgings, when Douglas visited me, and at dinner, at his own house, which is all false. If then he can create places and dinners, he can as easily create ideal beings to answer his own purpose. Now if there was a dinner, surely out of the persons he has *named*, and the four he has not named, he can bring some one to sanction his testimony. He did bring a friend to my lodgings with him to see me,

but he did not see me ; and when he comes out with his "full justification," it will be seen that "Wallis is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." For he may say "Lo ! here he is, and lo ! there he is," but still he will remain *invisible*, like "Banquo's Ghost" to all except himself.

I trust my candid readers will grant that I have ; at least, I know I have given a real statement of facts. If in performing this task I have said more of myself than the strict rules of modesty will allow, I hope the reader will excuse me, as it has not arisen from vanity, but from my having been driven to it in some measure, in vindication of myself, from the shameful, calumnious and gross falsehoods which Mr. Reed had written ; the grossness and shamefulfulness of which calumnies and falsehoods, I hope the candid reader is now perfectly satisfied.

The discordant materials of which this novel is composed, must I think be now evident to every impartial and attentive reader. If in attempting to unfold the character of Douglas, and his contemptible and silly vanity, I have not fully succeeded ; enough however appears to detect his sophistry and place him in a just point of view, before a discerning public ; much yet remains to be told, and if I should proceed, my work would extend to another volume.

From the time I came home in October, 1818, to October, 1819, I never had an invitation or a note from him. And it will appear that even his invitation to dinner in October, 1818, only arose from a deep-laid scheme, that his wife and himself might be enabled to say, that I did dine with them after my return; in case they should be asked the question. I did once and it was in October, 1818; when instead of the sumptuous dinner, and numerous party as described by him, there was only myself and a solitary boiled leg of mutton without capers;

"One part tatter'd, and t'other part raw."

And instead of that beautiful hymn which pleased the party so much, Mrs. Douglas Reed sang the following song: the whole of which I print, that my readers may see what I ought *then* to have thought my friend Mr. Reed meant to convey.

AULD LANG-SYNE.

Shou'd auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min',
Shou'd auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang-syne?

For auld lang-syne, my dear,
For auld lang-syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang-syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine;
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
 Sin' auld lang-syne.

For auld lang-syne, &c.

We twa hae paidel't i' the burn,
 When simmer days were prime,
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd
 Sin' auld lang-syne.

For auld lang-syne, &c.

Now there's a hand my trusty feire,
 And gi'es a hand o' thine,
 Syne toom the stoup to friendship's growth,
 And auld lang-syne.

For auld lang-syne, &c.

But surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
 And surely I'll be mine,
 And we'll tak' a right gude willie-waught,
 For auld lang-syne.

For auld lang-syne, &c.

How far these words were meant to convey his *real* meaning, and how evidently they shew his consummate and unparalleled baseness, must be clear to friend and foe, for in that very house, perhaps in that very room, while singing them, he had prepared an account of me, so scandalous, so libellous, and so debasing (and perhaps more so then,) as that which he has published.

I promised that I would shew the *absurdity of religious novels*, and the nonsense imposed upon the public through their medium, which I asserted was for the gratification of

avarice and vanity. Of the latter, my readers must be fully convinced. Of the former there may be some doubt. But the following real account will shew the ground I had for my charge. For although Mr. Reed sold "No Fiction" for £100, and £10 each edition, *it was when it would not go off*, and when he could get no more for it. The following relation, which Mr. Westley can substantiate, puts this beyond dispute.

One day (which was about five months after he had published it, and when it was *shelved*, as they say in Paternoster Row,) the Rev. Matthew Wilks called upon him (Mr. Francis Westley) and said, "Is the horse at home?"

"Yes."

"Put him in the gig."

It was done immediately.

Mr. Wilks then said, "Drive down there;" pointing towards Whitechapel.

In driving towards there, Mr. Wilks said to Mr. Westley, "Do you know where you are going?"

"No, sir."

"Very well!"

When they were opposite Cannon Street Road, Mr. Wilks said, "Turn down there." And again said, "Then you are *sure* you don't know where you are going?"

"No, sir."

"*Can you keep a secret?*"

"You know I can, sir."

"I say, sir, again, *can you keep a secret?* I don't ask you to tell me what I know; but I ask you, sir, can you keep a secret?"

"Yes, I can, sir."

"Very well, that is all right, that is a very proper answer.—Now then, stop, sir."

They then stopped at Mr. Reed's door, 32, Cannon Street Road.

"Now come out."

They then went into Mr. Reed's house.

Having been ushered into the *magician's* room, Mr. Wilks said, "Now sir, do you know this GENTLEMAN?"

"No, sir."

"Well, sir, then this is the *Rev. Andrew Reed, the author of "No Fiction;"* and we want to dispose of that work, and as I thought we could depend upon your keeping it a secret, we give the first offer to you, sir.—What will you give for it?"

"It will take a little time to consider of it."

"What time?—You know the work, and you ought to be ready in a moment with an offer."

"So I should, sir, but it is always regular to ask an author what he will take for his work."

"Very good. That is tradesman-like. I see you will do yet! Now then, Mr. Reed and you may settle it."

Mr. Westley. "How much do you think of asking for it?"

Rev. A. Reed. "I think £150."

Mr. Westley. "That is too much.—There is a great risk—and I shall have a large sum to pay for advertisements, &c. I was thinking about £70."

Rev. A. Reed. "That is too little."

ARAX!! "Stop!—Now I will settle it.—I will split the difference between you.—Suppose Westley, you give him £100, and £10 each edition."

"Agreed."

They strike hands and part.—Mr. Westley and the Rev. Matthew Wilks drive off, when he is again pressed by no means to divulge the authorship.

For the correctness of this I refer any person to the Rev. Matthew Wilks and Mr. Westley.—Reed is not worth referring to.—He has given full evidence, even by his letters, that he will say any thing to screen himself.

Before I close, I ought to notice, that the Postscript states, that in 1819 (which was May, 1819,) that I lived with Mr. and Mrs. Russell, and that my "friends had obtained for me a situation to my wishes," which, as well as my mother coming to London, is false. Until November, 1819, I was in no situation. It is true, (which will put a stop to those who are spouting about Mr. Reed's generosity in getting me into the Orphan Asylum in November, 1819,) that there was a vacancy at the Orphan Asylum of assistant

secretary, in August, 1819, when a young man was appointed, whom Mr. Reed highly recommended, (as Mr. Cook told Mr. George Offor and myself, when we went to canvass his vote,) of whom no person hardly knew any thing—who gave no bond, and who was a defaulter to the charity. Mr. Scarr, another of the Board, said, he wondered Mr. Reed did not mention me in August, when I should have come in without any opposition. But the wonder will cease, from the information that Mr. Reed would not have mentioned the vacancy in October, had not Mr. Teape sent to me about it. So much for his thoughts to serve me! And I never saw Mr. and Mrs. Reed, sen. until October, 1819, and then at Cheshunt; and as to my mother “meditating a removal to London,” she was buried at Knaresborough, December 24, 1818. Yet, observe!—Mr. Reed’s work is *all* “NO FICTION!”

Having finished my review of this singular work, which, to secure the credulity of his customers, the author has erroneously denominated “No Fiction,” but which might with great propriety have been called a romance, I am not willing to dismiss these pages, without a few observations on the nature and tendency of fictitious writings in general.

"When the novel first appeared in England and France," says a distinguished writer, "during the reigns of Louis XIV. and Charles II. it was made the vehicle for profligate adventurers, and for the display and recommendation of loose and immoral character. Since that time, imitation of life and manners have been their principal object, and though their moral or beneficial tendency may often be questioned, their professed object is to instruct as well as to amuse."

About the middle of the last century, a new species of fictitious writing started into existence. This obtained the name of Sentimental, because it consisted principally in the exposure and delineation of certain minute and delicate sensations, which either have no existence, or which pass unnoticed in active and busy life. Among the various writers that have appeared as sentimentalists, Sterne, in this country, is perhaps the most celebrated. Much wit and humour are without doubt scattered throughout his works; but neither those pointed touches, nor the pathetic contrivances to which he has resorted to excite the reader's sympathy, can compensate for that disgusting profligacy, and indelicacy of expression and of idea which pollutes his pages, and which virtue cannot survey without a blush.

It is the misfortune of novel writers, frequently to defeat their own purposes, by stepping beyond the boundaries which pru-

dence and moral virtue have assigned. Sterne, if we extend our charity so as to embrace the purity of his motives, has carried his sentimental delicacy to an excess that no language can justify. His most delicate scenes insult the reader with some concomitant grossness; and his pathetic attempts to awaken sympathy, excite our feelings to blunt their edge, and actually transform a principle of vigorous and discriminating benevolence, into an indolent susceptibility of calamity; thus rendering the heart more disposed to listen to the tale of sorrow, than to alleviate the sufferings of the individual in distress.

There can be no doubt, that to fictitious writings, different degrees of turpitude, and even of excellence may be awarded. But after a few selections have been made in favour of these, which unhappily are not eagerly sought, the general mass may be found hovering round the vortex of depravity; and that writer is most admired for his dexterity, who can conceal with the greatest ingenuity, the poison which he administers to his smiling patients. The veil, however, with which indecency is to be concealed, must not be of too close a texture. It must be formed of materials producing all the effects of transparency, without being transparent; and must be so constructed, as to operate like a Venetian blind, which conceals the spectator, while it exposes the passenger to inspection.

It will readily be admitted, that between fictitious writings considered in the abstract, and the vices which in general they tend to generate, there is no necessary connexion ; neither is there between female profligacy and the vicinity of theatres. But who does not perceive, notwithstanding these distinctions, that the associations are too obvious to be denied, and that in both cases the atmosphere seems to have received a moral taint, which virtue can hardly venture to breathe without suspicion ?

From the swarms of novels which constantly issue from the press, a tolerable estimate may be formed of the literary taste which prevails, and of the weakness and frivolity of the age in which we live. The writers and readers of these publications mutually accommodate each other : and the numerous articles of this description, which load the shelves of our booksellers, forms a tolerable barometer of the intellectual condition of such customers as frequent this mart of folly and of fashion.

The writers of novels watch with eyes of censurable discrimination, the sickly state of the human mind : but instead of endeavouring by manful exertions to remove the disorder, or to prevent its contagion from taking a wider range, they prepare their nostrums to gratify a depraved appetite, and, like dishonourable physicians, exercise their utmost skill in cherishing a disease which

they profess to cure. Nor is it in this alone that the resemblance holds good. They levy their fees on their patients, according to the celebrity of their own names, and the progress which the distemper has made ; and if these can be secured, and the patient gratified, both parties are highly pleased, and the deliriums of fancy are considered as the criterions of efficacy.

By a transient survey of our circulating libraries, we may soon be convinced that the most flimsy and romantic productions are generally in the greatest demand. Some tale must be introduced and the narrative must be preserved with spirit by the accumulation of incidents ; but the moral tendency of the narration seems to be a matter of the most perfect indifference, both to the writers and the readers. On this point they appear to have formed an agreement without the formality of a contract. The latter, sigh for something to keep alive the unhal-
lowed flame, which some ill-omened spark falling on combustible matter, had kindled, and the former, gladly avail themselves of the opportunity, to give scope to the creative power of invention, and to prolong and diversify the tale.

Though England abounds with writers of fertile imaginations, and of exuberant fancies, sufficiently prolific to satisfy the cravings of moderate appetites, yet both France and Germany have landed many bulky car-

goes on our shores. With the novelists of Great Britain, those on the continent have contended for the ineffable smiles of folly, and to some few of these daring foreigners, British justice and generosity have awarded the prize.

But whether the novels which deluge this country be considered as exotics, or as of native growth, there can be no doubt that the greater part are of a pernicious tendency. In the scenes which they display, they create an artificial excitement in the passions; and by blunting the genuine sympathetic feelings of our nature, they render the mind insensible to real excellence, and callous to the calamities which life presents to the eye of observation, in the ordinary course of human affairs. Like the man who has unhappily habituated himself to the use of ardent spirits, an undue stimulation is created, which perpetually craves for an unnatural gratification; and when this cannot be obtained, he sinks into a state of torpor, and becoming inactive and inert, sighs for his accustomed means of intoxication.

In this delirium of the mind, while deluded by the legerdemain of fancy, the reasoning powers perform their office under the influence of ill-defined causes, and lead to consequences which cannot be seen without being deplored. Ideal scenery imposes on the understanding, vitiates the taste,

and corrupts the judgment, and exhibits the features of moral virtue in the distortions of caricature. A professed novel reader may in general be ranked among the most insignificant of the human species, sometimes among the most pernicious, and frequently among the most useless. An adept in novel reading, who regularly and honourably discharges the relative obligations of social life, is but rarely to be found; and in fulfilling the duties which he owes to God, he is still more lamentably deficient.

A novel reading Girl grows giddy with the scenes of knight-errantry, and looks for a husband among those romantic characters who encounter dragons, attack windmills, unchain enchanted ladies, storm castles, or ride through the air on broomsticks. A novel reading Wife forgets the duties she owes to her husband, despises his humble avocations in life, and views his business with contempt. A Mother of the same description, would rather shed tears over the Sorrows of Werter, than silence the cries of her children, watch over their morals, or supply their daily wants. As a mistress, she neglects her domestic concerns, consigning the management of her house to the superintendency of servants, and smiles at the progress of extravagance which is conducting her to poverty and rags, because parsimony is inconsistent with the notions she has imbibed of an exalted and a generous spirit.

A man addicted to novel reading, spends his time in the regions inhabited by fairies; he converses with phantoms, draws his sword to penetrate subterraneous passages, visits mysterious lamps, slays giants, hears groans that no language can define, issuing from unknown caverns, and converses with phantoms to which a diseased or an intoxicated imagination gives birth. To a man of this description, the varied realities of life must appear dull and insipid; and, if not wholly beneath his notice, as entitled only to a secondary consideration. He engages in business, not from choice, but because he is compelled by stern necessity, and seizes every opportunity to abandon the irksome task. In his conversation, the extravagance of his expressions betrays the ghost of chivalry with which he has been haunted, and he never appears at home unless conversing about love adventures, romantic exploits, suicide, duelling, insulted honour, vengeance, or seduction. His head teems with prodigies, and some nameless branches of profligacy accompany him in all his undertakings, infest his dreams, and occupy his waking thoughts.

To the interests of sound and valuable literature the mischief done by novels is almost incalculable. For works of thought and real merit, they create an utter disrelish, and by causing them to be surveyed through a false medium, their excellency is always

diminished, and too often destroyed. A subject that requires the exercise of mental energy is represented as surrounded with difficulties, which seen through this delusive optic, appears insurmountable. A disinclination to make any attempt, is, therefore, the natural consequence; and content with real ignorance, arrayed in the garb of imaginary knowledge, the mind sinks into a state of inanition, and loses its powers in unavailing smiles or sighs.

The indulgence which novels give to mental laziness, becomes conspicuous in the effects that daily observations make visible. During the perusal of such works, the individual is never at ease, unless his mind can be rendered nearly passive, and he can stretch his listless limbs on a sofa, when he cannot bask in some romantic arbour. Hence, an indolent, lounging and desultory habit of reading is acquired, calculated at once to enervate the body, and enfeeble the mind; so that when works of mental vigour are to be perused, which require close and regular attention, and an exercise of the judgment, which must be constantly on the alert, to follow and comprehend the author's observations, and to perceive the force of the arguments employed, the mind is unequal to the task.

From the constant habit of reading novels, the literary taste will not suffer less than the mental powers, especially among the

young and the inexperienced, who have not yet erected for their guidance a more exalted standard; and such characters as these, are in general swallowed up in the vortex of novel reading. By persons of more mature and steady minds, where the habit of close and unremitting attention has long gained the ascendancy, and continues to hold a powerful and predominating influence, and where the taste has been modelled to correctness and purity by long and regular discipline, works of fiction may be perused without much disadvantage. But even in this view, unless a careful selection be made, the evil will more than counterbalance the indulgence which the perusal might afford. Even in the case which has now been supposed, although the mind may be amused, and by that means be led to more useful studies with renewed vigour, the novel can only be considered as a soothing instrument, better calculated to excite an interest than to impart instruction.

It is evident, however, that where such previous preparations for the perusal of novels have not been obtained, all the consequences may be anticipated to which I have already adverted. Among the younger branches of the community, much time is required to fortify the mind with sound and sterling principles; and to bring the passions under the dominion of the judgment is not the work of a solitary effort. In this

critical period of human life, the unhallowed fire is quickly kindled, and when principles suffer in the conflagration, scarcely any human exertion will be sufficient to extinguish the flame. The love of novel reading once excited, cannot easily be suppressed. The thirst increases with the repetition of indulgence, and in the room of novels, scarcely any substitute can be found, within the whole compass of literature.

To characters of this description, even the sober facts of history wear an uninviting aspect. So far as incidents border on the romantic they excite an interest, but the causes which led to the catastrophe, and the effects which result from it, are tedious and forbidding. The regular march of historical detail possesses no charms, the solitary fact contains all they are solicitous to know; but the drudgery of tracing the connexion which one incident has with another, they consign over to less exalted spirits. The discovery of America, the conquest of Mexico, the murder of Cortez, and the gold of Peru, cannot fail to have their charms. They have no objection to descend into a diamond mine, to visit Cape Horn, or to double the Cape of Good Hope; but they cannot bear to equip the fleet, or to conduct the vessel across the ocean, unless it be to behold the ravages of the storm, to survey the disasters of a shipwreck, or to hear the cries of the drowning mariners.

To the effusions of the tragic or the comic muse, the productions of the novelist bear a strong affinity. Plot and incident prevail throughout the whole ; every part is highly seasoned ; imaginary characters are frequently exhibited in all the decorations of glowing language, and truth is generally introduced, when it will be more convenient than a lie. But there are other branches of poetry, of which novel reading half destroys the charms. The didactic, lyric and pastoral rarely find admirers in novel readers, and few among them have either patience or inclination to examine the ethics of the moral or religious muse.

But unfortunately, the evils resulting from novels do not terminate here. Works of this character, are in general more injurious to the cause of morality than to that of solid literature. The writers of novels are well aware, that the human mind has naturally a strong propensity to evil, although in theory they may deny the fact. Evil, indeed, may be varnished over with a less vulgar name, to render it palatable to such as swallow the soporific potion, but the truth is too palpable to be denied. In this, between them and their readers there is a mutual understanding ; the former make their calculations, and manufacture their articles for sale, always taking care to be liberal in the spice and pepper with which they are prepared for the markets, well knowing that the latter

always deal largely in such commodities as will meet their taste, give the strongest impulse to their passions, and by communicating a new impetus to an inflamed imagination, create the most violent agitation in the animal spirits.

To the dishonour of novels it must be stated, that they too frequently present to the corrupt inclinations of the heart, false sentiments respecting primitive rectitude, and the moral condition of man, setting before it licentious descriptions, which it had been previously prepared to receive, and which inclination is ever ready to reduce to practice. To make the enchantment more complete, sophistical reasonings, and delusive arguments are employed, to render the most improbable events plausible, by concealing their more questionable parts, under the equivocal import of words and phrases; while in reality they are exciting romantic sensibility, by throwing reason off her guard, stimulating the passions to rebel against an authority they have used their utmost artifices to weaken, and insidiously corrupting the heart.

Conscience is a certain power or faculty in the soul, which novelists are compelled either to subdue or proselyte. To do the former, would be a task too dangerous, daring and tedious for them to attempt. They have therefore turned their attention to the latter, and in many instances they have been but

too successful. Conscience in the general acceptation of the term, is that ground of judgment, either true or false, by which we pronounce any action or event to be good or evil.

It is well known that conscience, under an improper bias, sometimes leads men into error; it is therefore capable of receiving instruction, and of being directed by additional light in its decisions on moral actions. Of this susceptibility the novelist writers have availed themselves, and among the evils resulting from their productions, one of the most serious, is, that of proselyting conscience to the contaminated morals which they broach. When this is accomplished, the conquest becomes complete, and the victim falls, too frequently to rise no more. This, however, is not the work of a day. Many begin to peruse novels, with consciences that coincide in their dictates with the pure Word of God. But proceeding in their career, they fatally realize the following lines :

“Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
That to be hated, needs but to be seen,
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”—*Pope.*

At first, the principles are viewed with detestation and horror. They are decided to be wrong, but the narrative is pursued that its result may be discovered. The termination is perceived to be erroneous, but on comparing all the parts together, it is

found that a consistency reigns throughout, and had it not been that the principle on which the whole is founded, appears to be improper, the tale would have recommended itself by its own intrinsic excellence. Time, however, from the commanding influence of which, even the opinions of men respecting truth cannot escape, unfortunately reduces the principle, which was the only obstacle, to a demi-bugbear of the imagination, clothing it in some new disguise to render its form less objectionable. Thus presented, from being positively *erroneous*, it becomes merely *doubtful*, and every one must allow that what is doubtful may be disputed. "A disputable point is no man's ground." On such propositions a diversity of opinions may be safely entertained, but the decisions of the judgment must be governed by the force of argument, and the weight of evidence.

The mind thus, by insensible degrees, unhinged from its original centre, and brought into this dreadful equipoise, by the plausible magic through which vice is too frequently recommended, and dazzled by the splendor of her garments, soon falls a prey to the enchantments of mental seduction. When this takes place, the destroying angel is in the rear; old principles are exchanged for new ones, and prevailing opinion is adopted as the only legitimate standard of truth.

The principles of human action being thus poisoned at the fountain head, the passions, which anticipate an unrestrained indulgence, without fearing the interruptions of conscience, readily enlist themselves under the banners of this mental and moral revolution, and in their joint authority they bid defiance to all control. By this strange metamorphose which the mind undergoes, truth itself becomes separated from its immutability, and the awful sanctions with which it was guarded, lose nearly all their force. The doctrine of *expediency* usurps the dominion of justice, and the habitual conduct of those with whom the victim of novel reading associates, is made the criterion of decorum. By means and gradations such as these, the mental character acquires that deterioration which prevails in fashionable life; and where those degrading acts of vice are shunned, which expediency has not yet had the impudence to countenance, nor the ability to embrace, the escape of the individual must be attributed to the operation of causes, in which the principles inculcated in novels, can either claim no share, or in which they must hold a very subordinate rank.

I am not about to deny, that many causes besides those which I have noticed, conspire to produce those melancholy effects at which I have hinted. The mind, under the influence of an evil bias, is susceptible of attacks from every quarter; but it is alarmingly

obvious, that in the production of the calamity deplored, novels of various characters have done their part. In favour of some few, there can be no doubt, that exceptions must be made. But taken in the aggregate, they have extended and sanctioned a train of evils, for which the exceptions are inadequate to make any compensation. The mind, when once unhinged from virtuous principle, cannot regain its original balance. The seeds of vice sown in a prolific soil, can never be rooted out by mere human effort. The declivity, strewed with flowers, promotes a deeper descent, and the whirlpool of ruin rarely warns the approaching victim, till it yawns to ingulph him for ever.

Among the duels with which England is disgraced, and the acts of suicide for which our country is rendered infamous, it is more than probable, that a great proportion may be traced to the novels which intoxicate the mind, with their destructive exhibitions of seductive sentiments, and contaminating examples. On the female character their influence has not been less baneful. Through their paralyzing effects on the understanding and the judgment, they enter the unguarded avenues of the heart, and inflame the passions; and many a virtuous girl, now abandoned and mocked by her base betrayer, may date her first departure from the paths of innocence, from the perusal of these fascinating and deleterious compositions.

On comparing the morals which the writers of novels in general inculcate, with the pure principles of the Gospel, little or no resemblance can be found, while the most glaring contrast will be exhibited in almost every feature. The moral principles of the Gospel stand in close connexion with doctrines, which the morals of novels disown, or on which, out of mere compliment to prejudice, that are yet unsubdued, their authors, through mere delicacy but lightly touch. Even this is but rarely done; and when the condescension is made, it may rather be considered as a branch of *expediency*, than the result of conviction, flowing from the light of truth. The confession, however, may be deemed serviceable, as it disarms hostility, gratifies prejudice, and prevents objections from being started; and, by giving to concealment an additional garment, robs innocence of its smiles, and lulls suspicion to repose.

The morals of the Gospel take their stand on an elevated ground, which opens eternity to our view, and we learn from their bearing and tendency, that this will be our future home. The morals, on the contrary, to be too often found in novels, hide this awful reality from human observation; and, that no light, beaming from an hereafter, may penetrate the half-slumbering conscience, they take their station in a vale which contracts the horizon of mental vision,

and bounds the operation of human thought. The morals of the Gospel invariably suppose man to be an intelligent agent, who, in a disembodied state, must be responsible for the actions which he performs in this ; but those of novel writers permit him to infer, that life circumscribes the theatre of existence, and that when the grave closes upon him, all beyond is involved in impenetrable obscurity. The morals of the Gospel direct us to view the eternal God as the final Judge of quick and dead ; but those of novels know scarcely any other deity than chance, or fate, or luck, or fortune. The Gospel views man as a fallen and degenerate being ; but novels delude us with romantic notions of the perfectability of human nature. The Gospel represents mankind as destitute of moral power to renovate themselves ; but novels recommend the exertions of our moral and physical energies, and admit their sufficiency for the accomplishment of every virtuous purpose. The Gospel opens to man a source of mercy, and encourages him with assurances of its attainment, whenever, with sincerity, he makes, through the appointed medium, an application for compassion ; but novels require no auxiliary aid to human sufficiency, and but rarely exhibit for imitation, any character, but that of a man of honour, or a lady of fashion ; persons whose lives furnish a painful comment on their creeds.

The Gospel inculcates that wisdom that is from above, that is "pure, peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy, and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy." That on the contrary, which novels teach, knows not how to instruct its hero to shew "out of a good conversation his works with meekness of wisdom." He knows how to scrawl a card of invitation, to write a flattering note to a lady, to plan a seduction, to conduct an elopement, or to send a challenge. He knows how his hair ought to be dressed, is acquainted with the fashion that has just been introduced from Paris; he can make a genteel bow, is able to dance, and has some knowledge of music. He is well acquainted with the various kinds of snuff-boxes that are in use; is capable of delivering an opinion on an actor, and is an adept in collecting opinions on the last new play. His smelling-bottle and quizzing-glass, he can handle with much dexterity, and he knows on which side of his cane the tassel ought to dangle.

Possessed of these enviable qualifications, and strutting in all the insolence of pride and haughty pre-eminence among his fellows, ambition designates his character, and awakens within his bosom the smiles of self-complacency. But with all these acquirements, his heart is the seat of "bitter envying and strife;" and while the predominance of unholy passions proves that his wisdom

descendeth not from above, the catalogue of his intellectual riches shews, that it is "earthly, sensual, devilish;" and an apostle has assured us, that "where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work."

"As few endowments were necessary to judge, so few have been supposed necessary to compose a novel; and all, whose necessities or vanity prompted them to write, betook themselves to a field, which, as they imagined, it required no extent of information or depth of learning to cultivate; but in which, a heated imagination, or an excursive fancy were alone sufficient to succeed; and men of genius and of knowledge, despising a province in which such competitors were to be met, retired from it in disgust, and left it in the hands of the unworthy. The effects of this have been felt, not only in the debasement of the novel in point of literary merit, but in another particular still more material, in its perversion from a moral or instructive purpose, to one directly the reverse. Ignorance and dullness are seldom long inoffensive; but generally support their own native insignificance, by an alliance with voluptuousness and vice."

"That creation of refined and subtle feeling, reared by the authors of the works to which I allude, has an ill effect, not only on our ideas of virtue, but also on our estimate of happiness. That sickly sort of refinement creates imaginary evils and distresses,

and imaginary blessings and enjoyments, which imbitter the common disappointments, and depreciate the common attainments of life. This affects the temper doubly, both with respect to ourselves and others : with respect to ourselves, from what we think ought to be our lot ; with regard to others from what we think ought to be their sentiments. It inspires a certain childish pride of our own superior delicacy, and an unfortunate contempt of the plain worth, the ordinary but useful occupations and ideas of those around us.

“ The principal danger of novels, as forming a mistaken and pernicious system of morality seems to me to arise from that constraint between one virtue and another, that war of duties which is to be found in many of them particularly in that species called sentimental. The duty to parents is contrasted with the ties of friendship and love ; the virtues of justice, of prudence, of economy, are put in competition with the exertions of generosity, of benevolence, and of compassion ; and even of these virtues of sentiment there are still more refined divisions, in which the over-strained delicacy of the persons represented, always leads them to act from the motive least obvious, and therefore, generally, the least reasonable.

“ In the enthusiasm of sentiment there is much the same danger as in the enthusiasm of religion ; of substituting certain impulses

and feelings of what may be called a visionary kind, in the place of real practical duties, which in morals as in theology, we might not improperly denominate good works. In morals as in religion, *there ARE NOT WANTING instances of refined sentimentalists, who are contented with talking of virtue which they never practise, who PAY in WORDS what they OWE in ACTIONS*; or perhaps what is fully as dangerous, who open their minds to impressions which never have any effect upon their conduct; but are considered as something foreign to and distinct from it. *This separation of conscience from feeling*, is a depravity of the most pernicious sort; *IT eludes the strongest obligation to rectitude, it blunts the strongest incitement to virtue*; when the ties of the first bind the sentiment, and not the will, and the rewards of the latter crown not the heart, but the imagination.

“ I have purposely pointed my observation not to that *common herd* of novels, (the wretched offspring of our circulating libraries) which are despised for their insignificance, or proscribed for their immorality; but to the errors as they appear to me, of those admired ones which *are frequently put into the hands of youth for imitation as well as amusement*. *Of YOUTH, it is essential to preserve the imagination sound as well as pure, and not to allow them to forget, amidst the intricacies of sentiment,*

or the dreams of sensibility, the TRUTHS of REASON, or the LAWS of PRINCIPLE."—
Lounger, No. 20.

Mrs. Barbauld in her observations on the life and writings of Richardson, remarks that novels may be distinguished into three classes, according to the mode and form of the narration which the author adopts. The first is the narrative or epic form, in which the whole story is put into the mouth of the author, who is supposed to know every thing; the second is that in which the hero relates his own adventures; and the third is that of epistolary correspondence, in which all the principal characters of the novel relate the events in which they were concerned." This last Mrs. Barbauld seems to think, originated with Richardson.

Since the preceding remarks were made, another species of novel writing has started into existence, in which facts are seized for the ground-work, on which has been erected an edifice of fabrications. To this new species Cannon Street Road has had the honour of giving birth. The stock of truth, when grafted with the scions of falsehood, may bear much leaves, and flourish for a season with luxuriant vigour, but from such an unnatural combination, no wholesome fruit can ever be expected.*

* I suppose the life of his brother Peter is in preparation, and those also of the young Douglasses. We may therefore expect, that by the mighty power of his pen

To settle the degree of consanguinity that subsists between this species of composition, and that family which truth disowns, would prove in some instances a task of extreme difficulty, while in others, the evidence and the statements accompany each other. Delineations of character that admit of general application, may be measured as to their truth or misrepresentation, by the rules of probability, which every one can comprehend. But when these delineations become personal, though under a feigned name, no one but the individual who finds himself exposed to public observation, through the treachery of his friend, can be competent to trace their relationship in all its branches.

and that of Mrs. Reed, and the folly of a credulous and fictitious public, the history of the family of the Russells and that of the DOUGLASES *extraordinary*, will eclipse those of the Scipios—the Cæsars—the Brutuses—the Abrahams—the Jacobs—the Josephs, and the Simeons; and that the real, historical, biographical and scriptural pages, will be thrown aside, and become neglected. For, to such readers as this religious novel has created, and which those in embryo may create, the real, historical and scriptural relations, which are so full of *truth and honesty*, will “*be considered so tame in narration.*”* that these writers will have to work night and day to prepare food for the increased demand; and, unless God should call them from fiction to reality, by drawing their spirits into another world, the subscribers to the Bible Society will have to turn their subscriptions into another channel, as the Bible soon, will be valued as so much waste paper.

* No Fiction, vol. i. p. 123.

In the formation of "No Fiction," I have had an opportunity of peeping behind the curtain, and of seeing the strings and pulleys which have moved the visible machine. With the quantity of truth that this work contains, so far as I am personally involved, I am well acquainted; and this I flatter myself I have sufficiently proved, bears but a small proportion to the whole composition. The remaining parts, when truth is extracted, the public will know how to appreciate, and how to name.

From the swarms of novels that constantly issue from the press, and from observing the avidity with which they are received by the public, my *former friend* had an opportunity of watching the state of that barometer in which frivolity had supplied the place of mercury; and in an auspicious moment, he presented his claims for a share of those honours which the needy want, and the generous bestow.

The selection of a title for his book, I conceive, was a point of considerable nicety. He saw the rage for something new in the market of novels, and very naturally thought, that his work should have something novel to recommend it. He very well knew that his composition was neither all truth nor all fiction; it was a mixture of both; and he seems to have resorted to the latter, that it might furnish incidents, which a strict adherence to the former would never have

enabled him to obtain, and excite an interest, without which he could never hope for a profitable sale. But notwithstanding the author must have been well aware that the parts which are true are both scanty and diminutive,* when compared with those which are fictitious, yet that his work might not suffer in its marketable quality, by exhibiting nothing new, with unparalleled disingenuousness, he sacrificed the peace and reputation of his friend, and sent his publication into the world under the title of "No Fiction;" although, if its name were to be determined by its predominating feature, he ought to have called it "No Truth."

But neither its title, nor the manner of its execution, would have excited my attention, if I not been personally involved in its descriptions and delineations. By certain facts and incidents which that book contains, I was well known to the whole circle of my acquaintance, under the character of Lefevre; and long before Mr. Reed avowed himself to be the author, he was recognized under that of Douglas. Our well known intimacy, and the few facts which had a real existence coming before the public, first under the sanction of Mr. Reed's assumed title, and afterwards under that of his real name, naturally led those, into whose hands the work fell, to give the author credit for the truth of all his statements, and consequently to view me under the character of Lefevre,

as a mass of depravity, while Douglas appears as one of those "faultless monsters which the world never saw."

Under all these circumstances, I appeal to any man, whether a parallel to this mode of proceeding can be found in the whole history of novel writing, from the days of Charles, when this species of composition started into existence, to the present hour? A few solitary facts in my life by which I am sufficiently known, have been seized as the basis of a narration, in which falsehood is piled on falsehood, and misrepresentation is added to misrepresentation; and my character being thus loaded with infamy, I am exhibited before the world, burdened with an accumulation of guilt, formed from the ebullitions of an exuberant fancy. If works of this description can claim the title of "No Fiction," there is not a romance in existence that may not form an alliance with truth, and admit an apology if not a full justification.

It has been justly said, that the doctrine of ideal happiness is calculated only for the meridian of Bedlam, and that it never ought to be sought beyond the limits of Moorfields. Similar observations may be made on the characters exhibited, and the scenes displayed in "No Fiction." The character of Douglas is not less fictitious than that of Lefevre; and whoever forms his opinion of either from the portraits thus drawn, will find that he is more indebted to imagination

than to truth. These are among the false impressions which writings of this description are calculated to make; and whoever reads this, as furnishing a fair specimen of mankind, will discover realities to contradict his expectations, and meet disappointment to mock his hopes. From actual experience he will learn more genuine lessons, and find that his former days had been wasted in pursuing idle dreams.

Lefevre professes to be a man of like passions, frailties, and imperfections with those who may peruse this book; and he well knows that Douglas, the astonishing hero of "No Fiction," is not exempt from the common foibles and infirmities of human nature, notwithstanding the splendid garments in which he has made his appearance, before an admiring but deluded public.

To keep alive *the farce*, Mr. Reed has more than intimated, that he alone possesses the key to "No Fiction;" but he will now find that of this invaluable treasure he was not the exclusive possessor. In his making this assertion, I do not however accuse him with having stated an intentional falsehood. For when that work was originally planned, and most of it written, the authors as they told me, thought me dead; and if that supposition had been founded on fact, no person could have unravelled the mysteries of the tale but themselves: and this the public may reasonably conclude, from the narrative

and incidents which I have now laid before them, they never would have done. He may, however, even now accuse me of having picked his lock with an improper key. Let him then produce the real one, and shew that I have entered his closet by a false instrument. Let him produce the real individuals, answering the various characters which he has given to the world under fictitious names; and, if able, assign to them an appropriation in contradiction to mine. Nothing but this can fairly counteract my statements.

In passing through my Memoir, and in my Review of "No Fiction," I may have been occasionally betrayed into an asperity of expression, against which those who are skilled in the polemic art, are always upon their guard. For this I hope the candid reader will make all due allowance; especially when I beg those into whose hands these volumes may fall, rather to advert to the truth of what I have said, than to the manner in which I have delivered my thoughts. To every impartial judge, the provocation which I have received must appear of no ordinary magnitude, and this I hope will operate as an apology for the mode which I have adopted to vindicate my character.

Should any one, however, still be disposed to censure my proceedings, I have only to beg him to place himself in my situation, combining together all the circumstances

connected with the cause of my complaint, and let him then say how he would have acted. Truth has been the grand object which I have invariably had in view, and from this I am not conscious that I have made the slightest deviation. Nothing but this will stand the test of a rigorous scrutiny before the public, to the tribunal of which I now appeal.

But there is another tribunal to which both Douglas and Lefevre are fast approaching, the decisions of which will fix their destinies for ever. To this I can only look through the merits of a once crucified but now exalted Saviour. At that awful crisis the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, and every man's doom irrevocably fixed.

AFTER I had completed my Memoirs, and was proceeding with my Review, a gentleman of my acquaintance, who sympathised with me, and who was acquainted with the plan of my reply, brought me some observations on "No Fiction," which he had penciled in the margin of that work. He had been induced to purchase a copy, and attempted to read it, from the unqualified recommendation and notoriety it had obtained. These observations he intended for me, to embody in my Review. As however he is a gentleman of classical attainments, and of considerable accuracy in writing, I thought it best, (not wishing, like my traducer, to borrow the feathers of the peacock for a time, to gain the approbation of the world, that his observations should be concentrated and printed in a separate form; to give them their full effect, and that I might not lay claim to a superiority of education which I do not possess. What Douglas said of me in 1813, "that my mind was so diverted from its regular pursuits, that I could neither read a page in the Universal History, nor *translate a line of Virgil*," is partly true; for I *never could* translate a line of Virgil in my life. And the Rev. Andrew Reed would give a display of his own inability to perform that task, if called upon "*unawares*" in public. From what my friend

has written, I think it would be as well. if he were to commence "Murray again," and proceed slowly on to a complete knowledge of his own language, if he have sufficiency of brains to accomplish the task. My friend has promised more extended assistance when Mr. Reed's "full justification" makes its appearance. In the meantime, the public, I think, will agree with me, that he is no common auxiliary.

OBSERVATIONS

ON

"NO FICTION,"

BY A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S.

NEITHER any supposed intrinsic merits, nor yet alone even the many glaring defects of "No Fiction," as a mere literary or religious publication, would justify us in obtruding upon the public a Review of this work so long after its appearance. Whatever beauties it has, have been so magnified and blazoned by its admirers, that the most obtuse cannot now be insensible to them. The work has already had, at least in our apprehension, more than its due meed of praise from the Reviews, whose pages its pretensions to popular favour have been allowed to occupy.

The task we have to perform is thus considerably, we wish we could say one half, diminished; and much more grateful to our feelings would it be, had the censure of this work, rather than its eulogy, been the duty already discharged. The defects of "No

Fiction" are so palpable, that an attempt, on its first appearance, to expose them, would probably have been considered a mark of contemptible and insufferable vanity ; but its admirers, as if to conceal its deformity, have so lavishly decorated it with their favours, that we feel ourselves more liable now to incur the charge of temerity than conceit, in attempting to put aside these gaudy appendages, and to reveal the many and serious defects of the production itself.

The whole genus to which this work belongs, and whose numbers, we are sorry to perceive, are multiplying with the rapidity of ephemeral existence, is a blight in the moral world to which we cannot too speedily direct our attention, and which, if not checked in its progress, may in a short time destroy every trace of verdure, and every mark of previous cultivation. The work immediately before us derives importance from its fraternity, as well as from the fact, that now after a lapse of several years from its appearance, and after it has been widely circulated and generally read, its title is rendered, to say the least, questionable, and its details suspicious, while a principal character in the tale has suffered materially by its publication. We must regard "No Fiction," not as an individual production, the mischief of which would be comparatively insignificant, but as one of a tribe, the aggregate evil influence of which must be lament-

ably important. Before we proceed therefore to the particular examination of "Novel Fiction," we cannot forbear to make one or two observations on this kind of publications, which are, and we hope ever will be novel publications.

It is impossible not to perceive, that when a Christian author adopts the imagery, the style, and even the characters of by no means the most chaste and elegant novelists, he may not be altogether unsuspected of aiming at a competition with works, resemblance to which must inevitably reflect disgrace upon his head. It is certainly no credit to a Christian writer, that he can at pleasure command the dialect of profligacy, and depict with accuracy, and with a minuteness of detail, into which only a spectator can be conceived capable of entering, the scenery, the amusements, the follies, and vices of what is termed fashionable life. And especially when there is in the author's mode of doing this, an evident glee and complacency, a sportiveness possessed by no animal but in his own congenial element, his religious pretensions must be considerably weakened, and the character of his work invested with ambiguity.

However unimportant may be the opinions of reviewers, and however inefficient when opposed to those of authors and readers, the former do not discharge their duty to the latter, unless they endeavour to cor-

rect what they conceive to be wrong, by an explicit avowal of their opinions. We shall therefore, not apologize for stating, (though we are conscious a feeling opposite to our own is prevalent,) that the species of religious novels now most in requisition, is the product on the one hand, and the pabulum on the other, of a morbid Christianity.

An author generally inspires his readers with emotions similar to those under the influence of which he writes ; if he, indeed, be capable of infusing into his composition, and they of receiving, any feeling whatever. Now the truths of religion are so sublime and important, that they ought ever to be exhibited and investigated with a seriousness equally remote from levity and moroseness. And it is no less necessary that they be presented to the mind, through a medium by which they can be neither distorted nor darkened. Every thing likely at all to perplex and confuse the judgment, should be separated, as far as possible, from so momentous a subject as that of religion, which comes to man with the high claims of heaven upon his attention.

But when an author, in a work professedly designed to inculcate lessons of piety, and to impress our minds with the momentous truths of religion, devoting, be it admitted, a considerable portion of his work apparently to these purposes, yet fills the remaining parts with jocular occurrences,

ludicrous characters, and semi-profane wit-ticisms, how is it possible either to expect from this babel of sounds, an intelligible and correct impression, or to believe the author is at any time serious, whose transitions are so easy and agile from the grave to the gay, or the gay to the grave? And, in the perturbation of feeling produced and kept up by the rapidly shifting scenes in which the hero appears, and the conflicting passions which now impel him in this, and then in the opposite direction, sometimes to pleasing, and at other times to painful results, in all of which the reader is compelled to sympathise with the personage before him, it is absolutely impossible for the mind steadily to contemplate the great truths interwoven in the narrative, or distinctly to retain, for the purposes of self-application, the religious duties whose importance may be occasionally illustrated and enforced. The mind is too much busied in tracing the events of the history, and too intently watching the fortunes of the hero, to be capable of bestowing due attention on its own moral condition.

Religious novels, by which so many emotions must be awakened which have nothing to do with religion, and often so many passions agitated which are inimical to Christian feeling, keeping the mind in a state of excitement and internal conflict, least of all congenial with the solemnity of religious

truth, are certainly not suitable weapons of Christian warfare, nor such as we should expect an experienced soldier of Christ would confide in or employ.

To us, moreover, these serio-comic productions appear to have the effect of representing religion rather as the amusement of leisure hours, and the recreation of wearied spirits, than, as it undoubtedly ought to be, the most momentous and constant business of human life. Laudable as the wish confessedly is, to gain the attention of men to a subject, which, though of incalculably greater importance than all others, is, in general, regarded with greater apathy than even the most trivial; if no better means for its accomplishment can be afforded than religious novels present, the remedy, in our opinion, is worse than the evil: a ludicrous expedient truly for exciting attention, is that of veiling the object to which it is invited; but no less effectual than ludicrous in the dark ages of superstition and mysticism. If Christian authors wish their writings to operate as a cathartic on the morally diseased system of man, they cannot infuse into them a religion too pure and free from extraneous ingredients; and serious indeed, may we apprehend, will be the consequence, should they attempt to render religion more palatable to their patients by adulteration. Just in proportion as they mingle with the valuable and salutary, in-

different, not to say pernicious, ingredients, do they dilute and deteriorate the whole composition.

These are some of the evils which, in our opinion, flow from publications such as "No Fiction;" but this work is objectionable on other peculiar grounds, which we shall now proceed to specify.

It is, we had almost said, somewhat singular, (but scarcely any absurdity is remarkable) that the writer has, in this very work, urged against novel reading, and of course novel writing, the arguments which may be most pointedly turned against his own production. From pp. 153—156, vol. i. may be seen three objections to which we shall briefly advert, just for the sake of observing, how much more capable writers are often found to be of detecting the defects of others, than of amending their own. And, perhaps, as we proceed we shall see that the author of "No Fiction," while objecting against novels, is affording an instance of that perversity in the human perception, which magnifies to a beam the mote which obstructs the vision of another, while on the contrary it diminishes its own beam to a mote, or even to nothing. "In the first place," says this writer, "I object to a course of novel reading, as it produces an undue excitement on the mind." But from the remarks which follow under this head, it appears the stress should be laid on "a

course of novel reading," for he tells us, "the *habitual* novel reader feeds on essences and liquors rather than on a temperate and wholesome diet;" and "a *course* of novel reading, at this period (youth,) must be as perilous as the administration of stimulants where there is every symptom of fever." It is scarcely necessary to remark, that, if the course is objectionable, the first step in such a course ought to be particularly shunned and especially guarded against. And if Mr. Reed will not allow his work to be classed with works of fiction, still he and every one must feel that such is its style, its scenes, and descriptions, that at least it is but a stepping-stone to the more inventive, more impassioned, and, in his own apprehension, reprehensible productions. We mean not to attribute to "No Fiction," any capacity of producing violent excitement, though an excitement it doubtless produces, which is most likely to create a taste for this flimsy reading, and so to give a distaste "for sober pleasures and rational amusement." Devoid of the charm, but yet constructed according to the model of a regular novel, its scenes are varied, and its characters contrasted and coloured, in such a manner, as, throughout the tale, to keep up just that interest, or rather curiosity, which is the main spring of the novel reader's movements. "No Fiction" is an amphibious animal belonging neither entirely to the

element of reality nor fiction ; or rather like the crow tricked out in the feathers of the peacock, with all the awkwardly assumed gaiety and finery of the one, it has the plain and inelegant form of the other, and is likely to be contemned and abandoned by both.

But, "secondly," the author proceeds, "I object to general novel reading, because it gives false impressions and views of life. Although it is the boast of the novelist that he draws from life, I will venture to assert his descriptions are no more a fair sample of life, than the gardens of Italy are a fair specimen of the world, or the portraits in Somerset House a fair representation of our species. It is rather a *selection* from life than a description of it, and *though the copy should be correct, the impression will be erroneous.*" We are at a loss fully to comprehend the force of this objection, which appears, as if in regard to its *weakness*, to be disposed in the centre. We must confess we know not how it is possible for the novelist who draws from life, any more than the painter, when representing a particular character or person, to present us with any thing but a selection from life. The author of "No Fiction," we apprehend, is not enthusiastic enough to suppose that he either has furnished, or can furnish us with a universal likeness, which shall equally resemble the mean and the proud, the spendthrift and the miser, the dissipated sensualist and

the intellectual devotee. If he feel disposed to make the attempt, we would give him the hint, that to accomplish this he must cut out a block that shall be totally dissimilar to any. A blank outline of human character and life, would produce in the mind an excitement as violent, arouse emotions as tender, and reform the heart as effectually, as the lines and circles of a mathematical diagram. A correct description of life must be of some particular character, moving in his appropriate sphere of action, exhibiting the features which compose the character, and exerting himself in those circumstances, where his prominent and distinguishing characteristics may be most advantageously exhibited and clearly recognized. Were the image of abstract human character erected, we might, without idolatry, fall down and worship before it, since it would resemble nothing in heaven above, nor in the earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth.

The finishing clause of the paragraph quoted above, is altogether inexplicable and truly mysterious. The phenomenon of a single perception from a double impression on the organs of vision, has not a little perplexed the physiologist; but we apprehend the moralist, as well as the novelist, will be astonished and mortified to discover, that though he should exhibit a correct and faithful copy of human character and life, he will

invariably make an erroneous impression on the minds of its beholders. We are somewhat surprised, if this is the author's conviction, that he did not abandon in despair the object which he no doubt proposed to himself in writing "No Fiction," of giving us, in opposition to the many representations which he denounces as fictitious, an accurate copy of human life. His doctrine savours of Berkleianism; and perhaps he will favour us, at some future period, with a full development of his theory, which will of course be an improvement upon that of the ingenious writer alluded to, and do away at once with the future delineations of the painter, and no less with those of the novelist. With such a glimpse of the theory as that with which he has yet indulged us, we may probably err in its application, but we cannot help applying it to the work before us, for the sake of illustrating its absurdity.

If the reader, from his knowledge of the Rev. A. Reed and Mr. F. Barnett, should have imagined, when perusing "No Fiction," that in the personages Douglas and Lefevre, he beheld an accurate portrait of those individuals, such an impression, (and here the author of "Facts," agrees with the author of "No Fiction,") is altogether erroneous. By both we are assured it is no such thing, and the author of "No Fiction" may now perhaps think his remark is ridiculous. But the absurdity is even greater

than this ; for this author maintains, that be it admitted these characters are faithfully drawn from life, our impressions of the humanity, sobriety, and perfect excellence of the one, and of the intemperance, folly, and abandonment of the other, are totally delusive and fallacious. If the conclusion is right the premises are wrong, and our delusion is effected, not by a correct, but by an inaccurate copy of human life. With this writer, however, we agree in thinking "the views of life," given by novelists in general, decidedly "false;" and, as he observes under the head of this second objection, that "it frequently happens the views of life, partial as they are, are unjust. Characters are drawn with a monstrous compound of vice and virtue." For if any confirmation were wanting to the truth of this last remark, we need go only to "No Fiction," for its ample verification. Whoever has perused this work, cannot have failed to remark, that its hero is at one time industrious, honest, and pious, or at least piously disposed ; at another, dissipated, negligent of business, and abandoned to every folly and every vice ; and then, after sinking into the most pitiable state of mental weakness, emerges at once from all his abasement, both mental, and moral, and shines forth with the chaste but cheerful splendour of Christian virtue. The character is, *at the same time*, energetic but wavering, generous but impro-

vident, noble but vicious to a dreadful degree. Its aberrations are so various and frequent, that like the phases of the moon, its only certainty seems to be change; and, indeed, whether even the last form it assumes will be permanent, is rendered painfully dubious. A monstrous compound of vice and virtue the character of Lefevre must be admitted to be; whether it is or is not unjust, the reader has perhaps already determined by the perusal of "Facts," to which these observations are appended.

The third objection advanced by this author against novel reading, is its immoral tendency: and under this he has properly remarked, "it is no apology that these writers draw from life; for as Dr. Johnson has well observed, 'there are characters and scenes in life that ought never to be drawn.'" *Quodque facere turpe non est, modo occulte; id dicere obscænum est.*

This objection to novels is perhaps but too generally just, while, however, it must be admitted, there is a class increasing in the present-day, of chaste, classic, and instructive novels, to which a distinguished writer in the north has, in no small degree, contributed, by the addition of his own productions, and no less by the elevation which they have imparted to the taste both of readers and writers of works of fiction. Still the provision of vulgar, coarse, and filthy materials is sufficiently abundant, and the

appetite for such gratification as is afforded by them is prevalent enough, and vehement enough, it is to be feared, for the total consumption of the present supply. It is an inquiry of almost inconceivable importance, how far the evils of these publications are to be traced. Eagerly sought and readily grasped, not by the educated only, but by all who are capable of putting syllables and words together, and making out the meaning of the almost magical characters by which ideas are conveyed from mind to mind, these publications must, to a very large proportion of a country's population, be the vehicles of poison and mental corruption. The evils effected by these novels are produced, not by a direct attack on the principles of virtue, but by a pretended description of life, under the semblance of which, scenes are introduced, and characters drawn, of the most vicious and polluted description, but shaded and coloured in the most pleasing and fascinating manner. By a mixture of the ludicrous with the profane, the irresistible smile is excited, and suppresses the rising reproof: by an ingenious introduction of mystery and intrigue, an intensity of interest is maintained, which fixes the attention in spite of our disgust at the vicious details; and by the agreeable development, of the plot, the reader is thrown off his guard; by one pleasing illusion he is led on step by step to another, unconsciously imbibes the temper

and passions of the characters with whom he is familiarized, and at length is alive and at home only amidst the scenes to which he has thus become accustomed.

The novelist wields a formidable weapon, because it is apparently employed to amuse, and not to destroy, and because they who are destined to be its victims, and to fall under its stroke, dazzled by its bright and glittering ornaments, perceive not, till it descends upon them, the piercing sharpness of its edge, nor the mortal poison in which it is steeped. Let it be remembered, that a finished description, or an unveiled exhibition of vice, is not necessary, in all cases, to arouse the dormant evil passions of the human mind. It is possible, by a mere allusion, or by the very garb in which a character is invested, to put the fancy to an exertion which will accomplish all that could be done, if the most exact, and studied, and minute representation were given by the pen of the writer, or the painter's pencil. It is here then, even as immoral in its tendency, we think "No Fiction" itself is deserving of condemnation. The writer, it is true, has not actually introduced us to the lascivious groves or the polluted haunts of iniquity, but he has chosen for his hero the frequenter of those groves and those haunts; he has tracked his downward path, and pointed to the scenes to which it conducts; he has described a character not certainly merely

ideal, but which ought never to be described. There are vices with which many of our youth would not become acquainted, but for publications of this description ; and it matters not as to the impression, as to the pollution which is injected into the imagination, whether it be by associating with the personages of actual life, or with the characters which figure in works of fiction. But it is just in proportion as a vicious and abandoned character is exactly and minutely pourtrayed, and all the workings of his passions faithfully developed, that the consequences will be serious and the impression pernicious.

It is particularly incumbent on writers to avoid every allusion to vices; but for which the imaginations of the young might remain happily uncontaminated by the idea of such crimes. Passing by, therefore, the minute description of Lefevre's various acts of profligacy given in "No Fiction," we cannot help expressing, though we cannot find terms adequate to express, our disapprobation of one allusion by which the pages of this work are deeply and unpardonably stained. This is to be found in pp. 208—215, of the first volume, nor is it possible to conceive why it has been made even in this mysterious manner. We are sorry to be able to say it, but bad as some novels are, we know not that the worst of them all contains any thing equal to this "detested charge." We cannot avoid here remarking on a circum-

stance peculiarly inconsistent in connexion with this charge, to which a calm, solemn, and flat denial is given by Lefevre, when in the perfect possession of his reason ; but to this cool and emphatic denial the author prefers the wild ravings of delirium, and upon the ground of the madman's acknowledgment, actually publishes his guilt, which he had previously consigned to total oblivion. In the second volume, pp. 53—60, the author represents his hero in a state of vassalage to a disordered imagination, and selects this ungenerous opportunity of eliciting from him a confession of his guilt, and his falsehood in previously denying it ;—conduct resembling, but not equalling, that of the officers of the Inquisition, who submit their miserable victims to the most exquisite tortures, to extort from them an acknowledgment of crimes perhaps not only not committed, but not before even imagined by them.

This author, it is manifest, has been guilty of literary infanticide, in suspending round the neck of his offspring three weighty objections, which must inevitably drag it down to the depths of infamy, which he doubtless contemplates as the fate of all succeeding novel writers.

It is now time to glance at that claim of the author to popular favour, which, as the strongest, is made the most conspicuous, and as most deserving attention, is set forth in the title page, and stated at length in the preface to the work. This book is presented

to us as "*No Fiction*, a narrative founded on recent and interesting facts." It is not our intention to dispute the facts nor the title, but to endeavour with the utmost impartiality to shew the reader, that even if "the work is what it professes to be, a narrative founded on facts," the author, be he who he may, is a contemptible being, and "*No Fiction*" a base and pitiful work. In shewing this we shall assume nothing more than the identity of Lefevre with the author of "*Facts*," if this can be called an assumption.

These remarks being intended for the perusal chiefly of those who have read "*No Fiction*," any outline of its contents has hitherto been entirely omitted as unnecessary. Here, however, it may not be improper just to remind the reader, that the chief part of the work under consideration is devoted to a delineation of two characters under the fictitious names of Douglas and Lefevre. And it should be kept in mind, that these two persons are represented as united together by the closest friendship, which though accidentally formed, and in a period not usually sufficient to find an acquaintance," is strengthened by intimacy, and confirmed and perfected, rather than impaired, by time. A developement of the friendship subsisting between these two individuals forms at least a prominent feature of the work, and we are therefore naturally led to consider the nature of the friendship thus forced upon our attention.

The author tells us, "there were in Lefevre and Douglas some of the best materials for friendship. There were those points of resemblance and difference, which the best judges deem essential to the strongest intimacy. They were both generous, susceptible, (*of what?*) fond of nature, and warm in the pursuit of knowledge." But it is worthy of particular notice, that while the friendship of Lefevre is an irregular, though occasionally vivid and ardent passion, that of Douglas to Lefevre is characterized throughout as a moderated but steady affection. Thus it is, the author remarks, "Genuine friendship, in minds truly noble, is at once a delicate and vigorous plant. It outlives the greatest injuries, while it is susceptible of the least. *Such was the friendship of Douglas.*" The reader must have observed, on the one hand, the faithful admonitions and prudent advice given by Douglas to Lefevre, and, on the other, the fretful impatience often manifested by the latter, under the restraints imposed upon his vicious inclinations by the counsel and reproof of the former.

The fifth chapter, vol. i. begins with some remarks on the romantic notions of friendship usually cherished by the young and inexperienced. The writer observes, "that friendship must exist for ever without the least alloy of earthly motive; that it must be confined to one object: that it must exist without interruption, and for ever; are sen-

timents more or less entertained by most young persons of ardent and generous tempers, with little or no "experience." What friendship *ought* to be, is a consideration essentially different from what, in its common acceptance and profession, it really *is*. That real friendship *must* be free from interested and selfish motives: that it can in reality exist only where the objects, however numerous, are of one character; and that it ought to be an uninterrupted and interminable interchange of kindness, of knowledge, and indeed of every good—*omnium rerum, consiliorum, voluntatum, sine ulla exceptione, communitas*; are certainly neither romantic nor unphilosophical ideas.

Such, apparently, were the sentiments of Lefevre, but the writer tells us, happily for Douglas, he was not much influenced by them. "Young as he was, he had lived to see the dissolution of one eternal friendship, and although he possessed very powerful and generous feelings, they were generally kept under the steady government of the judgment." The author appears to have adopted the sentiment attributed to Bias, and accordingly sets up Douglas as the model of a perfect friend, by the side of which Lefevre is placed, that the supposed defects of his friendship may be more readily and distinctly seen. Backed as this author is in recommending subtle caution as a necessary ingredient in friendship, by the name of one of the seven wise men of Greece, we may

perhaps be allowed to quote from Cicero's treatise on Friendship, the recorded opinion of Scipio Africanus: * "Negabat ullam vocem inimiciorem amicitiae potuisse reperiri, quam ejus, qui dixisset. ita amare oportere, ut si aliquando esset osurus: nec vero se adduci posse, ut hoc quemadmodum putaretur, a Biase esse dictum crederet, qui sapiens habitus esset unus e septem, sed impuri cujusdam, aut ambitiosi, aut omnia ad summam potentiam revocantis esse sententiam. Quonam enim modo quisquam amicus esse poterit, cui se putabit inimicum esse posse?—Hoc quidem præceptum cujuscunque est ad tollendam amicitiam valet."

Let us now observe how perfectly the

* Scipio used frequently to say, there never was a caution advanced more injurious to the principles of true amity than the famous precept which advises "so to regulate your affection towards your friend, as to remember that the time may possibly come when you shall have reason to hate him." He could never, he said, be persuaded that Bias, a man so distinguished for wisdom, as to be ranked among the seven celebrated sages of Greece, was really the author, as he is generally supposed, of so unworthy a precaution. It was rather the maxim, he imagined, of some sordid wretch, or perhaps of some ambitious statesman, who, a stranger to every nobler sentiment of the human heart, had no other object in forming his connexions, but as they might prove conducive to the increase or establishment of his power. It is impossible, certainly, to entertain a friendship for any man, of whom you cherish so unfavourable an opinion, as to suppose he may hereafter give you cause to become his enemy.—This unworthy rule, whoever was the author of it, is evidently calculated for the utter extirpation of true amity.—*Melmoth's Translation, &c.*

friendship of Douglas for Lefevre harmonizes with this author's sentiments to which we have just alluded. We do not assume that Douglas is the author, much less the identity of Douglas's character with that of the author. It is plain, however, if "No Fiction" is founded on facts, the book itself proves that the author has been furnished with the materials of his work either by Douglas or Lefevre, or by both conjointly. The latter opinion has, to our knowledge, been current, and was probably set on foot by the minute description of scenes, in which Lefevre alone is present, and by the record of his motives, feelings, and solitary reflections, with which we meet in every part of "No Fiction." But as praise, and even flattery is much more supportable than merited censure, it is less credible that Lefevre should become his own accuser, than that Douglas should furnish the topics of his own eulogy. Self accusation is less common than the infidelity of friends, and it is, therefore, more probable that Douglas has betrayed Lefevre, than that this individual has been the abuser of himself. We cannot help regarding, therefore, by the testimony of the book itself, Douglas, if not the author, as the person to whom is due the entire credit of furnishing him with the facts on which the narrative is founded. During the whole of Lefevre's intimacy with Douglas, we must suppose this individual to be carefully noting down all the errors and vices of his

friend, and keeping a regular diary of his experience. And allowing him to be a faithful biographer, what friendship has he evinced for the man whose life he narrates, and whose character he portrays? To him Lefevre confided the secrets of his heart, and the perplexities of his experience, and he has been faithless enough to publish or cause to be published to the world both the one and the other. He has prostrated in the dust his declared friend, to increase at the same time, his own apparent elevation. Not content with exposing the imprudence, the extravagance, the embarrassments, and profligacy of his *friend*, with a tenderness and delicacy peculiarly his own, he has published to the world his own suspicions that his friend had been guilty of a nameless offence against every thing sacred and human, and endeavoured to confirm these suspicions, by echoing the vociferations of a man, whom reason had abandoned to the lawless power of a disordered imagination. Oh! who could have thought there existed a heart so callous, so obdurate, so steeled against pity, as to be incapable of sympathizing with kindred flesh and blood in this the most pitiable state of mental bereavement? Oh! who could have imagined that the cruellest enemy would not be melted into tenderness by such a sad spectacle of helpless and hopeless wretchedness? Can it ever be thought that a being of the same frailty and alike liable to mental aberration, would con-

sent to incur the danger of reducing *his friend* again to the deplorable condition in which he had seen him, by describing all the wild agony of his heart, depicting the frenzy of his eye and the despair of his countenance, and repeating all his self-accusations of guilt, to which, at least it is possible, nothing but a terrible, tyrannic imagination had given a vivid and dreadful reality? But the friendship of Douglas towards Lefevre carried him even further than this. Not satisfied with the exposure of the vices of his friend, he has endeavoured to heap additional odium upon him, and to sink him into the lowest depths of infamy, by tying him in with a knot of iniquity, which, on the one hand he additionally corrupted, and on the other received from it yet greater corruption. Lefevre's relations and friends do not escape vituperation and obloquy, by which greater disgrace is reflected upon the unfortunate hero of "No Fiction."

Such is the conduct of Douglas towards his friend, if "No Fiction" is in truth not fictitious. Supposing that the view of Lefevre's life given in "No Fiction" is not unjust, but that his conduct is faithfully described, his motives accurately developed, and his career of vice correctly traced, what rational being would imagine a publication containing these, to be either 'the offspring of benevolence,' or (to change the figure) the fruit of the delicate, yet vigorous plant of human friendship. Had such a work been

published (as we may well believe it was not) with the consent of Lefevre, none but a person ineffably mean could form the idea of disclosing the sacred mysteries of 'the sanctuary of friendship.'

But Lefevre's uncontradicted assertion in the printed letter, that the work was published without his knowledge, justifies us in believing this to be the fact: if it be so, the publication of "No Fiction" is the basest violation of friendship that we either have beheld, or ever expect to behold. If conduct such as this be tolerated, all the ties of social happiness will be broken asunder, confidence between man and man will be eternally banished from the earth, suspicion will fill every bosom with agitation and alarm, and nothing will be visible in those parts of the creation which men have marked out from the surrounding waste, and rendered beautiful by culture, but moral tumult, disorder, and desolation, more dreary and appalling than the gloom and stillness of the unpeopled wilderness.

To the wildest regions of romance, we will venture to say, the friendship of Douglas does not belong: nor, without the grossest perversion of all language, and the most ridiculous jumbling of all ideas, can such conduct as this be ascribed to friendship in any one modification.

But the reader, it may be, is already satisfied, from examining 'Facts,' that Douglas is himself the author of "No Fiction," and

that although the narrative contains a few general and striking facts, these are so interwoven with fiction, absurdity, and misrepresentation, that while they cannot fail instantaneously to discover the parties to all their relatives and connexions, the distortion and colouring of Lefevre's character must infallibly injure, if not totally destroy his reputation, and render him to all whose good opinion he valued, an object of utter aversion; nor can we conceive that, to those who have discovered in the character of Douglas a flattering resemblance and varnished portrait of the author of "No Fiction," he can be less the object of pity and absolute contempt.

We have now shewn that "No Fiction" is, independent of its truth or falsehood, a scandalous performance; and if its statements are so perverted, its facts so mutilated, and the view of Lefevre's life so unjust, as we must believe them to be till the statement of facts be got rid of, what language can we employ strong enough to express the abhorrence which such conduct must naturally kindle in the bosom of every generous and noble individual? Little did Lefevre expect he had selected for his bosom friend one who would, with the subtlety of a viper, plant his venomous sting in the bosom to which he was taken, and in which he was cherished. Far indeed from his imagination must have been the shadow of a suspicion that he, whom he had chosen for the sharer

of his doubts and his joys, the depository of all the secrets of his heart, would so violate all the sacred obligations of friendship, so outrage every sense and rule of decorum, as to make his character and his conduct, his vices and his misfortunes, and still less conduct and vices not his, but unjustly attributed to him, the subject of a publication ushered into the world as the unpretending offspring of benevolence.

In attempting to discover any laudable motive which could have induced the author to publish this account of his friend, even supposing it not in any material points a fabrication, we confess ourselves not a little perplexed. Neither the spiritual nor temporal benefit of Lefevre was likely, by such a work, to be materially promoted. On the contrary, its influence on the mind of this injured individual would be most probably bad. Shame operates in the prevention of crime until its exposure, after which, character being destroyed, public opinion ceases to restrain, the society of the virtuous is rendered tenfold more irksome and distressing than before, and the once cautious delinquent becomes an open and shameless reprobate. The consequences in Lefevre's commercial and social connexions, so far as the hero is recognized, must be important and deplorable. The work is dedicated to youth, and the writer, we are told, has constantly held in view the improvement of the youthful character ; but his expectations

of the benefit they will derive from its perusal, would have been less sanguine had he considered the saying of a distinguished Pagan moralist and orator, who remarks, *certe, in eadem re, utilitas et turpitudine esse non potest.*

The *rare* and *trivial* liberties which have been taken with the facts on which the narrative is founded are, we are informed, '*only adopted (only) to veil the parties concerned from the eyes of an unprofitable curiosity :*' but the title itself, and the declaration contained in the very same page as the above assurance, that '*the narrative is founded on facts,*' must excite this very unprofitable curiosity which the author wishes to repress. '*O præclaram sapientiam !*' The author thought proper '*to throw a veil of concealment over the face of the whole narrative ;*' by which means he excited an ardent longing for the withdrawal of the veil, and the full disclosure of the singular personages moving behind it. The impenetrable veil of concealment, which the author has been so reluctant to remove, is now rent in pieces ; all the intrigue is revealed, and the mystery developed ; the personages appear in their true characters ; and stripped of artificial appendages, await the equitable award of the public to their respective claims. On the one hand, peace, comfort, and respectability will, we trust, be restored to the individual from whom they have been insidiously snatched away, while on the other,

faithlessness, calumny, and vanity, will bring down merited scorn upon the man in whose bosom they have been secretly cherished. It may be thought, that, in these observations, we have evinced a want of due respect to the feelings of the author of "No Fiction." What the sentiments of our readers are we know not; but for ourselves we must avow, though perhaps the avowal is needless, that, notwithstanding our wish on all occasions to be properly respectful, we can have no respect at all for the feelings of a man, who, it appears, has trampled on the laws of society, and, in violation of every feeling of humanity, to say nothing of religion, has not scrupled without provocation, and what is more, under the mask of friendship, to bring the worst of charges against an innocent and generous individual.

Allow us now to glance at the defects which pervade this author's composition. For although we are told, "Lefevre and Douglas as to languages, agreed to *perfect* themselves in the *principles* of the English tongue; deeming it *truly ridiculous* to pursue others while *palpably deficient in their own*;" we shall not be able to discover that this author has made any wonderful proficiency even in the first principles of his native tongue, provided this be the English. The reader cannot expect very extraordinary precision and accuracy from the person ~~who~~ (if Douglas is the author,) describes himself as a *simple mixture*. We have always

imagined a *mixture* to be a *compound* of at least two ingredients, and as the author himself informs us, the present mixture is *compounded* of the qualities of both Mr. and Mrs. Russell, we are compelled to acknowledge we possess not enough of the subtle shrewdness of Œdipus to solve this extraordinary enigma, and that we feel much more inclined, to admit the *simplicity* of its author, than to feel that astonishment with which he would impress us, at the nature and properties of the compound.

With equal accuracy, this author tells us, p. 83, vol. ii. "the cheerfulness and gaiety" of the scenery, by which Lefevre was surrounded, '*insensibly seemed*' to put him further from happiness; and in page 50, "his heart *involuntarily settled in a purpose*;" and again in p. 131, we have to heighten the description, and increase the solemn sadness of Lefevre's departure from England, the phenomenon of '*silence audible*.'

The first rule for accurate writing in the English language, no less than in every other, is correct thinking; but to this the writer seems to have paid little attention, however great the portion of time he may have squandered on his performance. With singular absurdity, he tells us, "*No temptation is final*. Each one leads to another in an unbroken series; and the *last* lays hold on hell!" We are at a loss to know what subtle refinements in etymology this writer

has made, or what shade of difference he has discovered between the *last* and the *final* temptation.

The word *only* is repeatedly misplaced by this author as in vol. ii. p. 46 "Passion, as Douglas has well observed, is a mere energy, and is *only good*, as it is under the direction of good principles." Douglas's observation would be better, at least more intelligible, had he said, Passion is good only as it is under, &c. As he expresses it, he conveys the idea that though it is only good when under the direction of good principles, yet in some other unspecified condition, it is even better than good. The author occasionally betrays not a little deficiency of skill in the arrangement of the different clauses in his sentences, obscuring his meaning, simply by the erroneous disposition of their separate members. The 28th chapter, vol. ii. commences by stating, "At length Lefevre reached the shores of Canada, and passed on to Montreal, with a *strong detachment as the ultimate point of destination.*" The author meant to inform us, we imagine, that Montreal, and not the strong detachment, was the point of Lefevre's destination, and so obvious is the way to express this, that it is scarcely conceivable how any persons accustomed to think as well as write could pass it over. Lefevre reached the shores of Canada, and, with a strong detachment, passed on to Montreal as the ultimate point of destination.

In the preface, after informing us that with the facts "some liberties have been taken," the author states 'they are less frequent and more trivial than the reader will be disposed to imagine. Should *this*, however, be the case, it is without remedy.' If our conjecture be right, the writer has here expressed just that which is most remote from his meaning. For certainly he did not intend to say, should these liberties be less frequent, and more trivial than the reader will be disposed to imagine; but on the contrary, should they be as frequent and as important as the reader may suppose, or even more numerous, and of greater magnitude than he may conceive, it is without remedy. Although we have the cheerful light of our lamp, and we trust the full possession of our reasoning faculties, we have been as much bewildered in the labyrinth constructed by this author as the poor, crazy hero of "No Fiction" could have been on Bagshot Heath, in the dark, stormy night when (mirabile dictu) '*the rain fell close to the ground.*' 'Manifold tracts,' we are told, 'crossed the waste,' by one of which, Lefevre, after long wandering about endeavoured to retrace his way to the main road. "He hastened along it. It brought him to a centre where many roads met; but none of them exactly in its own direction." We suppose the writer uses none in the singular as he employs the singular pronoun *its*. But we need not to be informed that no one read

met itself in its own or in any other direction. The reader must in the present instance excuse our not attempting to furnish a clue to the author's meaning.

In the use of prepositions after verbs compounded with those particles, this writer is particularly unfortunate. Thus in a letter from Lefevre to Douglas, vol. ii. p. 152. 'Let me have also your correspondence to [with] me : ' and in p. 239. 'All were greatly affected by the deep sympathy he (Lefevre) exhibited *in* the *deceased* and surviving members of the little family.' We sympathize *with* but not *in* our suffering fellow-creatures. Before the author is susceptible of sympathy with the deceased, in our opinion, it is more than probable, he will cease to sympathize with the living. Suspicious to, instead of suspicious of, the truth occurs in p. 108.

The author uses the imperfect tense instead of the present, to express Mrs. Lefevre's anxiety for her son's welfare, when he had made his escape from his friends : vol. ii. p. 76. 'Her suspicions fled to another subject equally fruitful in anguish, Where was he ?' The reply is, 'he *was* in the house, where his mother is now lamenting his absence.'

'Who do you reckon the benefactors,' &c. is certainly no proof of the author's having yet perfected himself in the principles of the English, or indeed of any other tongue, of which a first principle is that the accusative, or as we term it, the objective case follow

an active verb. In the English language there is no such word as preventative, preventive there is. The adjective valid, and the verb invalidate are English words, validate is certainly not a word of authorized coinage. 'A knack of showing off,' is a most inelegant phrase, and shews an utter want of taste in the author. '*A dear chum*,' is an appellation too nearly allied to the slang language to be tolerated in a work intended for the perusal, instruction, and amusement of the young. 'Sin' may be 'a nasty, bloody thing,' but such an expression is inelegant, not to say indecent. The *motionless fall* of an eye on the ground, is perhaps an authorized mode of expression in works of fiction, but is certainly an unhappy association of contradictory ideas. The author appears to have an uncommon partiality for flexible ears, and thus, such a phrase again and again occurs, as 'long as she sat with *her ear bent to the house-door*.'

In the use of figurative language this writer is extremely unhappy, sometimes selecting a metaphor totally inapplicable to his subject, and at others, mixing and confusing his figures, so as to produce the utmost disorder in his descriptions. Vol. i. p. 188, he expresses himself thus, 'But the same Scriptures inform us, that man, under a gracious influence, is *redeemed* from a *vortex* of debasing selfishness.' Selfishness is a debasing vice; and it is as voracious as debasing. The simile of a vortex, therefore, aptly con-

veys the idea of its violent and destructive operations. To redeem is to rescue from captivity or free from detention by the payment of some stipulated price, but redemption from a vortex is utterly incongruous and ridiculous. In p. 160, vol. ii. the writer remarks, "Trust not the world. It is but a *bubble* yea more, a *barbed poisoned dagger*, that carries death with its wounds. And though you should be exempt from its *stings*, &c." The mixture of metaphor is not a little perplexing, but neither a *bubble* nor a *dagger stings*, and to preserve the coherence of the figure, the author should have told us the world is not only a bubble and a dagger, but a gnat, a wasp, or a snake, or some such sort of thing !

In p. 54, vol. ii. 'Upon the *whole of that form* might be seen the worm of anguish silently yet rapaciously feeding on the *very seat of vitality*.' Is the *very seat of vitality* co-extensive with the *whole of the form* ?

In p. 50, vol. ii. the state of Lefevre's mind is thus described, 'Anger, remorse, pride, resentment, fear, and hate, created a tempest in his soul, which threatened the frame it inhabited, and which was *only* allayed [only] by the *master-hand of despair*. This demon, nourished by Lefevre's errors, *had long enveloped* from his eyes his fairest prospects ; and *now*, the *last* bright spot on which the star of hope shone sank into the surrounding darkness.' In this passage, de-

despair is a demon ; not indeed an impalpable or purely spiritual entity ; but to give animation to the scene, he is invested with a bodily presence and a human form ; at least he has a master hand with which, like a mighty magician, he allays the terrible storm of passions conflicting in Lefevre's bosom. So far we can follow the figure, as despair is a passion, or rather a state of mind capable of being fully bodied forth to our senses, in the haggard eye, dishevelled hair, pale, dejected countenance, and wringing hands. But having this clearly personified, the achievements of this personage are truly nonsensical. This personified demon '*envelopes* from Lefevre's eyes his fairest prospects.' To envelope is to wrap up, or conceal by wrapping up ; how then *prospects* can be *enveloped* at all is not easily conceivable, and still less how this is accomplished by the old, decrepid, and miserable demon despair. But long after this notable deed was done, the last bright spot on which the star of hope shone, sank in the surrounding darkness, for the existence of which we can account only by imagining that this demon was encompassed with it, just as *le diable boiteux*, when liberated from the bottle, was for some time obscured by a smoky envelopment. The old gentleman then, though he enveloped Lefevre's prospects, yet suffered one little spot to escape him, which the star of hope, in spite of him, continued brilliantly to irradiate, it sank into

the darkness with which this demon covered himself as with a garment.

In p. 51, vol. ii. "Conscience we are told, after biting like an adder, and stinging like a serpent, 'busied herself in *throwing up* to his (Lefevre's) view every event which he had struggled to forget.'" This is truly nauseous and disgusting. How thunder rolls and *breaks* in *one* continuous peal, appears to us not readily apprehensible, as we should imagine the *continuity* of the peal must be destroyed by its *breaking*.

Vol. ii. p. 81. The author says, 'In a word, he (Lefevre) sought solitude. But solitude was not made for man, much less for the guilty. There grows the night shade; there lives the scorpion and the serpent; there dwell the beasts of prey going about *seeking whom they may devour*; and there dwell the syrens of a lower world, *decoying the wreckless wanderer to his own destruction.*' A tolerably populous solitude this, and certainly not made for man. But spiritual teachers, and the wisest pagan moralists, have hitherto agreed in advising the guilty to retire into solitude, as the situation most adapted to facilitate reflection and to promote solemnity. This author, however, differs from the prudent and pious sages who have preceded him; and we should agree with him, did we suppose that the solitary individual would be in the midst of such company as he considers the aboriginal inhabitants of solitude.

By many passages in "No Fiction" our risible faculties have been irresistibly excited, and no doubt the reader will be amused by the following as a specimen.

In p. 52, vol. ii. 'He (Lefevre) shut his eyes *lest he should see any other form than his own.*' However accurate the author may be, as to the circumstance of Lefevre's shutting his eyes, we more than suspect, he knew nothing of his motive for so doing.

In vol. ii. p. 72, 'He (Lefevre) pronounced the name of Douglas, *but it was when there was none to hear.*' How in the name of wonder then did this author make the discovery?

In p. 78, vol. ii. we are told, "All places were alike to him (Lefevre,) provided they protected him from the search of his friends, *and hid him from the face of man!* A stage for Chatham drove up at the moment; and, without deliberation, he took his place on it as the readiest means of accomplishing his desires." For what purpose the author places a note of admiration at the end of the first sentence now quoted, we cannot conceive:* but certainly our astonishment was a little excited when we came to the conclusion of the next. Lefevre, it is said, *without deliberation* ascended the Chatham stage; and in the same sentence, that he did so as the readiest means of accomplishing his desire, which was that of *hiding himself*

* My friend had not seen my remarks on the Sword-bearer, or else he would not have made the inquiry.

from the face of man! But Chatham is not the place where grows the nightshade, where live the scorpion and the serpent, where dwell the beasts of prey, and the syrens of a lower world; Chatham is not a place of unpeopled solitude. At least we have seen human beings and human habitations in Chatham.

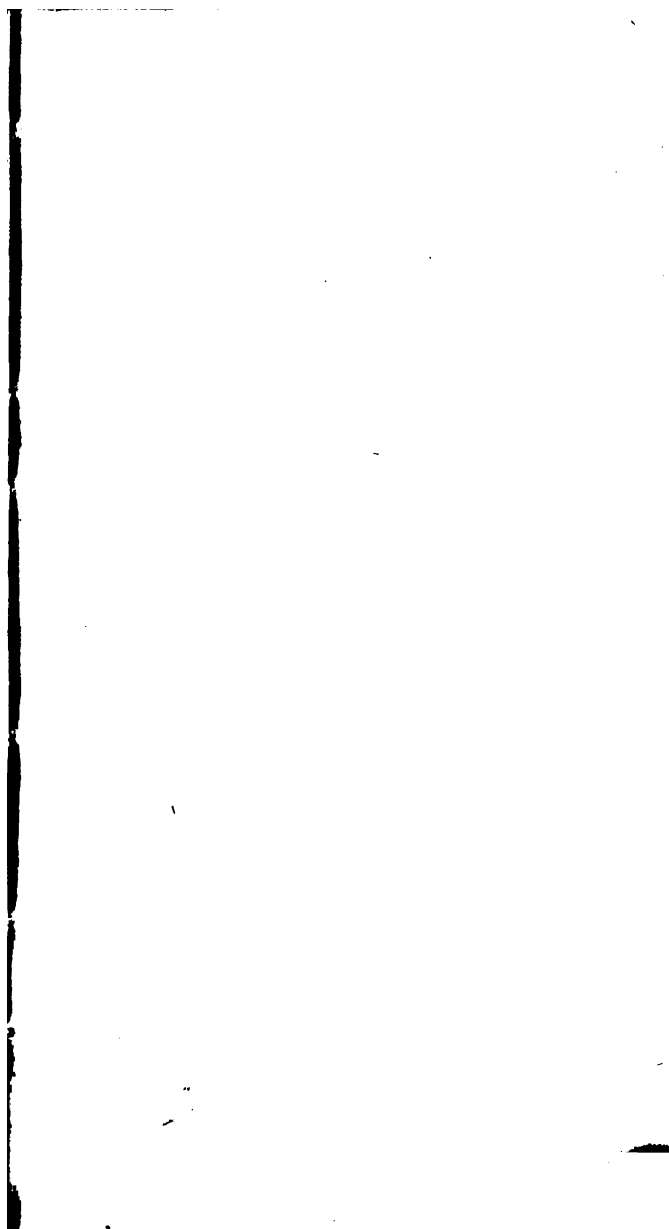
- For the benefit of those who may feel the impotence of their resistance to the attractions of the sparkling glass, and who are not always sufficiently guarded in their potations, we quote from p. 121, vol. i. Douglas's rule as to wine, the adoption of which cannot but be effectual and advantageous, even should Douglas's reason not be well understood, "Never take more than two glasses, and then you will not drink *un-awares*."

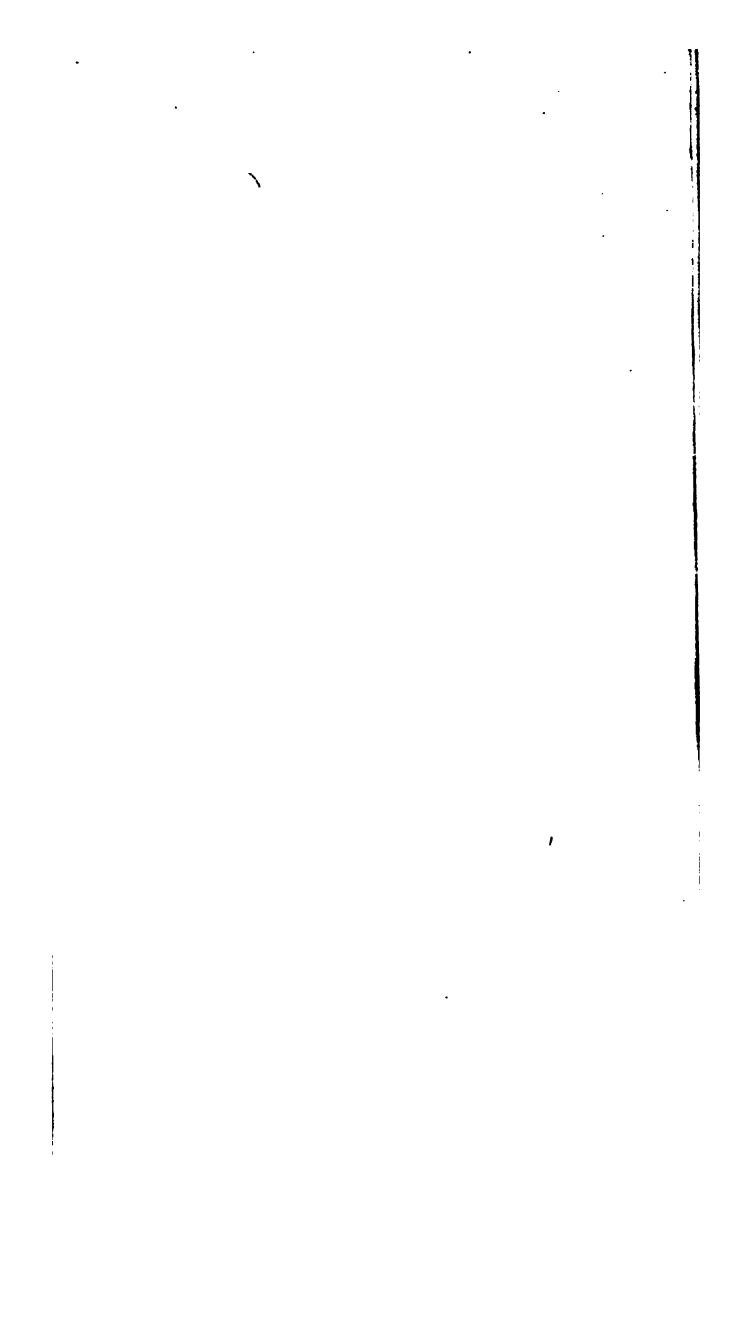
We have now done with "No Fiction," and in parting would advise its author never more to render himself ridiculous, by publishing before he has perfected himself in the principles of the English language, nor increasingly contemptible either by the exposure of those who may be so unfortunate as to have honoured him with their friendship, or by the production of works, which more forcibly than ever impel the reader to say, 'Fronte nulla fides.'

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